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# The ARENA

THE WORLD'S LEADING REVIEW

Features of  
This Number

THE POLITICAL  
OUTLOOK for 1904

By  
ELTWEED POMEROY,  
A.M.

NICARAGUA OR  
PANAMA?

EDWARD BERWICK

WHY I OPPOSE  
IMPERIALISM

(Symposium)

THE ACTORS'  
CHURCH ALLIANCE

By the  
Rev. GEORGE W. SHINN

JULY, 1902

WHY I AM OPPOSED TO IMPERIALISM.

A Symposium by President George McA. Miller, Ph.D., and  
Prof. Thomas E. Will, A.M., of Ruskin College, Mr. Bolton  
Hall, and Mr. Ernest Crosby.

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*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.  
They master us and force us into the arena,  
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

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# THE ARENA

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VOL. XXVIII.

JULY, 1902.

No. I.

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## WHY I AM OPPOSED TO IMPERIALISM.

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*A Symposium by* PRESIDENT GEORGE MCA. MILLER, PH.D., *and* PROF. THOMAS E. WILL, A.M., *of* Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo., MR. BOLTON HALL, *and* MR. ERNEST CROSBY.

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### I.

TO abandon an ideal for a higher one is progress. To abandon an ideal for a lower one is retrogression. To abandon an ideal that is any degree better than the condition present for no ideal is moral suicide.

To abandon a faith for a higher one is "perseverance of the saints." To abandon a faith for a lower one is apostasy. To abandon any faith that is better than present fact for no faith is agnosticism. These terms are not used according to the technology of theology, but according to the lexicon of life—individual and national.

An individual may make mistakes, may wilfully transgress law and even commit crime, and yet not wholly abandon a high ideal nor drop from a higher to a lower one. Abandonment, if the deviation amounts to that, may in such a case be only temporary. There is always hope of a return to the high ideal and a better life.

An individual may preserve all the outward forms of morality and obey the letter of statute law, and yet wilfully abandon a higher ideal for a lower or give up all ideals. For such a person there is little hope.

The greatest offense one can commit against himself and his fellow-man is the abandonment of an ideal better than himself—the denial of life's faith, in which alone is progress possible. The refusal to advance or the determination to deteriorate, which two are one, is the only unpardonable sin. These principles apply as strictly to nations as to individuals.

My indictment of American Imperialism is based upon the above principles and consists of four counts, *viz.*:

1. It is an abandonment of a high national ideal. The Declaration of Independence and the doctrine of political equality do not represent a perfect ideal. A higher one is possible; but no higher has yet been attained in any national capacity. Imperialists do not claim for their policy that it is higher. The most that is claimed is that it meets a present expediency. Yet it involves the abandonment of the highest political ideal that has ever been wrought out in outlines large enough to be seen across oceans.

2. It is an abandonment of a high ideal, not even for a lower one but for none at all. The only substitute offered for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution is "expansion." But expansion is not an ideal and cannot be. It is only a process. Unless this process proceeds by some plan somewhere within the bounds of the laws of proportion, according to some ideal, it is likely to produce a monstrosity. Stomachic expansion *a la* Falstaff is likely to result in cerebral contraction, affecting both mind and morals, and produces no Grecian model of a man.

This nation has expanded before. But it expanded according to the republican ideal. It made mistakes. It often did wrong. It may even have committed national crime. But in all this it never uttered as a permanent policy a proclamation of abandonment of the republican ideal. Hence, it was able to return from any temporary deviation and in some measure atone for its wrongs. Its present policy is an abandonment of the republican ideal of expansion coupled with the attempt to maintain a central republican government. No ideal is possible without the element of unity. No unity is possible in



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the present policy of American Imperialism. Its movements, therefore, must be wholly anarchic, and, as in the case of a planet out of its orbit, what but destruction for this nation and wreck for its sister nations can come from its lawless course?

England could expand by military power without violating the ideals of limited monarchy. Russia can expand by tyranny at home and abroad without violation of the ideals of absolute monarchy. But if their expansion is sooner or later to go the way of the expansions of Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, as the signs of the times portend, what can be hoped for an expansion that comes in violation of every essential feature of the ideal of the expanding nation?

3. It is shipwreck of national faith. It is pure political apostasy. It is a national agnosticism that says it knows no law nor lawgiver for nations; that destiny determines duty, and that dollars rather than Deity determine destiny. Much was said in 1896 about national faith in dealing with the national debt. Does not this nation owe it to the struggling peoples of both the Old World and the New to maintain the faith in democracy which the peoples of the Old World have now fairly within their grasp? If self-government is to be only a Tantalus cup that we have been holding to the lips of Old World nations for more than a century, where has gone our transatlantic fame? If our Monroe Doctrine for the quasi-republics of the New World is to be but a Trojan Horse from which monarchy is at last to spring upon them full-armed, where is gone our cisatlantic glory?

4. It involves the fighting over again all of the battles already won, and with no rule of warfare and no sure hope of victory.

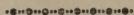
Republican liberty rests upon two pillars. They are local self-government and national unity. The Puritans erected the former. The English tried to destroy it. The Revolution established it. The Constitutional Convention of the new States erected the latter. Slavery tried to destroy it. The Civil War established it.

"Benevolent assimilation" sunk a mine under the pillar of local self-government. The army in the Philippines is there to do the rest. The United States Supreme Court in the decision of the Insular cases sunk a mine under the pillar of national unity. All the political powers of the Roosevelt Administration are pledged to do the rest. When these two forces have completed their work, what will have gone with these pillars of State erected by Winthrop and Hooker and Madison and Franklin and established by Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln and Grant?

When a plea is made for self-government in the South, Booker Washington is referred to the Philippines. The time may come when a plea may have to be made for national unity between the mortgagee of the East and the mortgagor of the West, as was the case in 1896. Then it will be left for the mortgagee of the West to point to the decision of the Supreme Court to the effect that whether the nation is a unit or an aggregation is only a question of political expediency and of ballot-box majorities, or, in lieu of the latter, of bayonets and battle-ships. Political agnosticism prophesies political anarchy.

GEORGE MCA. MILLER.

*Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo.*



## II.

ONLY the remoteness of the Philippine Islands keeps our American people from realizing our cowardly policy toward the little brown men. It has been marked from the beginning by evasion, then by deception, followed naturally by violence—and all continued for more than three years. This is now a matter of common knowledge and need not be recited here, because details of iniquity are unimportant as compared with the principles of right.



Since the war with Spain, our Government has entered upon the policy of aggrandizement that characterizes European nations—reaching out for the property of weaker nations and pleading that this is done in the interests of civilization: the same plea that Britain made against the Boers. Such aggressions are never for the benefit of the oppressed, nor even for the advantage of the aggressing nation (though if they were, that would not justify them), but are for the benefit and enrichment of a few.

In the face of the declaration of the late President in the case of Cuba, that “forcible annexation could not so much as be thought of, because it would be criminal aggression,” we have forcibly annexed the Philippines. For this action justification has been sought in a promised increase of trade. Aside from the folly of killing one’s prospective customers, and the undisguised criminality of murder for gain, the result has shown that even in a material sense national crimes are national blunders. For by our conduct toward the Filipinos we have aroused a distrust among the nations of South America that will injure us commercially far more than we can possibly profit by possessing the Philippines. And it should be self-evident that peaceful relations with a grateful Filipino republic would have been far more advantageous than the ownership of desolated islands and the hatred of such inhabitants as may remain when the process of assimilation shall have been completed.

Not only is foreign conquest immoral, but the consequences are fatal to the aggressor nation. While our victories engage our attention, and while our tariff-bled workers pay the interest on the bonds that paid for them, the trusts and their party rob and starve the people. “The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children’s teeth are set on edge:” the nation that disregards the law must pay the price. History has already begun to show us that our nation is no exception to the rule of the ages, and to the operation of that—

“Fixed arithmetic of the universe,  
Which meteth good for good, and ill for ill.”

Among the consequences of the violated law are official disregard for the rights of speech and press; censorship and suppression of news; the growth of the military spirit, with its glorification of brute force, threatening the gag and the noose for those who voice humanity's sighs, and branding as traitors those who protest against the betrayal of our allies.

Add to these the contempt engendered toward "inferior people," and the military cruelties practised on them; witness our own "concentration" and "water-cure," and our glorification of the treacherous Funston and national indifference to these horrors of "benevolent assimilation," which has turned the Philippines into a shambles. And those whom we send to kill return to kill. Armies of conquest contract loathsome diseases, which are duly spread at home—"so close are sin and suffering joined."

Vainglorious actors in foreign conquests seldom tell of the hell of war, or of the woe of the vanquished. A victory is chronicled—so many killed, so many wounded, so many villages burned. Never is there mention of the lingering misery of the aged, of wives and children, nor of disease and starvation that await the helpless. Yet these are the natural fruits of the forcible annexation of a liberty-loving race.

Who of our people, if the decision rested solely with him, would set fire to his neighbors' houses and slaughter a thousand men to increase his business or demonstrate his strength? Yet the Filipino is our neighbor, and that which is done by our nation is the act of all who consent to it; and upon each the responsibility is as heavy for such crimes as if he were the sole criminal. Partnership does not diminish the guilt.

And the effect of wars of conquest is the stimulation of that patriotism which finds its expression in "My country, right or wrong!" That spirit ridicules morality, crows religious teaching, and is the forerunner of national decay. The Philosopher of Nazareth warned his disciples against the evils of the governing spirit. Though the princes of the Gentiles might exercise dominion, and they who are great might exercise authority, "it shall not be so with you." We are learning



slowly the soundness of that advice, which indeed is the spirit of our homely phrase, "mind your own business."

But they who learn from history and philosophy are few. "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in none other." "The wise man foresees evil and hides himself, but the foolish pass on and are punished." As with the man, so with the nation.

Imperialism's other name is *Brutality*; and its end, if unchecked, is for the victor to deliver himself over to oppression and for the conquerors to find themselves enslaved.

BOLTON HALL.

*New York.*



### III.

I OPPOSE the imperialistic policy of the rulers of the Republic for the following reasons:

1. I deplore the abandonment of the ideals that have made America great. Government of, for, and by the people has given place in the Philippines to government of the inhabitants by the President for the trusts. The Declaration of Independence has become an "incendiary document" in the islands and an exponent of exploded eighteenth-century ethics in America. "Liberty enlightening the world" has become obsolete, and the light that has radiated from the torch uplifted above Bedloe's Island was a short time ago extinguished by government order.

2. I am profoundly ashamed of the national dishonor brought upon us by the McKinley Administration and maintained by that of Roosevelt. Had our evil genius foretold a decade ago that we should engage in a war of liberation, ally ourselves with a people struggling for independence, use them, buy them of their enemies, and then, wholly without cause, declare war upon them, reject all their overtures for peace, demand that they lay down their arms and submit absolutely to our authority, and employ against them the military methods that we had recently denounced as barbarous when employed

by their late tyrants, we should have dismissed the story as too absurd for the imagination of Jules Verne. Yet all these things and more have we done, and in this policy are continuing.

3. I despise the hypocrisy and deception that have been employed to secure and retain popular assent to this war. The spokesmen for Imperialism have maintained to the people that their sole object was the "Christianization and civilization" of the benighted Filipinos, whose status was described by campaigner Roosevelt as on a level with that of Apaches! Yet the Administration made early inquiry as to the material resources of the Philippines, Senator Beveridge on returning from the islands delivered in the Senate an "under-God" speech in which he made a special point of the economic value of the islands, and Senator Depew in the Philadelphia convention of 1900 declared that the object of our war in the Philippines and in China was to find a market for our surplus products. These declarations have passed unchallenged by the Imperialists.

4. I regard despotism in the Philippines as but the prelude for such despotism at home as a deluded and economically enslaved people can be compelled to endure. Lincoln declared that "they who deny liberty to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, they cannot long retain it." This the preachers, teachers, philosophers, and politicians of plutocracy undoubtedly understand, and of this fact they may be expected to avail themselves. One of their representatives declared in 1895 that there were two methods of governing a people, namely, those of counting heads and of breaking heads; that the head-counting method had been adopted in America for reasons of expediency, and that, whenever necessary, it could readily be superseded by the head-breaking method. Another declared in 1896 that "those who own the United States will continue to control it;" while another said, "Those who own this country are going to run it."

How these people control America is shown by their making to order a great panic in 1893, their coercion of a Congress in the same year, their methods in late elections (notably that of



1896), the wholesale bribery and muzzling of pulpit, press, and college, the black-listing of the recalcitrant proletariat, mechanical or intellectual, the power of the trusts (notably the national banking trust) over industry and politics, and the threats freely made at every suggestion of a change from class rule to popular government in the United States. Rest assured that the bastiles of death looming in all our great cities, the rich men's regiment in the metropolis, the training of school-children in the arts of war, the increase in the standing army, and the fawning upon royalty are not for nothing.

5. I object to Imperialism for the reason that history proves it to be a failure. Whether tried in the ancient nations, Greece, Rome, or continental Europe, it has always broken down, and it is evident that the British Empire is tottering to its fall.

6. Finally, I object to Imperialism for the reason that all the good that might come from extending our power and influence over distant peoples can be accomplished and multiplied a thousand-fold by the employment of methods in harmony with the spirit of our institutions, our religion, and our best thought. Is it desired to increase our population and extend our territory? Then let us substitute the method of Jesus for that of Cæsar. Let us clean our own door-yards, solve our social problem, reëstablish democracy and dethrone plutocracy in our government, restore our land and our industries to our people, provide for every citizen the means of a complete life on the single condition that he shall do his best in advancing the well-being of the commonwealth, and we will have the world at our feet. Emigrants from the remotest lands will be clamoring for admission, and, should we so desire, we can then skim the cream of the human race. With this loss of the best of their populations, the nations will be driven to make overtures to us, and, should we so desire, we can admit them as Territories or States until the Union encircles the globe, and we shall have it in our power to name the day when "the parliament of Man, the federation of the world," shall be no longer a poetic fancy but a historic fact.

THOMAS ELMER WILL.

*Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo.*

## IV.

I AM opposed to the modern imperialistic course of our Government:

(1) Because it is based upon physical force. The real history of the world is a history of ideas, and true leadership of mankind is in the realm of thought and character. The dream of wide influence is a grand dream, but it must be an influence on a higher plane than that of arms. The idea of political equality that we championed in the eighteenth century gave us for a time the right kind of leadership, and if now we could solve the problem of industrial democracy we might again have the world following in our train. To substitute a big navy for big ideas is stupid and puerile. When we really have a message worth delivering, we shall instinctively feel that the methods of Cæsar and Mohammed are not adapted to its delivery.

(2) Because expansion by force fills the world with hatred. We have already made the Filipinos hate us as much in four years as the Spaniards did in four hundred, and our troops had hardly entered Manila and Santiago before they began to call the natives "niggers" and "monkeys." What hate, jealousy, wounded pride, and sullen misery on the one hand, and cruelty, disdain, and oppression on the other, that word "Imperialism" has denoted ever since the dawn of history! We have two complicated race problems on our hands already, both of which have led us into a disgraceful and still continuing course of crime and sin. Are we lightly to sow the seeds of new race-hatreds, and, under the pretense of uniting the world, insure its lasting division?

(3) Because it is founded on a false pride of race. The "chosen people" idea is a silly one, and out of place in the twentieth century. All races have their place, and attempts at subjection should give way to a generous rivalry. We have a wide enough field for influence in the exercise of persuasion and example. Other peoples must develop naturally. Some have preceded us and appear to be on the wane; others follow



in our wake and may be expected to surpass us in the future. In either case the effort to superimpose our ideas and customs by force must be disastrous.

(4) Because it is steeped in cant and hypocrisy. There is something fine in the unsimulated strength of a wild beast, but when a nation steals the soil from under your feet and enslaves you to its own uses, and in the meantime prates of Christianity and civilization and benevolent intentions, it turns the stomach of an honest man. We have lied to Cuba point-blank and misled the Filipinos, and our warfare has been distinguished by the most astounding cruelties ("conducted with marked severity" is the euphemistic expression of General Miles); yet we go on boasting of our philanthropic work as if falsehood were bred in our bones. Why cannot a nation behave like a gentleman?

(5) Because it distracts our attention and our material resources from the problems that beset us at home. We should reform ourselves before we undertake to preach a crusade. How can we to-day, with our slums, our lynchings, our race and labor questions—how can we decently assume the right to teach mankind? We are the only civilized people who practise burning at the stake at the present time, and we wish to soften the manners of the isles of the sea!

The true expansion should spring from love for neighbor, and its methods would be peaceful, democratic, and transparently sincere.

ERNEST CROSBY.

*Rhinebeck, N. Y.*

## NICARAGUA OR PANAMA?

THE average citizen does not always realize how fully *transportation* dominates production. One may own a veritable garden of Eden, and grow all things pleasant to the eye and good for food, and yet, if he have not cheap transportation facilities, be a pauper. In the last decade the Pacific slope has in part become such a garden, and the gardeners, only too frequently, are virtual bankrupts. If one inquires why, the answer is that transportation has eaten up all the profits.

Our wheat-growers have passed through a similar experience. The cornering of charters, and competition of countries more accessible to European markets, have combined to ruin Pacific Coast grain farmers. A reference to Argentine history will show the difficulty of meeting this opposition under present conditions. In 1882 Argentina's wheat export was only 64,000 bushels. Primitive methods of husbandry prevailed. Thereafter year by year Argentina awoke to a realizing sense of modern machinery. Millions were annually invested therein, until the export of wheat rose to about 50,000,000 bushels in seasons of plenty. Meanwhile the Pacific Coast farmer was handicapped by double the freight Argentina paid, nearly three times the marine insurance, and interest on cargoes afloat for five months against Argentina's one month.

As to the cornering of freights in San Francisco, the facts are notorious. The farmer, from his lack of business acumen and inability to form combinations even in self-defense, has fallen an easy prey to the three or four merchant firms that control the grain-shipping trade. Whenever grain prices rise in European markets there is a corresponding rise in the price of charters in San Francisco; and, as a rule, any incoming vessels are booked, prior to arrival, by the "combine."

Because of these things the Pacific Coast producer has hoped



against hope, these many years, that an interoceanic canal might be cut at Nicaragua that would place him on a footing of something like equality with his Argentine rival. Nor has the selection of the Nicaragua route for this canal been at haphazard. For his own special purposes he has preferred this route to the dozen others surveyed or suggested. He takes no stock in any of the more distant routes, involving immense ship-tunnels from two to seven miles long and two hundred feet or more high. He deems Panama as specially unfit because of its unavailability for sailing vessels—the equatorial calms, or doldrums, denying them the means of approach; while Nicaragua suffers from no such drawback.

Secondly, for the farmer's more perishable products as little detention in tropical heat and damp as possible is the thing desired. Less delay, less decay, and less cost for refrigeration are benefits conferred in this particular by the Nicaragua route.

Thirdly, though concerned for his foreign market, the Pacific Coast producer realizes that the chief use of any isthmian canal is the development of interstate commerce, and for this purpose its nearness specially commends the Nicaragua route as preëminently desirable. To him the fact of the Panama route being on the bargain counter, "going for a song," is naught of counterpoise for its unavailability for real business purposes. He objects to the Panama route for a thousand and one other reasons—commercial, sanitary, and political. He loathes its whole unsavory history, and fears that history might repeat itself. He sees chances of endless litigation, vexatious delay, and even international complications. The record of the last fifty years of embroilment on account of the benevolent Clayton-Bulwer treaty is fresh in his memory, and he deprecates the possibility of assuming any obligations in connection with the prior rights of France.

Even from the standpoint of economy he has become fully aware, from ever-varying estimates set forth by experts, that the actual cost of either route is of the nature of an unknown quantity, and that anything like close figuring on either is an utter impossibility. He therefore doubts any sudden efforts

at parsimony as being both misplaced and ill timed, and as being once more an attempt, by interested parties, to delay the construction of an isthmian canal by any route that shall serve to lighten the burden of transportation under which he groans. For years he has been the chief agitator on behalf of the canal, and he sees in this effort to "boost" Panama one more instance of an attempt of politicians to "arrange for the people their wants and desires." "Nicaragua or nothing!" is the present motto of the Pacific Coast producer.

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## THE ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE.

SOME movements, when they get into full swing, appear to be so reasonable that people ask why they were not started earlier. It is not uncommon to hear the question asked now: "Why was there not an Actors' Church Alliance, or something like it, earlier?" Well, there have been somewhat similar efforts in this country and in England in years past—numerous efforts, in fact; but all have failed except "The Actors' Church Union," which was founded in England a few years earlier than the Alliance began here. One very promising English society known as "The Church and Stage" lasted for a brief time. It failed somehow to accomplish its purposes and quietly expired.

Other efforts, less favorably begun and less earnestly supported, found themselves unable to steer between the jagged rocks of prejudice and narrowness or to ride over the breakers of misunderstanding, and so went down before they reached the open seas. Curiously enough, the very phrase that became the watchword of some of these societies became also one occasion of their undoing. Whenever a number of well-meaning folk, friendly to the theater, got together to organize a movement, they were likely to declare quite emphatically that it was "*for the elevation of the stage.*" The dramatic fraternity always resented this declaration. They believed in the legitimacy of the stage as an institution and thought it was the public that needed elevating. Even when they regretfully acknowledged the low character of many places of amusement, and of many plays, they nevertheless claimed that these were abuses of a worthy institution and the degradation of a legitimate calling, and that for these faults the public was responsible, inasmuch as the people got what they demanded.

The dramatic profession also resented everything like an attempt on the part of religious people to "patronize" them or

to give the impression that actors as a class are worse than other classes of people.

The founders of this new society, therefore, learned wisdom by the experience of others. They tried to avoid the rocks upon which so many hopeful movements had split. The results have been gratifying indeed, and the outlook for the Alliance is most promising.

It would have gone the way of its predecessors if it had not planted itself upon a foundation whose solidity is admitted by all who examine it, even though such admission involves the surrender of some of their own preconceived notions.

Briefly stated, *one of the fundamental principles of this Alliance is that the stage is an honorable profession in which a man may serve his God and his fellow-men. Another is that the stage ministers to an innocent craving of our nature for recreation; still further, that it is an ally of the Church in aiding the happiness of the people, as it deepens in their minds the great lessons that may be drawn from pictures of human life.*

So many persons have, within the last few years, subscribed to these principles that we do not realize how bold a step it was to propose the organization of a society upon such foundations. It so happened, however, in the ordering of God's providence, that the very man needed to inaugurate the movement was ready. We have heard of "converted actors" who have delivered tirades against the theater, and who have indulged in lurid language to point out the theater as the way to perdition. But here was a converted actor of a different sort. This young man came to Boston with the dramatic company of which he was a member, and one Sunday went to Trinity Church, where Phillips Brooks was rector. Dr. Brooks preached that day. There was nothing in the sermon about the ministry or the stage; yet as that young actor listened to the sermon the thought came to him—"How glorious a thing it is to be thus a preacher of the Gospel!" and then the question—"Can I not be more useful to my fellow-men in the ministry?" Shall we not think of the question as divinely suggested? The question kept coming back to him as he went on the road, and



at length he resolved to be a clergyman. After the requisite period of study he was ordained, but he never lost his love of the stage nor his interest in the people with whom he had been associated. Not long after he took holy orders he decided to form a society that should include representatives of the Church and of the stage and that should aim at the best interests of both. This clergyman is the Rev. Walter E. Bentley, now known all over the United States and in England as the energetic organizing secretary of the Actors' Church Alliance.

The story of his preliminary efforts to awaken an interest in his plans and to find people willing to take hold with him furnishes some deeply interesting—sometimes pathetic, sometimes amusing—chapters. One of the most vexatious of the adversaries he had to contend with, and indeed one of those with whom the society collides wherever newly introduced, is the flippant newspaper man, who cannot quite understand the movement at first, and who waits to see what backing it has before he is ready to take it seriously.

It is needless to say that all the pioneers in this movement have to encounter the antagonism of large sections of the membership of the Church. Many good people cannot get away from traditional prejudices, nor are they willing to be convinced that any good can come from the theater. The stage has been so long under the ban of the Church, so much has been written and said by way of warning people against the perils of going to the theater, and it has been regarded as so necessary an abstinence to keep away from the supposed moral pollution of witnessing stage representations, that many Christian people regard theater-going as extremely perilous to religious character. They are perplexed to understand how one can maintain the integrity of his Christian life if he indulges in this condemned form of "worldly amusement." They are especially perplexed to understand how any one can commend the theater and advocate it as a useful institution.

Another class of religious people is met. They are not quite clear in their minds what their attitude toward the stage should be. They cannot join in unreasoning opposition to it. They

go occasionally to see plays. Their consciences, however, are not quite clear when they do go. They do not want to be thought of as countenancing all theaters and all theatrical representations. Some things they must condemn. It must be a satisfaction to such people to know that this Alliance condemns more strongly than they do the low theater and the improper play. *This Alliance was not formed to defend the low theater nor to apologize for the vicious actor. It was not formed to excuse evil, but to encourage good.* It regards the theater as a place where wholesome recreation should be provided, suited to various tastes and to different stages of education, but never pandering to vice and never taking part in the degradation of men, whether by coarse wit or by refined subtleties back of which lurks impurity. It takes the ground that if the stage corrupts society it is defeating its own mission, just as the Church would defeat its mission if it taught hatred instead of good-will. It still further claims that if members of the dramatic calling lead evil lives they are to be censured just as members of other callings should be censured, but no more than other people. The whole dramatic calling is not to be discredited because of the misconduct of some of its members, any more than the profession of the law is to be assailed because there are some disreputable lawyers. Clear, common-sense positions like these commend themselves to thoughtful people, and enable them to see the possibility of conserving whatever is good in the theater and of rejecting what is evil. It is precisely what is done in other departments of life.

Considering, then, the many obstacles and the delicacy of the task, it will be admitted that patience, courtesy, and discrimination have been much in demand in planting this organization here and there in towns and cities. One of the first steps was to find ministers who would serve as chaplains. Although the society is non-sectarian, the larger number of ministers thus far willing to become chaplains has come from the Episcopal Church. Most of the other religious bodies, however, have their representatives, including Roman Catholics,



Unitarians, and Hebrews. Some ministers favorable to the movement are unable to take any very active part owing to the restrictive rules of their denominations and the existing prejudices of their older people. But they render help as chaplains, always ready to visit the sick members of traveling troupes and to befriend any in a time of need.

The Alliance has established itself in four hundred cities in the United States and Canada and has now more than eight hundred chaplains. Its whole membership, counting chaplains, actors, and others, now exceeds two thousand.

The development of the local chapter follows in good season after the inauguration of the work in any place. When the membership grows large enough in a city it is desirable to form a chapter, with officers and committees and by-laws.

The first chapter formed was that in Boston, where there is now a membership of about three hundred. Inasmuch as there is a growing interest in other places in the starting of local chapters, the following extracts from the by-laws of the Boston chapter will indicate the purpose and the lines of work of such a chapter:

#### *Objects.*

Its objects shall be to promote the best interests of the stage and the Church by seeking to produce on the part of each a just appreciation of the opportunities and responsibilities of the other, and to endeavor to unite the stage, the Church, and the general public in a mutual effort for the betterment of all.

#### *Officers.*

The officers shall consist of a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary, a treasurer, and an executive committee of eleven, one of whom shall be the dean of the board of chaplains. These officers shall be elected annually at the January meeting and shall form a governing board, to be termed the council.

#### *General Committees.*

The chapter may appoint the following general committees, whose duties are broadly indicated in their titles:

Relief committee.

Hospitality committee: To see that invitations to religious services, libraries, museums, art exhibitions, etc., are extended to members of the dramatic profession in Boston.

Membership committee.

Entertainment committee.

The work of this Boston chapter has been carried forward with much enthusiasm. It has had receptions in theaters, lectures, essays, and discussions in halls, and smaller gatherings here and there. It has successfully carried through a benefit performance and a bazaar to raise funds. Best of all, it has had a religious service once each month in some church to which actors and their friends are especially invited. On the first of the current year it opened its headquarters in a rented room at 43 West St., Boston, in charge of an efficient secretary, who is on duty every week-day from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. It is amazing how much is done in this room. To say nothing of the frequent meetings of committees and the Thursday teas, to which a few professional people are invited each week, there are numerous calls for information of all kinds, from inquiries as to the location of a safe boarding-house to the address of a trustworthy physician. It is the purpose of the chapter to make the room a welcoming center for members of the profession in transit, and a point from which the operations of the society may be directed.

The New York chapter is now moving into similar headquarters at 139 W. 47th St., New York. It will occupy a floor in a house owned by the Actors' Order of Friendship and will have the services of a paid assistant secretary.

In due time headquarters will be established by other chapters in other cities, so that before many years there may be a chain of them from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the North to the South, and men and women connected with the stage will find themselves at home in these rooms in any of the large cities.

It is obvious that the attitude of this Alliance toward the members of the dramatic calling is straightforward and consistent. It regards the calling itself as not only legitimate but honorable, and thinks that men and women may fill it with credit to themselves and with usefulness to society. It sees no need of apologizing for the calling itself, and recognizes the great body of those who fill its ranks to-day as comparing well in upright living with the same number of people in ordinary



callings. It meets actors and actresses frankly, and urges them to be their best and to do their best, that society may be helped both by their lives and by their work. Hence, this movement, which is showing itself in the cities by the establishment of Alliance chapters and in lesser places by affiliation with the central society in New York, appeals to broad-minded people who have the welfare of society at heart, and to members of the dramatic calling who believe that their art is helpful to the best interests of society.

Brief mention must be made of the growth of the Alliance literature. A few years ago there was not much that could be had relating to the theater except tracts, pamphlets, and sermons containing violent and indiscriminating attacks upon it. A few magazine articles of a friendly nature had appeared from time to time, but only a few. One of the best things the Alliance has done has been to create and to distribute literature in accordance with its principles; and so there have been put forth pamphlets or tracts upon such topics as—

“The Function of Art.”

“Teaching by Parables.”

“Dramatic Ideals.”

“The Theater as a Place of Amusement.”

“The Clean Theater and the Clean Play.”

“The Interrelations of the Church and the Stage.”

Among the many sermons delivered by the chaplains and reported in the public prints have been the following:

“Social Morality and Public Amusements.”

“The Stage for Christ.”

“The Call of the Church to the Actor.”

“How Church and Stage can Coöperate for the Welfare of Society.”

One of the practical directions in which the energies of the Alliance are directed just now is toward the suppression of Sunday performances. A few years ago these were forbidden by law. Such laws are still unrepealed in some of the States, but they are not enforced. The people generally do not realize how intolerable is the bondage in which the actor is held who

has to play seven days a week. Well-nigh the whole profession protests against it, and some of their leading men and women are appealing to the Christian Church to help them in their efforts to secure a day of rest. It would be strange if such an appeal should go unheeded, but the greed of managers and the unreasoning demands of the public have thus far prevented any considerable change. The theaters of all sorts are wide open on Sundays in many of our cities. They should all be closed. The religious sentiment of the people should be strong enough to close them out of respect for the day itself, but this plea of the actors for a period of needed rest added to that should certainly secure very prompt results.

Referring once more to this Alliance of the Church with the stage it will be appropriate to quote some words recently uttered by Dr. Newton:

"The Church's work is to clear men's eyes to see the heavenly vision hovering over every province of earth; to fire their hearts that they may fall in love with it; to nerve their wills to attempt the realization of it; and then to send them forth to be merchants, manufacturers, bankers, lawyers, doctors, statesmen, actors, and actresses: in each and every sphere of life doing the will of God, accomplishing the works of God, serving the kingdom of God. All fields of legitimate human activity are parts of the divine kingdom. Every true function of human life is a function of that divine kingdom. It is part of God's order, part of God's work in the world. It is the business of the Church so to encourage and cheer men—each in his vocation and ministry,—so to teach all men to recognize the high ideals of their vocation, so to inspire them for that service that they shall do it rightfully and worshipfully, thus bringing in the kingdom of God upon earth."

GEORGE WOLFE SHINN.

*Newton, Mass.*



## FOREGLEAMS OF THE FRATERNAL STATE.

### I. EVOLUTION AND OPTIMISTIC POLITICS.

THE path of evolution is progress. As we look for continued advance in science, art, invention, and industry, for broader intelligence and higher morality, for improvement on all lines everywhere, we cannot consistently suppose that political, economic, and social conditions have reached high-water mark in principle, in law, or in usage. History bears witness of past uplifting. Babylon would have thought abridgment of royal authority subversive of sound government. William would have thought Magna Charta rank folly. The barons would have scoffed at the Commons. The Commons have feared a republic. The founders of our own body politic contemplated its rule by representatives. Now the people demand that representatives shall be mouthpieces of their will, and suffrage refuses to be limited by sex. Changes may have been retarded by kings, by barons, by commons, but step after step has been taken in the direction of popular education, comfort, and power. Changes may still be retarded by those who look upon themselves as shining examples of the survival of the fittest, or by their opposites whose ignorance and fevered zeal lead to violence and reaction, but they are none the less sure. Past crises have more than once been met by radical changes; we may be called upon to face such changes again, but the law of progress should teach us to be optimistic.

Trusts are at last so aggressively and indisputably dominant that even the most stupid and unconcerned of our statesmen have been stirred by popular clamor to join in the governmental effort to restrict and to bind. The purpose of this article is not to commend the instantaneous, unintelligent application of the straight-jacket, but to touch, briefly, a few points connected with a many-times-killed yet ever-growing scheme that trusts may hasten and that evolution seems sweeping us into.

That Socialists are all "ignorant foreigners," or are led by them, is not true; with them are European and American economists and humanitarians, and a fair percentage of those whom the world calls successful. In their really representative character they are honest of purpose, intense in conviction, surprisingly philosophic, much misrepresented, and destined to play an important part in molding the future.

Socialists do not fully agree upon the details of Socialism—in that as in everything else experience should evolve the details; yet, as with the followers of any other school of thought, there are points upon which they do agree. They believe it is possible so to increase production and so to distribute its fruits that every man, woman, and child shall have enough to eat, to drink, and to wear, and yet have leisure for education and refinement; that such a condition would result in mental, physical, and spiritual advancement; that Socialism is inevitable, and that humanity well eventually work together coöperatively. They believe that theft, bribery, "tricks of trade," and dishonest performance of contract are largely due to opportunities that society now offers to the spirit of greed. They believe that nostrums, adulterated foods, narcotics, and intoxicants are pushed to sale because selfishness is allowed to profit by the undoing of one's fellows. Reckless indulgence is constantly stimulated by the money-grabber: prizes are offered to the boy who buys the most cigarettes, while youth and middle age are tempted to drink not merely by the display of liquors but by those who, to fill their pockets, are permitted by music, vaudeville, and lewd women to entice the weak into the rum-shops that disgrace our cities—the women themselves being driven to this defiling rôle through need. They believe that neither tariff nor free trade, nor reciprocity, nor subsidies, nor lack of subsidies, nor competition, nor charity, can reach to the heart of these evils. They believe that, by practical, honorable methods, supplies that minister to necessity and enjoyment can be so augmented and distributed that none need grow up in ignorance and squalor, none sell womanly virtue nor manly honor to buy bread, none live in fear of an indigent



old age. This belief is not a momentary craze: it is held by increasing millions, and it is the index of change—of impending, irresistible social evolution.

Bomb-throwers are neither the spirit nor the exposition of Socialism. Bombs are to Socialism what the fagot and torture-chamber have been to the teachings of Christ. True Socialism is synthetic: it would build rather than destroy. It does not believe in robbery, nor that the undeserving should be allowed to thrive upon the fruits of the labor of the deserving; but it believes in contribution by all to the general good and in receipt by all of a fair share of that good. It believes in loving one's neighbor as one's self. It is an indorsement of the Golden Rule.

If it be objected that this spirit does not seem to have completely imbedded itself within the rank and file of its followers, the Socialist replies: "Granted, but how many centuries has it taken, pray, and how many more will it take, so to impress the Golden Rule upon Christian believers that it shall have no infraction under Christian civilization? Would you ignore the true spirit of Christianity because nineteen centuries have not served to leaven the whole human lump or even a large fraction of it?" It is not fair to judge of a doctrine by the savage ebullitions of those who do not understand it, yet who, in a crude way, hope much from it. Even the religion of Christ has suffered from the mad zeal of those who have tried to force their interpretation of it by fire and sword, and it is no more fair to judge other systems by such a class of followers than it would be to judge of the religion of peace and good-will by the acts of those who have so cruelly misrepresented it. Few are the great advances in religion or government that have not been marked by the excesses of ignorance, and by blood; yet this unfortunate fact should not blind us to the good in the principles involved.

A Hoe press, while beyond the means of the poor country printer and unfit for his use, gives to the metropolitan publisher many times the impressions obtainable from the same force through any other contrivance of his art. A great

steamship could neither be bought nor run by a petty waterman, but its huge bulk and high speed make possible the promptest and most economical delivery of ocean freights. Probably no other combination has produced and distributed so much in proportion to the energy expended as the Standard Oil Company; and the keys to its effectiveness are vast capital, perfect organization, thorough knowledge of the demands to be supplied, and the fact that no force is wasted through crude methods or through miscalculation of the plans of rivals. Great capitalized companies, monopolies, and trusts have taught the world how to accomplish the largest results in the most economical way.

Says an objector: "Capital and labor are complements, reciprocally dependent, reciprocally sustaining; cut off one and you cramp the other. Socialism would allow no man to amass great capital; therefore, under it, great projects would cease and production and achievement be dwarfed." Socialism does not propose to do away with the amassing of capital, nor with broad business methods. The Socialist clearly understands that vast capital is necessary to the highest development of the simplest industry. Trusts have not taught us for nothing, but they will be supplanted by something larger, not smaller, than themselves. Maximum accomplishment with minimum energy is as important in economics as in machinery, and perfect organization on a gigantic scale makes possible the greatest economy. Yet, under present conditions, and particularly under old conditions, nothing has been so recklessly squandered as force, not a modicum of which should be so used that it might have been better directed.

Socialists know that it is impossible to change the mutual needfulness of labor and capital; they do not propose to change it. That which they propose to change is the relation between the labor-*er* and the individual capital-*ist*, which is a totally different proposition. It is a glaringly manifest error to suppose that, to be effective, capital must belong to individual capitalistic dictators. That individuals should own railroads, telegraph lines, mines, factories, or the raw material and equip-



ments of industry is no more a necessity than that they should own ordinary highways, post-offices, school-houses, light-houses, and men-of-war. Capital is needed for all great projects, but the capitalist should be the aggregated humanity of the nation.

Competition may be the "life of trade,"—a kind of life, by the way, which is often financial death to the trader,—but "union is strength." If our army is to win, its divisions must work in harmony with a common plan of campaign. If we wish to warn and aid the mariner, we coöperate and establish light-houses and life-saving service. Our mails are handled by a system reaching not merely over, but beyond, our Republic, and looking to the general good. Our public roads and bridges are a most obvious advance upon the old toll-ways. We demand for our public schools the highest possible success, and therefore organize them under the authority of the State and put them under skilled leaders. We coöperate to fight fire, crime, and disease. In our public capacity we establish refuges, homes, hospitals, and great asylums for the aged, the indigent, and the afflicted. Our wars are not fought by contract: the army and navy are from, by, and for the people, and under one authoritative head. Our workmen long since learned the value of coöperation and formed labor unions and federated trades. Our farmers believe in it and form their alliances. Our bankers establish their clearing-houses. Our people at large grow into it, and social, protective, and mutual insurance organizations spring up by the score. Our capitalists preach competition and straightway proceed to organize trusts to throttle the competition they so fondly extol. Our railroads unite in great pools, and more than once their officials have declared that independent management of roads must lead to disaster and ruin. Our nation, our States, our municipalities are taking up one improvement after another, and always with advantage to the people. Our whole civilization has been a lesson in coöperation. Even that phase of it which the *New York World* once called the "convention habit"—that which induces geographers and dentists, Chautauquans

and apiarists, the Smith family, and the Amalgamated Sons and Daughters of Whatnot to assemble in local and national conventions whenever they find a subject in common—is in line with it. And all this, also, is in line with the genuine science of Socialism, and it is illustrative of the way in which the philosophic Socialist expects to see Socialism evolved; for the true parent of Socialism will be “evolution, not revolution.”

Small coöperative communities are sometimes supposed to illustrate the failures of Socialism, but it is simply out of the question to organize a small community upon the Socialistic plan. Socialism is not the community principle in which the members of a petty group combine in a cramped way to work share and share alike. Such a group cannot in so much as a single line make use of the colossal methods necessary to the greatest economy of labor—much less can it meet all wants in this most effective of ways. It does not command and fill the market. The efforts of such a community are merely the attempts of a small boy of unskilled, poorly equipped, general workers—almost invariably fewer in numbers and greatly weaker in capital than the employees and owners of a single large factory—to keep up their little fraction of the great competitive struggle as against the wealth, skill, and full equipment of the world. These communities are not in the least exemplifications of Socialism, and their failures are not the failures of Socialism.

Possibly Socialism may have a thousand unpleasant features, but many of those urged against it are like objects seen through a microscope: not so large in fact as in seeming. Indeed, no objection shows such strength under analysis as to warrant unhesitating conclusion in its favor. Note a few of them:

“Fear of encroachment upon individual liberty.”

*License* and *liberty* are not synonyms. Restrictions upon individuals have been found necessary to the most perfect liberty. Laws against piracy may put a noose on the pirate, but they secure liberty to the unarmed on the seas. Quarantine, compulsory sewerage, slaughter of domestic animals affected by contagious or infectious disease, the work of health officers



generally—these restrict individual freedom. Laws against nuisances and frauds are restrictive. Factory acts, safeguards at grade-crossings, and prevention of vagabondage and of cruelty to children and dumb animals are enforced by restrictive law. Jails, reformatories, and the operations of police and militia restrict. Even compulsory education and State and county superintendence of schools limit individual freedom. Yet these restrictions conduce to public well-being, to safety, to liberty itself. Find why the individualist approves of restrictive law and you find the purpose of the Socialist in the laws he demands; you find, also, how far he will knowingly go with that sort of demand. He is no more anxious to be bound hand and foot than are other men, and he will help abolish laws that he finds oppressive.

In this connection naturally comes the objection that "Socialism would abridge if not destroy freedom of contract."

The objector himself probably approves of restricting freedom of contract in some cases, as, for instance, the sale of diseased meats and rotten vegetables. But whether he does or not we have not waited for Socialism to abridge freedom of contract. Capital dictates in all lines of manufacture, transportation, finance, and trade. Syndicates, labor unions, and coöperative associations are each in their several ways fast putting an end to freedom of contract. Thousands upon thousands are so circumstanced as to be dependent upon the projects or lack of projects of capital, and are so in bondage to the exactions and wage-lists and black-lists of those who employ them that nothing could be further from truth than to say they are free. If one has only his labor to sell, necessity enslaves him. He must take what he can get, where he can get it, and at the price offered, regardless of tastes, of higher skill, or of health. He can "take it or leave it," to be sure; so, if he is on a burning deck, he can stay on board or jump off. Freedom of choice is his in either case; yet each is a case of sternest compulsion.

The great labor organizations have so warred upon freedom of contract that, under compulsion of physical force, "scab"

labor must refrain from such freedom except where it does not compete with the union, unless, as in extreme—yet painfully frequent—cases, the billies, the bullets, and the bayonets of every executive arm of the law are invoked to protect it. The union interferes with freedom of contract even within its own membership. The minority surrenders its freedom of contract; it works, asks more pay, accepts less, strikes, boycotts at the dictation of a majority of its leaders. The railroad king inveighs against the boycott with the public side of his mouth while the business side orders the sending out of the black-list. The Federal receiver of the Santa Fè, who would not for a moment approve of the boycott, hastened to apply it to the black-listed men after the “great strike;” and the merchants of Chicago boycotted the *Times*.

Demand for freedom of contract sometimes degenerates into a demand on the part of unscrupulous greed that “society shall be an unrestricted hunting-ground for its prey.” Wall street has held up more victims, and with more disastrous results, than all the footpads on earth. One who gets up a “corner,” engineers a “freeze-out,” or manipulates stock to the ruin of thousands, does incomparably more harm than a thief or highwayman. Deliberately set up conditions under which the holder of values is forced from or fleeced of his holdings, and no man is more truly a robber than he who brings it about. Freedom to dictate, freedom to carry out villainous schemes, freedom to wreck, becomes license; and License is twin brother to Anarchy. We do not allow a man to inflict direct physical injury for personal gain: why should we allow him *carte blanche* to wreck hopes, health, and homes?

“But,” says one, “we would have no right to tie a man neck and heels because he has strength and skill above that of others; if he has brain enough and force enough to get the lead, master his fellows, and amass millions or even billions, he has a right to do it—it is a right God himself has bestowed; and we must admire the power, the resourcefulness, the tireless energy required to accomplish it. Socialism ignores the great law of the survival of the fittest. Success comes from



deserving. Some are adapted to making their way, and they make it; some are not, and they fail. Nature's laws are immutable, and this law alone is an unanswerable argument against a system in which all are equal and the weak have share and share with the strong."

We may admire the tiger, and (whatever we may think of the right of the man) the tiger has a right to seize and eat all the men he can catch, and God himself bestowed that right; but the men he dines off of would be fools to furnish him such a dinner if it were in their power to prevent it. Socialism objects to human beasts of prey. And, considered as an object of admiration, it is clearly more admirable that great powers should be used generously than that they should be used for the gratification of personal ambition and selfishness. There is certainly a greater greatness, a more admirable nobility in the might that diffuses good than in that which seeks to absorb it all for one's petty self. And Socialism does not teach that all men are equal, that all should be put into the same groove, that all should sow and reap the same. And, scientifically speaking, "fittest" by no means means best. The very worst qualities may make up the fitness, and baseness often proves as fit to survive as real worth. Fitness may depend upon stench, upon venomousness, upon sneaking, upon utter selfishness combined with power to maim and to kill. These qualities and others as bad may give the power to survive. But fitness to survive is not limited to power to attain individual goals of desire; it embraces the continuation of adapted types—and this is fitness *par excellence*. Under it the worm in the earth and the rat in the sewer are as fit as a king. Their lines are unbroken from the earliest ages, and, in a truly scientific sense, have proved themselves more fit than any human line now extinct. Should Socialism win it would have proved itself the fittest, and the fittest still would survive.

In wild life good may be seen when, in a desirable strain, the weak succumb to the strong. Strength in ancestry is strength to the race. If prevention of free play of this law with that of its relative, natural selection, endangers progress,

the conditions of the present are the conditions most to be feared. In this country those generally considered our "better classes" rarely have large families (there are admirable exceptions to this rule), but those too poor to secure to offspring even ordinary comforts and advantages—the ignorant, the brutal, the criminal, the denizens of our deepest slums—are our proverbial breeders. The rule under civilization is not in the direction of fecundity among the successful, but among those whom the successful have looked upon as "unfit." Under civilized conditions human weaklings are not killed or forced aside that procreation may be confined to the strong. Instead we nurse and keep alive those so inferior that, if left to themselves, they would die without being killed. The weak, the vile, the vicious, the ill, the deaf, the halt, the blind—such are everywhere fulfilling the injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth." Since civilization is deliberately annulling the good that wild life derives from this law, since all grades of people and particularly the weak and inferior are to live and to breed, must not that system be best which shall compel the idle to do a fair share of work, give even to the humblest a fair education and a touch of refinement, and take from each the temptation to cheat, to steal, or to murder as a means to live?

Says another: "Socialism is rank paternalism, destructive of energy. It is emasculating to lean on the State for what one can accomplish one's self."

It is *not* emasculating to insist that those who will not work shall not eat. It is not alarming to affirm that one should always be able to find such occupation as will *earn* what he eats. The average man seems as strong after the Government takes charge of his letter as he seemed before, and it is not at all clear that his virility would depart if the Federation were to telegraph his message instead of sending it in a bag. The journeyman smith is not weakened because he pounds iron on an anvil owned by his "boss," nor would he be more weakened if he owned a share in the anvil himself—as he would under Socialism. Syndicates and trusts never flinch from Government aid, nor consider themselves weakened if the aid comes



as a free gift or downright charity. When did magnate of steamer or railroad ever refuse a cash subsidy, or a few million acres of land, for fear of the emasculation that comes when he "leans on the State?" He bears up manfully under all he can get; he is the veriest beggar for national, State, and municipal alms; if he cannot get cash gifts or lands he will beg for the remittance of his taxes for a term of years as a reward for putting his plant here instead of there: but fear comes upon him at the thought of assured opportunity and reward for toil—it weakens men so if they always earn what they eat!

There is much of the parrot in this talk about "paternalism." What is paternalism? Those are nearest to it who are furthest from vesting property and power in the people at large. Socialism is fraternalism, not paternalism. The cry of "paternalism" comes with singularly ill grace from the parties that have done their share in voting subsidies, bestowing empires, and preaching *protection*—the last of which at least one of those parties never tires of calling for. Not so long ago, too, a goodly number of anti-paternalists begged the country to become *pater* to an interoceanic canal which they and not the proposed father were to own, and to guarantee both the bonds and their interest—in other words, a profit to the bondholder if to no one else. Inconsistency and "gall" could scarcely go further. The directors and bondholders would have been fond enough of a paternalism by which they alone might have values guaranteed to themselves by the old gentleman's treasure. But, if the people are to be held responsible for outlay and losses, surely they should own the canal and take the profit also. Lately, however, the Spanish-American war seems to have converted many of these men to the idea of national ownership as a matter of national safety. If Socialism is paternalism, and it is not, it is much better that the people should be their own father than be at the mercy of a few multi-millionaires.

Says another: "Let us not argue that to have work, to own one's share in the tools and machinery, to be stimulated to greater exertion by government grants, or to be given labor

with government pay, need be such forms of leaning on the State as would weaken; but would not assurance of continued plenty be weakening? The shirk and the loafer would leave hard work to others—the weak would fatten upon the strong.”

Any form of society that allows one person to fatten upon another is undoubtedly open to objection, and in this fact lies one of the indictments that Socialists bring against the present system. Under it every form of fattening has been practised, from ordinary theft to beggary, from forgery to “bunco,” from “bunco” to literal slavery, from slavery to the jugglery of Wall street, from Wall street to inherited estates, and from idle gentry to pensioned princes.

No Socialist would for a moment deny that a loafer will loaf and shirk if he can. Demonstration of such a theorem does not have to wait for Socialism. Loafing tramps and loafing nobility—though not every noble is a loafer—are a crystallized fact under present régimes. Society needs one quite as much as the other, and Socialism was not their parent.

To-day, if a beggar comes to the door, sympathy leads one to feed him, lest, instead of being a professional parasite, he may be what he is from temporary misfortune. Had he the same indisputable chance for support as the one from whom he begs, sympathy would not be aroused; one would know that to feed him would encourage idleness, defraud society of rightful service, and thus be a crime instead of a virtue. Under Socialism professional beggars must work or starve; and either necessity, to their ilk, means extinction.

This does not mean, as some ridiculously seem to suppose, that the Socialist expects each man to do and to be just what every other man does and is. The scheme includes the largest encouragement for every high taste and capacity. It is not believed that high aspirations, great ambitions, and superlative effort need to depend upon sordidness, or that they will be lost to the world because the whole human family comes in contact with that which arouses them. Men certainly would continue to desire luxuries as well as necessities, things of beauty as well as utility, travel as well as home-making; and



increased general knowledge would increase the desire to look into that which is hidden. Human cravings would not cease simply because a few men could not hoggishly grasp and control the whole earth. It is inconsistent to think that a burning desire for greater comfort, freedom, and power, something shared in by all, would cause people to bind themselves to the very opposite, or to put up with the shirking of those who had no such desire. The brains and force of the nation, high and low, would rise up against it, and the same spur that now pricks to a Socialistic gait would then prick to its betterment.

The greatest men and women earth has known have loved the good they pursued for itself. Neither Farady nor Tyndall lost in learning, skill, force, or fame from the support afforded by the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Under Socialism many a talent now hidden by the struggle for bread would find place for unfoldment. He who proves his ability to elevate society or to add markedly to its comfort, whether by brilliant stroke or persistent strength, would be given the opportunity to do it. Exquisite productions of art would find greater recognition than now, for a larger number of educated beholders would come within the range of the delights they would give. Our capitol and cathedrals, the temples of Luxor, the Taj Mahal, the most tremendous schemes of our engineers, would pale before the aspirations of future designers. And which of them, not being limited by paltry thousands, would not do his best if, by so doing, *his* plan—his *highest* and *best*—might surpass all others and be his monument to future ages? Which, think you, in his old age, will Burnham, the architect, recall—the money made in Chicago or the stupendous achievement of the “White City?” Will Burnham, the astronomer, think of dollars or double stars? Will Edison’s thoughts be of his millions or the myriad children of his wonderful brain? There would be no dearth of ideas in any department of human activity, nor of energy to carry them out. The Socialistic State should be the paradise of sky-reaching schemes. Even the laborer could not fail to feel an interest, yea, a delight, in the thought that that upon which he labored would be his not

only in theory but in the right of participation by use; and that delight would not find a drawback through his ignorance or his lack of a bath and clean clothes, for he would be educated and would be clean and well clothed like everybody else when not at his work.

But the element of sex, the power of love, the desire to attract, to win, and to keep the object of adoration—this is the strongest, or at least the most universal, impulse to energy, to achievement, to efforts for perfection of person and character. And this impulse will not be done away with by the fact that a livelihood is assured. It will be the ruling force while the world shall stand. Now suitors are too often successful because of the ease and luxury that bonds and acres and great possessions may bring, instead of through affinity, physique, attainments, and personal character. Under Socialism personal superiority and power must be that which will win for a man the maid of his choice, or bring to the maid her heart's desire. Triumphant mating must compel the effort to excel. Richard Carvel may not be far wrong when he says, "Were it not for the lovers, my son, satins and broadcloths had never been invented." Spurs to achievement need not be mercenary.

Says another objector: "We do not believe the least thing you say, but, for the sake of argument, what if Socialism should not hinder accomplishment and the development of the best, and should do away with beggary and in time with ignorance and want: it is imbecility to suppose that it can be a panacea for all evil—that it would bring universal happiness and perfection."

For once an objection that admits no dispute! But are our jails and our almshouses, our sheriffs and constables, our police and militia, our iron-clads, guns, forts, and courts, our tramps and our murderers, and the official rottenness unearthed in New York and Chicago, indices of a condition that one would exchange for nothing short of perfection? When we have arrived at perfection we shall have arrived at some other world.

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## II. SOCIALISM IN ANCIENT ISRAEL.

JEWISH folklore, the Agada, views the story of Cain and Abel as typical of the fierce economic struggle between man and man, with its brutal theory of the survival of the strongest. Cain is said to have been jealous of Abel's sharing with him the heritage of the earth in the event of Adam's death; hence the fratricide and the cynic defense ever thereafter reëchoed by all moral degenerates branded with Cain's mark, "Am I my brother's keeper?" In the same spirit the Agada treats the Biblical character of Nimrod, "the mighty hunter before Jehovah." He is said to have used his physical power and courage as a means of lording it over his fellow-men; of self-deification; of establishing the first reign of despotism on earth—political, social, and religious.

Abraham, the first reformer and revolutionist on record, defied the powers that be, went into exile—a prototype of the Pilgrim Fathers—and in a new land of promise laid the foundation with his own posterity for a religious faith and a political creed destined to become the *Magna Charta* of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of one God, in accordance with the divine oracle: "Through thee shall be blessed all the families of the earth." A descendant of his, Moses, greatest of liberators, first emancipated his people from the bondage of serfdom in which it had been held for centuries by the mightiest power of that era. He thereupon gave it a constitution and laws—social, civil, and economic—whose depth of wisdom, breadth of view, and fundamental radicalism have inspired and guided the most famous political emancipators and social reformers known even to modern history: the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Lincolns, the Henry Georges.

The Mosaic anti-poverty measures and laws against private land monopoly and accumulation of wealth furnish even to this day inexhaustible politico-ethical themes to the scientific economist and the religious socialist. Pervaded and saturated as the Psalter is with the spirit and conceptions of Mosaic ethics,

every line of its soul-stirring hymns, with their Selahs and "Hallelujahs" resounding throughout the churches of Christendom, reasserts that most comprehensive clause of the Mosaic declaration of human independence and natural rights, "Unto Jehovah belongs the earth and the fulness thereof."

Of the prophets in Israel who looked up to Moses as their intellectual father and master, Samuel the seer first looms up to view as a stalwart republican full of the stanch democratic spirit of political Mosaism. Strenuously opposing the growing popular movement for the establishment of a monarchy in imitation of the surrounding nations, he at last must yield to the public clamor. But in doing so the stinging words of rebuke he addresses to the assembled people vie in their outspoken radicalism with any arguments that a modern revolutionary democrat has ever adduced in denunciation of monarchism and its concomitant political, social, and economic evils. "Your sons will become royal pages and servile courtiers; militarism will reign supreme; the national wealth will flow into royal coffers; your daughters will become servants and waitresses on royalty; you will be exploited and robbed by a royal bureaucracy, and at last you will be practically reduced to slavery by royal despotism." "On that day ye will cry to Jehovah to deliver you of your king, but He will not answer you." And why not? Because, as the Agada holds, they have wilfully violated both in spirit and in letter the grand constitution given them from Sinai. "*My servants ye shall be,*" saith Jehovah, through Moses, "and not the slaves of slaves."

The fifth chapter of the Book of Isaiah is replete with hints and suggestions as to the demoralization prevalent in the two kingdoms of Israel and Judah during the age of this grandest of prophetic orators. After describing in beautiful poetic allegory the corruption of justice and the general moral degeneration among high and low within the two bodies politic, he thunders forth with burning indignation six "woes" against those chiefly responsible for the nation's decadence and impending downfall:

(1) "Woe to you that build yourselves house after house,



join field to field, until there is no space left free, so that you are become the sole owners of the land!" And with his deep insight into the workings of the iron economic laws he predicts the country's steady depopulation, and the growing dearth of its produce, 2,500 years before Malthus discovered his soulless and heartless theories on the relation of population to production. (2) "Woe to the early risers craving for spirituous draughts—to the late stragglers heated with fiery wine!" In due logical sequence, the prophet continues, a plutocratic atmosphere generates intemperance and the desire for luxury and sensual pleasures by a small privileged class, necessarily increasing want and misery among the masses. These drop into economic dependence and practical serfdom, while the people at large grow spiritually more and more corrupt and unredeemable and intellectually ever more perverse and stunted. The final national disintegration and dissolution are rapidly approaching. (3) "Woe to them that pull iniquity with the cords of falsehood, and sin, with the thick ropes of the cart!" The men with a "pull," a quite familiar metaphor in American politics, are the most dangerous vehicles of economic and political injustice and social vices. This condition of things marks the third logical step in the downward path of a nation's career. It breeds despotism, terrorism, and lawlessness. (4) "Woe to those that call evil 'good' and good 'evil'!" Hypocrisy rules the day. Innocence and true merit are defamed and crushed. Guilt, fraud, and sham are extolled and rewarded. All moral standards are falsified and perverted. (5) "Woe to those wise in their own eyes and ingenious in their own imagination!" Self-complacency, vaingloriousness, and Chauvinism soon become the characteristic traits of the ruling class, lowering the standards of general intellectual advancement and cultural progress. (6) "Woe to the intemperate in high places that protect the wicked for bribe and altogether shut thier eye to the cause of the just!" Almighty Mammon controls the seats of law and justice. All values—moral, intellectual, social—have their equivalent in gold or silver. The inevitable result of such transmutation of intrinsically inexchangeable values

must be moral degeneration, political anarchy, social and economic chaos, and national cataclysm.

In the tenth chapter the dauntless Israelite censor winds up his arraignment against the upholders of the system of legalized robbery in his times as follows: "Woe to them that assiduously legislate statutes of iniquity, and persistently enact laws of oppression, to deny justice to the weak, to rob of their rights the poor of my people!" But a just Nemesis is already knocking at the doors of the doomed States. Assyria, the "scourge of Jehovah's wrath," is sweeping down upon "a nation of sycophants," a people ripe for Jehovah's anger.

What Isaiah foresaw through prophetic divination, or, to use modern scientific phraseology, by socio-psychological prognosis, was about a century later historically verified by his successor in prophetic Mosaism, Jeremiah. The kingdom of Israel had been entirely swept away by the Assyrian invasion; that of Judah, rescued from a like fate through the regenerative work of Isaiah and King Hezekiah, had again under the latter's successors relapsed into its former social corruption and moral rottenness. But there is a marked difference between Isaiah's picture of the general state of affairs in Israel and Judah and Jeremiah's as to the remaining branch of the house of Jacob. The gravamen of Jeremiah's censures is no longer directed so much against the people at large as against the royal house and the aristocracy of the land. With almost the identical language used by his great predecessor in Divine heraldship does he hold them responsible for the new—this time irrevocable—calamity threatening the nation at the hands of the Babylonian conqueror. "Woe to him that buildeth his house without justice, his upper stories without right, who robs his fellow-man of his labor's hire!" And again, directly addressing the reigning king, Jehoiakim, son of Josiah: "Thy father who dealt justly with the people, who protected the rights of the poor and needy, reigned happily and successfully. But thine eyes and heart are bent only on thine own profit, on the shedding of innocent blood, on practising oppression and tyranny!" Then he turns his face to the royal



lieutenants and officers. "Woe to the shepherds that cause my pasture's flock to be lost and scattered!" saith Jehovah. "Ye who scatter my flock, who drive them apart and care not for their safety—your evil-doing will be severely visited upon you." It was not difficult for Jeremiah to foretell, in these circumstances, national disasters and political revolutions that would make *tabula rasa* with the then existing régime in Judah.

It would have been strange, indeed, if that priceless treasure-trove of practical philosophy, the Book of Proverbs, brimful of profound adages, sound ethical epigrams, and wise rules of conduct for both private and public life, did not contain some gems of reflective thought also on social and politico-economic subjects. The more striking passages in point show the despicability as well as danger of power built on fraud and deceit; the sham and delusion practised in social life by possessors of ill-gotten fortunes; that God defends the cause of the exploited poor and those disinherited through political oppression or legal injustice; the worthiness and dignity of labor; the social evils resulting from intemperance; that true knowledge alone is the source of legitimate power. Again, verses 24 to 28 of the thirtieth chapter, in the typical style of Æsop's fables, but far more pithily and directly, classify particularly the four mainsprings of knowledge whence all legitimate power should naturally flow. They are allegorically represented by the ant—symbolizing labor, organized in natural order and system, and its due reward; the marmot—superior skill and its proper privileges; the locust—social harmony, with its free active co-operation and mutual protection and advancement; the spider—genius, with its well-merited fame and distinction. Lastly, that exquisite song on noble womanhood to be found in the thirty-first chapter, in which this unique literary monument of the ancient Hebrews discloses their innermost thoughts and sentiments about woman's natural domestic sphere, the most vitally important and basal of all human activities, will supply the sociologist of to-day also with inestimable fundamental truths and principles concerning the great problem as to the proper position of woman in modern society.

The authorship of the Books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes is ascribed to King Solomon the Wise. But, while the former in language and style bears signs of great antiquity, the latter has been found by modern critics to contain unmistakable traces of its author's familiarity with the cynic and epicurean philosophies of the Alexandrian age (300 B. C.). According to Talmudic tradition, indeed, there had existed among the men of the Great Synod at that very period a strong opposition against incorporating Ecclesiastes in the canon of the Old Testament on account of its apparent skepticism. The good sense of the majority, however, overruled the objections, thereby virtually declaring all honest doubt, expressed in a reverential spirit for the sole elucidation of truth, to be as sacred a religious duty as honest belief itself. It was the first victory on record for the cause of freedom of conscience, speech, and the press—seventeen centuries before the invention of printing and twenty-one centuries before the adoption of the same liberal policy by the modern civilized world. Whatever of Cynicism and Epicureanism, therefore, higher criticism may have discovered in this book, the spirit of genuine Mosaism remains triumphant throughout its discourse from beginning to end. And we could well imagine that, if, perchance, say in two millenniums hence, all memory of this very criticism, together with these post-Platonic philosophic systems on which it is based, should become wiped out of the historical consciousness of our then posterity, the critics of that distant future might as easily hit upon Kantian, Hegelian, or even Spencerian ideas in this very Book of Ecclesiastes. The whole trend of philosophic thought and the world-view therein presented—though merely in the boldest and simplest of outlines, it is true, yet none the less graphically and distinctly—border very closely, indeed, on some of the more lastingly established ground doctrines of these leading philosophic minds of modern times.

First, then, as to the book's treatment of the problem of material (or sensual) human life in general. The contrasts of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, knowledge and ignorance, right and wrong, physical power and weakness, riches and



poverty, life and death, are all reduced to a common factor that runs like a red thread through the whole argumentation: Vanity of vanities!—a notion identical with the relation of the sense-manifold to the thing-in-itself of Kantian ratiocination. The true essence of life cannot lie in its mere accidents, nor in external circumstances largely beyond human control, but solely in man's inner character and temperament; in his capacity for realizing the absolute and eternal Ideal behind and beyond the relative and ephemeral reality—the Noumena, the *Ding-an-Sich*, behind the phenomena. This, in the language of Ecclesiastes, is peculiarly and unconditionally “a gift of God,” independent of any and all natural causes existing “under the sun.” And right here we encounter the Hegelian idea of metaphysics reaching over into the domain of mysticism. The spirit in man, hailing from supermundane regions and while in its subsolar state acquiring, through empirical knowledge by means of the senses, a wider inner consciousness and mental expansion, thereby gathers the momentum necessary for its final self-conscious reunion with the spiritual Source of the Universe. The book tells us with repeated emphasis and in impressively “mournful numbers,” indeed, that “life is but an empty dream,” were it not for this gathering of forces taking their exclusive aim and direction toward the highest universal ideals and moral truths.

Viewing so wide a range of philosophic thought, our Biblical Preacher could certainly not forego touching with some ingenious strokes on questions of social ethics also. In the true Spencerian vein he shows that no reconciliation between social differences is possible so long as there remain conflicts in human temperaments, which latter again are postulated by the differentiations in moral characters. He teaches that the only hope for mankind's material salvation under existing conditions consists in the recognition of the principle of *unity in variety*—the establishment of a happy harmony between the contrasts such as they are. Mutual tolerance, interchange of services, and cooperation in developing individuality for the common weal constitute the only expedient policy sanctioned by Divine Provi-

dence. He argues that crushing internecine competition in place of mutually helpful emulation is the chief cause of social injustice and economic extortion. Again, the chase after private wealth is the main promoter of political corruption or despotism. This, by way of reaction, leads to insecurity of possession, both (externally) through the temptation to criminal covetousness of the poor and the have-nots and (internally) through extravagances and propensities toward hazardous speculations on the part of the rich and oversatiated.

In the seventh chapter the point is made that true knowledge and pure morality can thrive only if wholly independent of and emancipated from economic patronage or social and political conventionality or guardianship. "True knowledge availeth the wise more than the combined forces of ten mighty rulers." But, above and throughout all the storm and stress or the joy and happiness of earthly life, the "songs of idlers" enjoying the toil of others or the "sighs of the oppressed, for whom there is no comforter," and the "vanities" of the subsolar universe are governed by a *moral* principle, the *ultima ratio* of all motion, life, and being in the material and ideal, physical and spiritual worlds alike. The final solution of all problems of private and social life rests with man's God-given conscience, the categorical imperative of his ethical being, "for therein alone lies man's real and lasting worth."

ADAM ROSENBERG.

*New York.*



# THE WORD THAT CAME TO ME BY THE SEA.

BY GEORGE D. HERRON.

## I.

At evening I sat with my beloved by the sea—  
By the great sea that has cast the nations and their histories  
upon its shores;  
And the world-epics of the centuries before the nations and  
their histories came—  
Centuries uncounted and epics unsung.  
We watched the sun dissolve in the great sea's bosom.  
The breakers grew white in the shadows.  
Solemn and beautiful were the fishermen—  
Like "The Angelus" of the elemental painter who first gave  
integrity to the canvas;  
They let out their nets like men at prayer.  
The beat and ebb of the waters undertoned the dying light.  
It was the hour when forms and whispers fill the mind with  
yearnings and with questions.

## II.

The evening became as a mighty net let down from heaven.  
It drew about us the darkness of the cruel and unanswering  
East—  
Full of death, and the fascinations of the serpent.  
From beyond where the sun slept on the great sea's bosom,  
From beyond where the cannons keep the gates into the greater  
sea,  
It brought the infinite and urgent West to our feet.  
The mystery of yesterday and the menace of to-morrow in-  
closed us.

## III.

Then the world-sorrow gathered its waters from the shadows.  
We heard the beating and ebbing of the tired and baffled gen-  
erations of men—  
Uttering the sob and moan of the human cycles.

The tortured generations built into the sepulchral glory of Egypt;  
The unwritten slave-generations that made the Greece of Pericles, Phidias, and Plato;  
The fierce generations that issued in the lost mind of Christ;  
The generations of the Rome that drank the world dry and died of the drunk and the delirium;  
The despairing generations of the sated and decadent Augustine;  
The generations of the Church that bound life and love to an evil dream and called it God, and that cast the evil dream over the long and yet enduring suffering toward liberty;  
The generations that bannered the tomb of Christ above crusading robber-hordes, gorging themselves to their death on the pillage of the East;  
The generations of murder and beauty derided by the scorn of Angelo, by the judgments of Dante and the sorrow of Savonarola;  
The generations that brought back Columbus in his chains, and that sent the outcasts of crime and religion to be the seed of his new world;  
The generations that kindled the Messiah-flame of the French Revolution, and that dreamed the dream of the beautiful and terrible democracy;  
The generations that gave birth to the Socialist ideal, and that flowered in the noble mystery of Mazzini;  
The generation that to-day sends forth its vulgar and cowardly conquerors, that it may provide overflow for the great labor-agony fast filling the world;—  
These all beat and ebbd at our feet,  
Their high hopes restlessly and pleadingly returning,  
Each breaking itself against the bounds of its own achievement,  
Each betrayed to the breakers by its leaders,  
The light of each dissolved in the sacred world-sorrow.

## IV.

Then cried I to my beloved to know if there were that which could remove the bounds of achievement;  
That which could liberate the generations, and cause the waters to give up their dead;  
That which could resolve the breakers into guiding truth, and withhold service from becoming treason;



That which could speak, and the world-sorrow be no more.  
But my beloved bade me seek not for answers but for life—  
Saying that life alone can answer life's questions,  
And that the goal of man is the life that needs neither questions nor answers.

## V.

Then cried I again to my beloved to know if there were that  
which could enable me to lose myself in the living generation as a note of healing.  
And my beloved answered me that which made me to know  
that I may not help to bear the world-sorrow away, until  
I have finished with drinking that sorrow and its dregs.  
I may not stand under the world-responsibility, until there is  
no weight of responsibility left in me.  
I may not lighten the world-tragedy, until there is no tragedy  
left in me.  
I may not still a wind or wave of the world-storm, until there  
is no storm left in me.  
I may not heal amidst the world-sickness, until there is no  
sickness left in my heart.  
I may not fight in the world-war, until there is no war left  
in my life.  
I may not serve the revolution, until there is no revolt left in  
my soul—  
Until I see that nowhere is there revolt, but everywhere growth  
toward love's goal.

## VI.

When I have understood the assurance of the sun and the joy  
of the rain,  
When I have reached the divine carelessness of the little child,  
When the sweet meadows on the hill that watch the sea have  
left their morning peace with me,  
When the chaos of my own being has been changed to a song  
and certainty of life's ultimate order,  
When I have ascended into my beloved's faith:  
Then may I enter the life of the world as a note of healing—  
An added urge of the whole toward love's goal.

*Pegli, Italy.*

## THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

AS all men delight in the possession of life, so they are concerned with the length of its duration. If any intelligence remains to a man who has lived for a hundred years, it is chiefly devoted to senile pride in the number of lustra through which he has maintained his existence. Centenarians are among the vainest persons in the world. Fortunately they are not too common.

That one of the seven deadly sins which is named the pride of life does not by any means refer to such glorification of the extent of years, but the term expresses the idea so compactly that I shall venture herein to use it as a technical phrase.

This pride of life is universal. One phase of it is displayed in precepts charging the youth to honor all hoary heads. Such maxims are abundant in most ethical systems and constant in all treatises on proper manners. Other things being equal, the older exacts deference from the younger. The strength of conservatism rests in the pride of life.

When we are not ourselves of venerable age, we take a vicarious pride in those who are, if any such exist to whom we may lay claim. The man descended from a long-lived ancestry always expatiates on the family trait. Any right-minded person with a grandmother nigh the century mark exults in her—at least as to her antiquity. A living great-grandmother is something to boast of at all times. Even when the proud relative cannot endure the society of the ancient woman, the crowded years are not the less a theme for persistent vauntings. An extension of the principle explains the general interest in genealogies. From the individual and the family we pass to the State.

Every patriot must be proud of his nation's age, if it has any. The Orientals of various races boast of their antiquity, and the world applauds them in their vainglory. Though there



may be nothing in the history worthy of special praise, the fact of continued life for a long term is, of itself, enough to attract attention and admiration.

In another department of this thought, we find that the pride of life permeates the world as a whole in reference to itself. Mankind is proud of the terrestrial ball's many cycles. We have come to look with disdain on the meager four thousand years accorded by the Biblical chronology. We revel in the multiplied ages granted by an amiable science to the process of evolution.

In all this we find an evidence of that universal brotherhood of man which, in accordance with all ancient esoteric teaching and modern evolutionary tenets, is pervasive beyond the visible sphere of the human, since man by the variety of his stages has passed, we may believe, through every lower plane of being, as he is destined to pass through every higher state. The pride of life, considered in its diverse ramifications, shows his subtle sense of a share in all that has been. Every past generation of his own blood, of his country, of the whole world and all its constituents, appeals to him as something of personal import. He, the product of all the past, unreasoning as to his origins, yet yields to their dominance in this instinctive sense of pride. In glorious egotism he looks back through the thronging hosts of years, and joys in his past of their living.

This principle is founded in an instinct, and cannot be overcome. From the universality of this instinct we are forced to admit the propriety of that sentiment, the pride of life. Whatever is decreed by the mysterious but inevitable *consensus gentium* has its right purpose, and will be fully accomplished.

Aside from the honor granted to bulk of years simply for the time of them, we must examine the worth of years as to the events within their limits. Thus we may arrive at an understanding of the moral value in this pride of life. How does a man estimate the right and wrong of his days? What is the usual moral determinant of conscientious conclusions?

Mankind may be divided into two general classes: those who think and those who do not think. Availing ourselves of

a present privilege that is not always our blessed lot, we pass by those in the second class. The thoughtful persons may be divided in their turn into two classes, namely, the optimistic and the pessimistic, the words being used in a limited sense. Under the term *optimistic* I reckon those who determine the merit of their acts by comparing their conduct with the conduct of their fellows. Under the term *pessimistic* I reckon those who determine the merit of their acts by comparing their conduct with the conduct dictated by their ideal.

While the optimistic man is superior to him whose brain altogether refuses to operate beyond the most sordid limits, he is, of course, inferior to the pessimist struggling by every endeavor toward a lofty and unattainable ideal of virtue. The optimist follows practical propriety of conduct; the pessimist determines a theory of perfection. The first regulates his conscience by objective suggestions; the second regulates his conscience by subjective suggestions. They are guided respectively by the actual and the ideal.

As it is of these two sorts of men, so it is with the race in its stages. The primeval man did not think, or, if he thought, his mind was wholly concerned with physical matters. Afterward his mental view enlarged and he entered into the optimistic period, when he found satisfaction by the comparison of himself with others. The Jews were optimists when they believed themselves to be the most virtuous people in the world, even the only virtuous people. The Brahmans were optimists when they held themselves to be the chief delight of Brahm. In fact, nearly any old religion will furnish us with an illustration of such optimism, and perhaps some modern ones would serve the purpose.

Then we arrived at the pessimistic age, when we find the predominating insistence on a sublime ideal. This may prevail to a small extent at the same time with the existence of optimism, as is the case oftentimes with poets and other seers, who are in advance of the age in which they live. Such men of pessimism in the midst of the optimists were Zoroaster, Confucius, the Buddha, and the Christ. Always, the comple-



ment of the noble ideal is a shuddering knowledge of its non-realization among men—a loathing for the failure of men to achieve their saintly possibilities.

The two classes are in error, and their errors are diverse. Between the two we shall come upon that which we require. The optimist is following an ignoble lead when he makes the deeds of others the regulators of his morality. He is a Titania mistaking Nick Bottom for Adonis. His view of right is vague for lack of a consistent, compelling rule from within. On the other hand, the pessimist, constantly contemplating his glorious ideal, is usually so blinded by its glory that he cannot see the real good emanating from the striving hearts of men about him. Thus the old prophets always hastened to curse the ordinary routine of their fellows as shamefully evil. A candid consideration shows that most mortal acts are righteous, despite the virulence of the rebukers. The seers are led, perforce, by the ardor of their love for the ideal into a passion of hatred against the real; hence, their estimate of what is becomes distorted by a virtuous prejudice, and we must beware of implicit confidence in their judgment as to the current and practical.

It is, then, evident that only between the errors of the un-metaphysical optimist and those of the metaphysical pessimist may we hope to discover a mean for discriminating observation, whence we may consider men as they really are, whether good or bad, and test the moral justification of their pride of life.

In our day and generation the prevailing impulse toward introspection and self-analysis is a besetting fashion, not only of the individual who stares his ego out of conscience, but, too, of the whole globe, which seems to be scrutinizing itself with so much intensity that we may well yield to fear lest the whirling mass be thrown from its orbited balance.

The world exults in the multiplied years through which it has sped, but in its self-examination it is coming to be wofully pessimistic. Such a book as that which Nordau wrote in vilification of his species may have proved his own depravity; it failed to prove the depravity of others. Nor was this gifted

author a pessimist of the saintly sort we have been considering. No; his investigation was merely the finical theorizing of a measurer of skulls, a suspecter of ear-lobes, a discoverer of crime in the curve of an eyelash. Lombroso, his master, was content to multiply evidence, and by vast cumulations arrive at an opinion. Nordau seized on a single detail and swore to the degeneracy of a class. Yet the readers of Nordau's appalling assertions did not burn the volume—or its creator. On the contrary, while many protested, more felt a subtle suspicion that something of truth lay at the bottom of this well of error.

Surely we must admit that the world is rather doubtful of its own virtue. Nay, more: it is openly admitting its own wickedness. Those dear, delightful days are forever past when Greek and Roman, Vandal and Slav looked with contemptuous pity on all not of the particular holy nation. No body of people now regards itself as the possessor of a monopoly of virtue, unless it be in the case of the ineffable Turk. Men think less highly of themselves, lacking others supposititiously inferior as the basis for exaltation. Nowadays we could not express foreigners and barbarians by one word. Even the age wherein the Englishman and the Frenchman alike puffed themselves by looking across the Channel is slipping away, though, to be sure, it is not altogether gone. In fine, we are at the pessimistic period in our civilization's history, when we think so highly of that which should be that we condemn that which is. But we remember the unjust judgment of the pessimistic man and are undismayed.

In the world's growing distrust of its virtue we discover distinct cause for rejoicing, retaining the pessimistic individual as the ground of our reasoning. The worst of the pessimists have been the best of men. They have been the noblest of saints, in their aspirations and in their deeds. On this account we pardon them for calling our forebears hard names. The value of their virtue to our argument lies in this: they did not think themselves good. Saint Paul called himself the chief of sinners. Any student of the apostle's life utterly scouts an estimate so absurd of a man so truly pious. So of all holy



men. It is evident that the higher the ideal and the more closely it is followed, the more intense are the consciousness of failure to attain perfection and the resultant belief in particular personal guiltiness. The only exceptions are in the cases of those who come to believe in their peculiar divinity, and these are in a class apart.

Relying on analogy, we believe the world's present pessimism to be an exponent of the world's real goodness. It is a proof that the world possesses loftier ideals than it has known heretofore. It must be borne in mind that, while the ideal must always be in advance of the real, the real is always within hearing distance of the ideal. The more the world reviles itself, the better the world's estate. Appreciation of sinfulness is the inseparable concomitant of any earthly holiness.

This method of thought reconciles us to much that would otherwise discourage. It even suffices to make certain vices symbolic epitomes of virtue. Let vice be openly described as such, and it would be difficult indeed to find its defender. Admit that a thing is properly vicious, and none exalts it save in secret. It does not matter as to the basis of distinction between vice and virtue; it is only necessary that there should exist the realization of a distinction. That realization exists now throughout the world, and in most of the world it is elaborately defined.

Curiously enough, a detestable vice is the warrant of the universal esteem in which virtue is held. That vice is hypocrisy. Hypocrisy by its existence declares that men appreciate the disfavor with which vice is regarded by the world at large. Usually the careless person regards the prevalence of hypocrisy as a sign of great corruption, nothing more. So it is as regards the individual, but it is the sign of esteemed virtue as regards the race.

None lives up to the exact morality prescribed by the community's standard of right. When one fails only in lesser matters, all men may know it and yet esteem him, since the preponderance is in favor of his worth. When, however, one is guilty of flagrant violations of the code, of gross derelictions

of duty, of criminal acts and vile thoughts, then, indeed, those evil characteristics must be artfully concealed, or the public toleration is lost, and general execration is won. The extent then to which the grievous sinners, who, like the poor, are always with us, curry the community's endurance by parading mock virtues, affords a positive index to the actual moral standard and to the substantial influence emanating from that standard. Hypocrisy shows that the public morals are sound, since known evil is condemned. The working value of the principle is easily illustrated.

In almost any age of the past, various lewdnesses have been not only practised but openly known to be practised, sometimes uncensured, sometimes condoned, sometimes condemned to a certain extent, but ever regarded as matters of course. In some instances they received popular approbation. This was natural enough when they were made a constituent part in the religious cults, but it was often the case when they were solely the result of wanton imaginations with no tincture of devotional excuse. To-day such lewdnesses are not specifically mentioned save secretly by the vilest, or with repugnance in the police courts. They exist, but they exist to an extent vastly less than ever before; and they find no sympathy or excuse—only profound disgust in public opinion.

Referring to the subject of hypocrisy generally, we observe that our consideration of it shows again the fact that optimist and pessimist are both wrong in their determining of moral values. The optimist is content to be a mild hypocrite, inasmuch as his neighbor—unless the community be unique—is one. The pessimist looks on the existence of hypocrisy as a sure proof that the world is damned. We, however, fairly conclude that, while the practise of hypocrisy is a shame to the hypocrite, the existence of the vice to a considerable extent reveals goodness in the world. The absence of hypocrisy means either shamelessness or perfection; and perfection is a predicate of Deity alone.

By such devious paths we reach a point whence our view of the world's situation is cheering. It is only the superficial



that distresses. An extension of our research confirms our confidence as to the general increase of earthly goodness, in which rest the secret cause and the glory of the pride of life.

The final test of man's spiritual state is in his aspirations. Are they gross? man is gross; are they heavenly? man is heavenly. What are man's aspirations to-day compared with those of the past?

We may regard the *summum bonum* of any people as the syllabus of its aspirations. Thus we seek and find in the formal ultimate destiny of any race, as set forth by its religion, the highest aspirations of its devout. We know that the aspirations of past races as thus expressed have been full of errors. Most of them have been materialistic. It is useless here to refer to secret doctrines, or to insist that the gross or voluptuous glories of Valhalla, of Brahma's rose-shade, of Mohammed's seventh heaven, of Zoroaster's sun-circle, of Saint John's golden-paved city, were symbolic. Whatever may have been the full meaning of the teacher, so far as we are now concerned it was just that which the mass of believers found in the holy words; no more, no less. The faithful body accepted the explanations of blessed destiny as real and exact, not symbolic, and they thought their eternities sufficiently attractive—fit rewards for pious living.

This low conception of immortality's estate is a phase of past thought, though some relics of it survive to our time; for there are not wanting twentieth-century Christians who fully expect to thrum celestial harps (eighteen-carat gold) immediately after shuffling off their mortal coil. But the few who in the past looked more deeply into the sacred mysteries have now become the many. The world is getting to hope for a hereafter of the self-conscious ego that shall be infinitely beyond what words of earth can portray or mind of earth can conceive. The general conception of man's right destiny is purer and nobler than ever before, and its holy largeness is constantly increasing. A triumph in man's progress is witnessed here, for it is the indication of the spirit's evolution.

Again, as to the way of life by which the blessing is to be

secured. Every great religion has heretofore been weighed down with ritual obligations. I do not say unnecessarily; rather, the necessity for ritual is manifest even yet, though to an extent much less than formerly. But the existing tendency is strong toward an abeyance of the spirit, which involves a proper intelligence as to the signification of the letter, not a blind observance of it. Once the forms of the law were all-important, for by them man learned the lesson of obedience. Now, through ages of inheritance, man has come to have something of the law's spirit written on his heart. As a result, the son of Christian parents may reject the ostensible tenets of his parents and yet be a better Christian in the high sense of the word than were those to whom he owes his birth.

A vital evidence of the present concern with the spirit of virtue is to be found in the development of tolerance, a tolerance that is coming to be common between sect and sect, between religion and religion. Where once hate of all unbelievers was the common virtue, forbearance and even brotherly recognition of other forms of piety are rapidly appearing. It is not difficult to trace the change. Ancient secret doctrines have always inculcated the oneness of humanity, the brotherhood of all men; but the principle is almost modern so far as practical application goes. The Buddha, perhaps, emphasized its importance more than any other; the Christ taught it most fundamentally and insidiously, as the evolution of his instruction proves. Yet the greatest forces in making tolerance a general virtue have been time and commerce.

The ages are the real solvers of life's problems. Here and there a man has arisen whose luminous soul lighted the way for his era and tribe, whose power of spirit gained for his followers a great impetus onward. Such have told the truths of the noble faiths. Thus Confucius taught practical domestic and patriotic virtue; thus Gautama taught unswerving effort; thus Christ taught repentance and self-sacrifice; thus Mohammed taught the absolute oneness of God. But, along with these, the one unceasing toiler has been Time—Time working tirelessly at his hobby, evolution, seemingly always indomitably



ambitious to achieve new successes, and always arriving at the climax of past desires only to form grander projects for the exalting of things and men.

We must not be misled here by the apparent failure of Time's efforts, in the collapse of local civilizations. Occasionally, in ancient days, a nation arrived at a certain civilization, distinctive in its period, only to lapse into ruin worse than its first savagery. Such civilizations were like the early genius of a precocious child, for the analogy between the individual and the race holds of the abnormal as of the normal. The precocious child is usually unbalanced in its abilities, and dies prematurely—a wonderful failure, a hideous thwarting somehow of Nature's attempt at a masterpiece. Such children, speedy in rise and ending, are fit types of the unsymmetrical civilizations of which history tells. Sometimes there is an infant that is startlingly precocious as an infant, but never advances much beyond the puerile stage of genius, though living for years. Such a phenomenon is the type of anomalous China.

We realize that the old civilizations were sporadic incidents in the world's career, only of local importance in their own cycle. It is otherwise when we consider the civilization of the world as a whole. That civilization has been developing for countless centuries without pause. We of to-day may say that we see the end. A farmer looks on the field where he has sown seed and sees the ground daintily green over all its surface, save here and there a dark, barren patch. He rejoices that the grain has put forth its shoots, that the harvest is promised. He has no distrust as to the complete abundance of the crop, because of the unfruitful interstices. There are always such flaws in Nature's work, whether in the tilled soil or in the human heart. So we survey the world, with its springing grain of civilization, and are glad, for we believe that the harvest is assured, albeit in many darker places there may be no signs of the goodly growth. This civilization Time has wrought.

The index of civilization in these later times is commerce.

The most civilized of the nations are those whose industries run much abroad. Time has brought an industrial civilization involving a commercial system so intricate that no part of the world escapes the regular throbbing of the pulse of trade. It is in this commercial energy that we find one cause of contemporary tolerance. Little needs to be said in explication of this point, for the directness of the connection between cause and result is unusually clear. We hear often and much from that slander to the effect that "the love of money is the root of all evil." The *radix malorum* is the *radix beneficens* sometimes. The lust of gain has given to humanity many, perhaps most, of its prizes. The desire of coin has girdled the world with the avenues of transportation, whereby the almighty dollar is made to spin nimbly along all the parallels of latitude and longitude. The chase of the elusive and saltatory medium of exchange has brought antipodal men together. They have become acquainted. The result is mutual tolerance,—if the bargaining be not too acrimonious,—sometimes even mutual regard. Here then we find pure ethics and business eagerness twins to accomplish man's salvation: one teaches that man is a unit, that the countless individuals are a massive, a holy brotherhood; the other makes no profession of instruction, but hurries to introduce the members of the family one to another, whereupon the splendid intersympathy of the present is made possible.

This spirit of tolerance is fortified by another virtue of the times. Many of the profoundest Christian divines have insisted upon the fundamental principle that Christianity is a *life*. Men of this age are getting to make the life the final test of righteousness. Creed is reckoned of little worth; deeds and motives are the determinants. By this statement it must not be inferred that faith is belittled. Faith is of priceless value to every man. Only, if the faith be ennobling, its precise variety does not matter so much.

The like truth follows when we observe that men are growing self-reliant. The age of abject distrust of their own powers and consequent reliance on a vicarious virtue is passing.



In its stead men regard their holy ones with the utmost reverence for the glorious truths taught, but they incline to despise the cowardice that would cringe from receiving the suitable punishment for its crimes. Rather, they prefer to live so honestly and so piously after the examples of the holy that they may fear no ill, here or hereafter. The result is a tremendous increase in the practical morality of men—a betterment of the world.

It would be beyond my present purpose to enforce my belief in the growing excellence of the world by citing lesser details. That they exist is hardly to be doubted by the most skeptical, were he cynical as Apemantus. I may suggest only a few of them. That improvement toward chastity to which I have referred in my consideration of hypocrisy is manifest in many directions. Never before was there such general chastity in speech, thought, and deed. This statement may provoke opposition, but the weight of evidence is conclusive. When Queen Victoria insisted that the laughing group recount for her the occasion of their merriment, and after hearing it said, "We are not amused," and turned her back, she voiced a delicacy that was not born before this century, that was unknown when the holy writings of the world were issued, that was foreign to any literature until after the days of Fielding.

The reverence for human life is another example of our superiority to-day. This century's point of view would have been inconceivable in old times. To be sure, it extends into morbid follies sometimes, as when the silly cry out for a murderer's escape from the death-chair or the gallows; but, generally speaking, science and sentiment are honorably striving for the full and proper preservation of the lives of men. Beyond all else we mark with profoundest gratitude the freedom of man—freedom from the formal slavery of man to master; freedom from the abominable bondage of the subject to the tyranny of the Government; freedom from the most lasting of shackles, those riveted on the souls of the credulous devout by the threatening devices of spiritual lords. Moreover, we dare have hope that the menaces of war between

labor and capital are, after all, but a prophecy that soon the words of the Psalm will be fulfilled: "The rich and the poor meet together."

These are only cursory references to themes of which the evidences, taken in entirety, are indicative of humanity's progress. Such testimony assures us that the world is justified in its pride of life.

The theory of evolution has come to be generally accepted. The history of men and nations declares it no less surely than the development of organic personality from the famous, the meager, the profound original protoplasm. The world may, unabashed, have a magnificent pride in the whole trend of its material and spiritual facts. Every succeeding cycle casts off its worn garments of evil, only to clothe itself in new raiment fairer than any of old; and each later robe approaches more closely to the dazzling white of the All Righteous.

MARVIN DANA, F.R.G.S.

*New York.*



## WHITMAN'S NOTE OF DEMOCRACY.

WALT Whitman's enthusiastic utterance of American life, in his "Leaves of Grass," has made many men call him the Poet of Democracy. Few titles were ever more deserved. His vision sweeps over everything in our modern democracy, and, as his mood quickens, he celebrates in verse all that he sees. Occupations of city and country, salient characteristics of the United States, types of robust men and women to be found in them, and all manner of suggestions concerning their future he sets forth exuberantly. His "Leaves of Grass" poems, in fact, like the verses of all great poets, savor strongly of his native land; he seems gradually to have absorbed it, and thoroughly to have comprehended its spirit. An apt example of the kind of rhapsody he now and then goes into over us and our land is, perhaps, the following plain-spoken passage from "On Blue Ontario's Shore":

"These States are the amplest poem;  
Here is not a nation, but a teeming Nation of nations;  
Here the doings of men correspond with the broadcast doings of the  
day and night;  
Here is what moves in magnificent masses careless of particulars;  
Here are the roughs, beards, friendliness, combativeness the soul loves;  
Here the flowing trains, here the crowds, equality, diversity the soul  
loves."

But this passage only imperfectly shows to what an extent Whitman was a portrayer of American life. He seems to see us in relation with our mountains and valleys, forests and prairies, lakes and rivers, and clear, bracing atmosphere. He feels that such a land, teeming with material resources, pulsating with industrial and commercial pursuits, and interested in furthering the development of art, literature, and science, is destined to accomplish great things. He feels that we are bound to take up the primeval burden of progress and to bear it forward from the point where other nations have set it

down. He calls us to this duty with a buoyant thrill that arouses in us abeyant powers. When he declares that to understand these States each and every one of us must share their sublime surge, their fluidity and audacity, he seems an inspired herald of equality and opportunity to come—of greater fulness of life and wider freedom. Thoreau was right: "Whitman is democracy."

Sympathy for common humanity is an element hardly less significant in Whitman's poetry than his enthusiastic portrayal of American life. In the field of literature, indeed, Whitman is one of those rare souls who prefer human sympathies to interests. He felt and thought with the divine average of humanity. Though nothing human was ever cut off from his wonderfully sympathetic nature, he was nevertheless a bit more partial to the rough and uncultivated than to polished and sophisticated persons—just as some of us are appealed to more strongly by the craggy Swiss Alps than by the gardens of Italy.

In regard to the various vocations of men, though, Whitman was conspicuously impartial in sentiment. Poets, philosophers, scholars, statesmen, artists, musicians, notwithstanding their high abilities, had no more respect from him than did earnest and industrious weavers, coopers, cab-drivers, masons, dock-builders, or ferry-men. He explicitly declares that charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything. All work, in his opinion, is good so long as it is wisely and cheerfully performed as a part of the social order. It is the spirit in which we do our work, rather than the particular species of it, that is the chief thing; and all sorts and descriptions of work, done in the right spirit, Whitman enumerates and glorifies with tender solicitude.

Seldom, indeed, has a mind been so democratic and humanitarian as Whitman's. Not only is he especially attracted by brawny specimens of manhood, indiscriminately interested in all useful occupations, but, as well, he is profoundly pleased by sheer propinquity with humanity. In "Children of Adam" he writes:



"I have perceived that to be with those I like is enough;  
 To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough;  
 To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, laughing flesh is enough;  
 To pass among them, or to touch any one, to rest my arm ever so  
     lightly round his or her neck for a moment—what is this then?  
 I do not ask any more delight; I swim in it as in a sea.  
 There is something in staying close to men and women and looking on  
     them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul  
     well.  
 All things please the soul, but these please the soul well."

We may go to Browning for out-reaching optimism, to Emerson for serene self-reliance; but for joy and health through simple, human relations we must turn to Whitman.

If it were possible for Whitman to be the foe of anything, he is the foe of artificiality. He is no drawing-room or tea-on-the-terrace poet. He is preëminently a free and naïve poet of human nature as exemplified in the common people. He bursts forth, torrent-like, with chants in exaltation of them and their way of life. It is hard, at times, to tell whether his stirring plebeian utterances should be rated as barbaric yawps from one of the crude masses themselves, or as something far higher and better.

Dilettanti, whose fastidious tastes are more pleased with dainty and sentimental phrases than with vital and human utterances, can never appreciate Whitman. There is something so primordial—so Adamic—in him that to many his anomalous outbursts must ever remain nebulous. He feels that the burning and turbulent, yet entirely human, passions and appetites, implanted in us by Nature, are fundamentally and consummately good; that, like ships that need wind and sails, we can go nowhere without them; and that among the common people of our American democracy, still unperverted by the past, they exist in most robust and healthy form.

Whitman, indeed, is unregenerately radical. In almost everything he utters he goes to extremes. He feels that Dante's poetic writings steeped in Catholicism, and Shakespeare's steeped in feudalism, and Goethe's steeped in the classic romantic spirit of his own day, are unsuited to the temper and needs

of our age. He feels that America, with its eager and hardy peoples, and its vast industrial and political activities, is now ready for a grand order of poetry—just as Germany a while ago was ripe for a grander order of opera. Heartily in sympathy with the life *en masse* of our country, and justly intolerant of the effete as well as emulous of the virile spirit of European life and literature, Whitman aspired to be the new great bard of our new great democracy. In a passage from the “Song of the Broad-axe” he says, among other things, in presaging an ideal democratic city of a coming age, that the place where the great city stands is not where the greatest amount of industry or commerce is carried on, nor where the tallest and costliest edifices and best libraries and schools are set up, but—

“Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,  
Where the city stands that is belov’d by them, and loves them in return and understands them,  
Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds, . . .  
Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons,  
Where fierce men and women pour forth as the sea, to the whistle of death, pours its sweeping and unripped waves,  
Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority, . . .  
Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves, . . .  
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,  
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands—  
There the great city stands.”

Looked at from one point of view, Whitman’s antipathy for artificiality assuredly seems august; but regarded in another light it may seem subversive of the best interests of society. Human nature, in the rough, has not been found so good as Whitman would have us believe. Without iron-handed government, fashioned out of the experiences of the past, our life, liberty, and property would, in all probability, be far from safe. And without tact and courtesy the jostlings of egoism might become excruciatingly rude. But Whitman’s attitude



toward national and municipal government, and toward social tact and courtesy, is simply disdainful.

Whitman, however, never for a moment poses as a preacher of peace or morality. He declares that his verses, like sunshine or rain, may at times do more harm than good. He is confident that a high development of grace and refinement, of the mellow-sweet that precedes the decay of men and States, is much more to be feared among us than the efflorescence of a sound and healthy animality. He is, in fact, among us, from first to last, a kind of unaccountable, irresponsible dynamic force.

One of his most suggestive bits of philosophy is, perhaps, the following irregular, half-lyrical, half-spiritual utterance, taken from the "Song of the Open Road":

"All parts a way for the progress of souls;

All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that was or is apparent upon this globe, or any globe, falls into niches and corners before the procession of souls along the grand roads of the universe.

Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

Forever alive, forever forward,

Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,

Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,

They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go;

But I know that they go toward the best—toward something great."

As yet, of course, what will be the final verdict of Whitman one cannot tell. But already several eminent men of letters seem certain he portrays American democracy so enthusiastically—with a sympathy for common humanity so good-hearted, a dislike of effete artificiality so regenerating, and a spiritual scope so heroic and expansive—that his "Leaves of Grass" poems have few parallels in the history of literature; and, despite the faults of their form, zealous disciples have begun to regard them as a sort of Bible.

WALTER LEIGHTON.

*Harvard University.*

# A CONVERSATION

WITH

ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.,

ON

THE PRESENT POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

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Q. Of course, Mr. Pomeroy, the political outlook at the present time is somewhat chaotic; but from your opportunities for observation, coming in touch as you do with representative thinkers in various parts of the country, what in your judgment are the general trends of public sympathy?

A. The public mind is at present divided between two noble impulses concerning the Philippines. The first was voiced by Kipling in his poem on "The White Man's Burden." It is the desire to help our less fortunate neighbors—to educate and lift them up. It was this noble sentiment that really forced the Spanish war. It is this sentiment that has applauded the introduction of schools, cleanliness, and order in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. It was this sentiment that President Roosevelt voiced when he called for a reduction in the tariff against Cuba. This sentiment is very strong, very widespread; and even those who think it mistaken must recognize its nobility. Of course, there are dishonorable hangers-on who endeavor to exploit these peoples, using this noble sentiment as a cover; but they are so few in number that the feeling of the masses is hardly contaminated by them, and, as voicing the opinion of the people, they may be neglected. They are far more influential in determining action than their numbers warrant, and the people believe this and are very jealous of a distortion of this lofty motive.

When the people become convinced that this noble sentiment has on the whole been used as a cloak for oppression, they will



take almost any course to reverse that policy; and many would change their view to the second sentiment, which is that we should attend to our own affairs and leave other people to care for theirs. This is Mr. Bryan's view and that of the anti-imperialists. Mr. McKinley knew the strength of this position, and was urging and making public the spread of schools and all the beneficent forces of civilization. While he let the franchise-grabbers and spoliators have their way when he could not prevent it without a fight, he minimized their efforts to the public. Roosevelt has far less policy than McKinley, but he really holds this sentiment more firmly at heart, and he will fight for it where McKinley would not. He has already shown this by his course. If he has his way in formulating Republican policy—and the President of the United States has a tremendous power—the uplifting policy will be consistently followed, and it will carry the country with it. Even if Roosevelt's good intentions are overborne by the sinister elements in his own party, those elements will claim to be benevolent, and there will not be time before the next Presidential election to demonstrate their real character. Hence, as far as the policy toward our foreign or semi-foreign dependencies is concerned, the sentiment of the country will be with the Republican party.

There is, however, one other factor that complicates this question, and that is its cost. The United States is spending millions, particularly on the Philippines, and is getting no adequate return. If our treasury were empty, or if taxation were so directly imposed that the people felt it, this would be a large factor. But as conditions are it is subsidiary. It is, however, becoming generally known that financially our Philippine policy is a stupendous failure. It is becoming generally suspected that that policy was really inaugurated by the fighting spirit in the army, and that that fighting spirit has really stifled a noble movement for self-government among the only class in the Philippines fit for self-government, and that it has given us a legacy of hate there. If this desire for domination were strong enough or rash enough clearly to define itself, the people would at once see that it was both ignoble and costly and

would sweep it out of existence. But, unfortunately, the people do not have the opportunity to vote on a measure, but only for a man who will at least profess a benevolent policy, and, if Roosevelt be the candidate, one who has honestly tried to carry out such benevolent policy.

Roosevelt, by beginning suits against the Northern Securities Company and against the trusts under the Sherman law, and against the railroads under the Interstate Commerce act, has largely minimized the well-known corporation trend of the Republican party. On the question of publicity for corporations, Bryan and Roosevelt are in complete agreement. This remedy Bryan has advocated clearly, consistently, and ably. But this advocacy is minimized by Roosevelt's adhesion to the same remedy. Outside of Bryan and a few others, the Democratic leadership is vacillating, uncertain, and unsound. Unless there be a radical change very soon in the Democratic leadership, the sentiment of the country on the corporation question will swing to the Republican party if Roosevelt be the candidate.

These are the two great issues before the people, and these, in my opinion, are the trends of public sympathy.

Q. It would seem that President Roosevelt, in spite of his manifest desire to be politic and to strengthen his position, within strictly party lines, so as to secure a renomination, is nevertheless apt to create many antagonisms through his somewhat impulsive action. My own opinion is that he is much stronger to-day in the West and Southwest than any other Republican, but I question whether he would be the choice of the capitalistic classes who dominate the Republican party if any other candidate should develop strength. What is your impression in regard to this?

A. The whole city of Washington is down on Roosevelt. They do not know what he will do about the offices. Washington is controlled by office-holders and would-be office-holders. It does not represent the country at all, and often its sentiment is the reverse of that of the whole country; but it does represent the managing politicians, particularly of the



dominant party. Roosevelt has created many antagonisms among party managers. For instance, in Missouri, Kerens, a leading Republican, is nominally friendly but really dislikes Roosevelt, and the papers he controls are ridiculing the President in a quiet but persistent manner. I think this ridicule of Roosevelt and quiet pushing forward of Hanna have been started all over the country and will be continued and enlarged from now on. When done for a long time and persistently, it is a tremendously effective policy.

I have been told that Roosevelt is surrounded by spies who report and magnify every little incident and characteristic that can be twisted to make the people think he is so impulsive and eccentric as to be dangerous. It is probable that even your use of the term "impulsive action" in your question is because you have unconsciously partly adopted this idea, which this newspaper combination is sedulously developing and spreading. Roosevelt is not a dangerously impulsive man; he is a strong one, a bold one, and a decisive one.

I feel sure that had McKinley lived the nomination of Hanna by the Republicans in 1904 would have been certain. The death of McKinley and the accession of so strong and independent a personality as Roosevelt have completely changed the situation. To change it back requires some extraordinary effort, and that effort is being made through a control of the press—particularly the country press and smaller papers—and a ridicule of Roosevelt and magnifying of Hanna. It is a still hunt of magnificent proportions, directed by one of the most astute and able politicians we have ever had, and worked through the finest political machine ever built. Moreover, Hanna has had a training in business life, where his commercial still hunts have been enormously successful, and this gives him an advantage over the average politician. He knows tricks that they do not. But he has a far more delicate task than if McKinley had lived. While upholding the party and what the party does before the people, he must discredit that party's nominal head and the man who is actually putting into effect that party's

policy—and all the time he must be friendly with that man. How skilfully this has been done is illustrated by what an ex-Governor of one of our Territories told me recently of the Federal appointments in his Territory: all but one of these are avowed Hanna men.

On the other hand, the people believe Roosevelt to be strong, able, courageous, honest. He has done and will do decisive deeds. His strength does not lie with the politicians, but with the people. He may offend individuals, but his character and deeds stand out in striking relief before the masses. They know where to put him. They know him. The people are afraid of this lovely exterior that Hanna has put on—of a friend to labor and the head of this arbitration board. It looks too much like bait to catch gudgeon. Unless Roosevelt makes some serious popular mistake, he will have a hold on the masses that no other Republican leader has had since Lincoln and Grant.

Moreover, Roosevelt is quietly and tactfully drawing around him the better elements in the Republican party. Under McKinley and Hanna these were being quietly dropped and the corporation men put in places of power. Roosevelt is starting a real rehabilitation of the Republican party. Time only will tell how successful he can be, but at least he will be partially successful.

I have not discussed other candidates, because there are none in sight. Hanna may perceive that he cannot win and may bring some popular but pliant man forward, but I do not think he will be far-sighted enough.

It seems to me that when the Republican convention meets the situation will be similar to that of the last Democratic convention. The politicians there did not want to nominate Bryan, but they knew there was no chance of success with any other candidate. It will be the people *versus* the politicians. Hanna will have the convention; Roosevelt will have the people. If the Congressional elections this fall go against the Republicans, or some other untoward event happens to them, the politicians will be scared and nominate Roosevelt. If the



Republican party prospers, the outcome is very difficult to foresee; but the probabilities are that Roosevelt will be "turned down" and either Hanna or some other "safe" man nominated.

Q. Do you think that the Democratic party is apt to be largely dominated by the Eastern or Wall street wing in its nomination?

A. The Wall street wing of the Democratic party is trying hard to get control of it. It has succeeded in several States. The Southern Democrats are willing to ally themselves with it, if it can insure success, but they will also go the other way if success seems there. But the Wall street element has not gotten control of the national Democratic machinery, and I feel sure it will not get such control. The work of the Populist party in the West has been so effective that huge masses of voters would leave the Democratic party if they thought the Wall street element controlled it. This readiness to sacrifice and even to kill their party for a principle gives them control of the situation.

Q. Is it not probable that, if the reactionaries find it impossible to nominate some one like W. C. Whitney, Richard Olney, or David Bennett Hill, they will seek to concentrate upon Admiral Dewey, General Miles, or Admiral Schley? And in that event do you think that a third man would be nominated representing the more radical elements of the Democratic party?

A. If the Democratic party should nominate either Whitney, Olney, Hill, or Gorman, there would be no Democratic party west of the Missouri River. The voters would go out *en masse*. Judge Maguire, ex-Congressman and Democratic candidate for Governor of California in 1900, told me that with such a nomination there would not be enough Democrats in his State to fill the offices in the Democratic State machine. Bryan, by his recent editorials on Hill and others, has destroyed the last chances for his own candidacy; but he has voiced that sentiment and shown that he would head the exodus. George Fred Williams told me last fall that control by Hill meant his leaving the Democratic party. Dewey, Miles, or Schley would

not be so positively objectionable as Hill, Gorman, Olney, or Whitney; but they would negatively be just as bad. They do not stand for anything except the army and navy. No one knows where they stand on social and economic questions. The West wants a positive man. Moreover, the nation had a very sorry experience with a military man as President. The people loved and respected General Grant, even after he ceased to be President, but they knew that he was a failure as a President. Also, the Democratic party failed with another military hero, General Hancock. Dewey made an egregious blunder in 1900, and the public recognized that, while he and Miles are doubtless fine commanding officers, they are too lacking in ability to be tactful national Executives and in knowledge of social and political conditions to be real leaders of the nation. Also, Miles and Schley are men with a grievance, and unless the man on the other side is very unpopular a grievance is a load, not an aid, in running for office. For these reasons, but mainly because of the first one—that the people want a positive man—I do not think it at all probable that a military man can be nominated by the Democrats.

In my opinion a moderate radical, if those two words can be put together, is certain to be the candidate chosen by the Democratic convention. There is no chance of success with any one else. The Democratic politician knows this. With a conservative such as Olney, or a non-committal man such as Miles, either a new party would be formed, or the Populist party would be revived in lasting strength, or the Socialist candidate would receive hundreds of thousands of votes. The candidate may be a judge known for his probity and radical decisions. Judge Gresham, if he were alive, would be such a man, or Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court. But it is more probable that some radical business man who has had some public record will be chosen. Tom L. Johnson is now the most probable. He is doing deeds, and great ones. He has the requisite ability as an Executive, the requisite knowledge of social conditions and public affairs, the requisite location in the middle West, and the requisite following,



physique, wealth, and position. Moreover, he is a positive man—and the people love a positive man. They are becoming afraid of the smooth leader. If the Republicans nominate Roosevelt, this likeness between the two men will make their contest stirring and dramatic. Each will have a foeman worthy of his steel. In that case, I would be uncertain who would win; but the chances would favor Roosevelt, because he is in.

On the other hand, should Hanna or his tool be the nominee of the Republicans, the contest now going on between Hanna, president of the street-railroads of Cleveland and leader of Ohio politics, and Johnson, mayor of Cleveland and leader in the fight against Hanna and his crowd for the control of the railways and public utilities by the people and for the people, will be lifted to a national plane and be equally dramatic and stirring. It is too early to say which way that contest would go, but in my opinion the chances would be with Johnson.

John L. Lentz, of Columbus, Ohio, is another available man and a strong one, and George Fred Williams of Boston is a third. I really think I should name Williams after Johnson. He is as strong, better known, and more popular than Lentz. But New England, especially Boston, is not a good place for a Presidential candidate to hail from. Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago has made a good record, particularly of late. Ex-Senator Allen of Nebraska is another good man. Some one suggests Watterson, but that is really a joke.

Q. What do you think is the outlook for direct legislation and governmental ownership of natural monopolies?

A. Oregon votes in June on a direct legislation constitutional amendment; another passed the Nevada legislature last year, and comes before the 1902 legislature. The chances are very good for the passage of a fifth amendment in Missouri next year, with the possibility of a sixth in Massachusetts. Chicago is in a ferment over the municipal referendum. Many other cities are discussing it, and San Francisco and some other places are actually using it. In Canada, the Liberal party in Ontario, the party in power, has passed a law applying the referendum to the liquor question, and in doing this has in-

dorsed the principle so emphatically that it cannot repudiate it; and the educational effect has been very great. In Manitoba both parties are excited over direct legislation. And so it goes. Of all the reforms proposed in recent years, not one has had the rapid and steady growth of direct legislation—not one appears so near a general wide application.

Public ownership is also advancing rapidly in the public mind, and in places is coming to fruition. I think the next decade will see a great advance in applied Socialism, and particularly in municipal public ownership, or local Socialism. While the Socialist party will be educationally effective, its political activity will be a hindrance to this progress rather than a help; and, with the actual accomplishment of this progressive and yet really and truly conservative Socialism, the leaders of the Socialist party will have almost nothing to do. Many of the men actually carrying out this Socialistic progress will be either non-committal or outwardly opposed to Socialism, or will really not know what it is; and it will be a genuine American development—and not along the lines of alien, class-conscious, Marxian revolutionary Socialism. In fact, so great and rapid will be this progress in municipal public ownership that I regard it of more importance than national politics. The latter is more interesting, perhaps, but the former more valuable at present.



## AS A MAN THINKETH.

### A NEW THOUGHT STORY.

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BY MARIE F. GILES.

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"Your deductions are correct and logical, Professor, but your premises are absolutely false. In consequence, your arguments, though clever, are useless."

Professor Hinton-Garow faced the speaker with a frown. His paper on "Contagious and Infectious Diseases" had been anticipated by the medical convention as its basis of action; and the fact that he had traveled from Glasgow to Calcutta expressly for that purpose gave additional weight to his words. The committee, though comprised of only a handful of men, was an important one—having the financial support of the home government and the moral support of the world. The monster terrors of Asiatic cholera and the "black death" gave unmistakable signs of a gigantic onslaught, and at the note of warning a dozen physicians and scientists of eminence and ability had been gathered from the four quarters of the globe to probe the secrets of contagion and infection, and, understanding, find ways and means to combat, and if possible to destroy. Such was the motive of the gathering, and Professor Hinton-Garow, upon whom all eyes were turned, had just given a most comprehensive address on the nature of contagion, and the possible uses of electricity and concentrated heat and light in killing the bacteria in the early stages of development. As the words of protest were uttered, the attention of the listening group was directed to a slight, small man of extreme old age whose erect form, clear blue eyes, and serene composure were in contrast to the thick white hair that waved about his head and the white beard that hung like a breastplate to his waist. With unclouded brow he gazed earnestly at the faces before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are here for the good of mankind.

Let us be practical. This is no time for speculation or controversy. Let us found our arguments upon facts, not theories; let us get at the bottom of the trouble, not side-tracked into experimenting with its growth."

The chairman called the assembly to order. "Professor Adam Adair," he said, "the greatest scientist, chemist, and psychologist of our times, is with us. At his extreme age we hoped for but scarcely expected his presence. That he is here, and that he is also to address us, is an honor to every one present."

The men moved their chairs to get a better view of one whose fame had preceded him. A curious smile played upon the old man's features as he continued:

"Gentlemen, we are here for a practical purpose, and it is idle for us to speculate upon the best method of attacking disease while in complete ignorance of what *dis-ease* really is. Let us start at the foundation and work upward; let us begin with the fact, absolute and incontrovertible, that *there is no dis-ease of the body*. That which is so called is, when rightly understood, but the outward manifestation of a disordered *mind*. Our human bodies are but the visible productions of the mind within. Harmony, or, as we call it, *health*, is our natural or positive condition: dis-ease the negative or outward sign of inner discord. The mind makes us what we are. Consciously or unconsciously, daily and hourly, we are making and manifesting bodily conditions and environments, which are called into existence by mental pictures vividly conceived and continually looked at—to say nothing of the currents of thought-atmosphere in which we are magnets or centers. Thoughts are things, and the power of constructive imagination rightly used is stronger than electricity and greater than the combined energy of the world. We make ourselves what we are. We are constantly constructing new bodies. Why can we not make them according to our fancy?

"Those who do not *fear* cholera rarely if ever take it. Since the mind alone can kill, why cannot the mind cure? I am, as you know, an Englishman, and at an early age I accompanied my parents to India. It was there I was educated, and there



I first studied the metaphysical lore of the East. When I left Oxford, many years later, I married; and my wife and I, accompanied by our only child, a girl of three, went to India to live. For years I devoted my time to research and study. An Indian by associations and affections, I was encouraged and welcomed by the greatest teachers; and Yogis of profound learning opened many of their sacred books to my inquiring eyes. It was there I learned the fallacy of 'disease,' and there—but of that later.

"I will tell you how I put my convictions to the test. When my girl was six years old my wife died, and in order to divert my sad thoughts I took the child and traveled round the world. We visited many lands and saw many interesting sights, but our arrival at Honolulu was followed by an event that was destined to change not only my life but my ideas and theories as well. So appallingly strange and unusual were the consequences of this occurrence that it has almost revolutionized the realm of my individual thought.

"We had been in Honolulu a week, my child and I, when I became acquainted with a certain Father Sebastian, a Jesuit, whose duty it was to send reading matter and other supplies from the little mission of which he was in charge to others of the order on the island of Molokai. No one could live on that isle of the living death and return to his fellow-men, but the priests of the mission would row out to a fixed place with books and provisions while those from the island would come up in their canoes to effect a transfer of the articles. Thus personal contact was avoided and the safety of the transfer insured.

"For years Father Sebastian had done this, and it was with the greatest interest that I listened to his story of the living horror not many miles away. I asked permission to visit these stricken creatures and acquaint them with their rightful inheritance of health—to urge them one and all to coöperate with the gigantic forces of Nature working in their behalf, and hold to the desire that their *children* at least might be born free from the taint. Disease is *not* hereditary—it cannot be; but the

mind of the parent acting upon the unborn germ of life may plant the *suggestion*, which is developed after birth by the thought atmosphere impregnated with the false idea of disease transmission. Thus the appearance of disease is inevitable.

"In vain I urged my request. The good priest shook his head. My ideas were not in accord with his own, and he thought it would be a mistaken kindness to help me to gain access to that place of horror whence the law would not permit me to return. That I was above the law of 'disease' while I held faithfully to the mental picture before me, I well knew; but my arguments were useless, and after repeated requests I abandoned the idea. It was the night before we left Honolulu that I went to bid my friend good-by. He knew we were to sail for Japan in the morning, and this hour had been appointed for our meeting. It was late in the evening before I arrived at the mission. Father Sebastian was alone, save for the presence of a little girl—a sweet-faced, bright-eyed creature of unusual beauty. After the first word of greeting the priest's face grew grave. 'Professor,' he said, slowly, 'I was unable to help you in your honest efforts to aid your fellow-men in the way you wished, but God in his inexplicable wisdom has granted your prayer in a most remarkable way. It sometimes happens that a child of leprous parents is born apparently free from the curse. It happens rarely, but when such an instance occurs the child is if possible isolated and cared for at some mission. Almost invariably the disease shows itself later in life—you would ascribe it to the thought-atmosphere by which the child is surrounded. I am not prepared to accept this explanation, but I am going to help you to put your belief to the test. This child at our feet is the offspring of leprous parents. She was born six years ago apparently free from the stain, and during her short life has been cared for by the sisters of our mission who live on the island. So far she has evinced no signs of the malady—her health is evident; but, as even in our mission there are some who are becoming its victims, I communicated your theories to the sister in charge and it became her desire to give this child the benefit of the possible chance. What I have done is against



all rules and regulations, but we effected a transfer to our boat and hence to the mission here. The child knows nothing of her people, nor has she ever heard of disease. She is so young that the memory of the mission will become but a dream to her. It is one chance in a million; and now I ask you, as a man and a Christian, will you take her with you to-morrow and do for her as we would if we could?"

"To say that I was surprised is inadequate. It was minutes before I could realize the truth of his words, but when I did a light seemed to break in upon me. 'Father,' I cried, 'give me the child! She is the age of my own little one. Henceforth they shall be sisters, and I will have two daughters to care for me in my old age. You have given me a chance not only to perform an act of mercy but to demonstrate beyond doubt the greatest psychological fact of the century. Races unborn will benefit by your thoughtfulness. I accept your gift as a sacred trust. Come here, little one.'

"The child understood no English, but she did understand the mute appeal of my outstretched arms. She hesitated a moment, but the tone of my voice reassured her, and running to me she climbed up in my lap and put her dark curly head against my shoulder. Simultaneously I bent over and kissed her, and so sealed our eternal compact. Mr. Chairman," continued the speaker, after a pause, "it is a long story and a painful one—shall I continue? Let me know the sentiment of the meeting."

A hush had fallen upon the audience, but now they found voice. "Please proceed, Professor!" "We must hear the sequel!" "You must not stop!" exclaimed the members present.

The old man paused a moment or two as if to recall more vividly some picture latent in his mind. Then, opening the leaves of an old journal, the Professor read the following account:

*May 27, 187—*.—Yesterday dear sister was married. How radiantly beautiful and happy she was! Dear Thora—I am so glad! Never have I seen Father so proud and happy! Lord Blakesley is a fortunate man, and I believe he knows it. Now that she has really gone I begin to realize what I have lost. We have been so much to each other—Thora

and I. Perhaps it's because we never knew a mother's love. I know I shall be very lonely, but when I feel sad I will think of Thora's happy face and Captain Mattison's sympathy and sweet attentions. He is a great friend of Lord Blakesley's (I cannot think of him yet as Albert). I wonder if he will call?

*Blakesley Castle, July 2.*—How quickly time has passed! I have been here two weeks already with dear Thora, but it seems like two days. Captain Mattison is here also for a visit, and we have been so happy together. Albert calls him "Arthur." Somehow I like the name. Last evening we went for a walk in the sunset, and he told me that the glory of the heavens was like the glory that had come into his life, but that he hoped, unlike the sunset, had come to stay. I felt so stupid—I could say nothing. Everything seems changed. I wish I could see Father.

*July 10.*—The world is too small to hold all my happiness. I cannot express how happy I am! Arthur has told me that he loves me, and we are going to be married in September. Thora and Albert are so pleased, and dear Father is coming out to see us next week. He must live with us when we have a home—he is too much absorbed by his studies. I want to make him as happy as I am to-day!

*September 8 (Paris).*—Arthur and I were married yesterday, and we are the happiest people in the world! Arthur has no fortune, but I do not care for that. Thora has given me jewels fit for a princess, and Albert has given us a lovely little home near the castle—and Father will divide his time between Thora and me. Father seemed strangely affected the day of the wedding. I wonder why? I hold always to a picture of health and harmony; no harm can come to me. Perhaps dear Father was thinking of his own wedding. I write my new name, and it looks so strange—*Myra Mattison*.

*April 3 (Home).*—We have been here in our little home over six months. Not a shadow has crossed our path. Dear Thora has a son and heir—a fine, beautiful child. There is great rejoicing at the Castle, but I am worried about our own dear Father. He has aged lately, and sometimes when Thora and I are together he looks at us in a queer way as if he wanted to know something he dared not ask. He has sent up to London for his books and papers, and to-morrow he will come to me to stay.

*April 18 (Home—Hell).*—Which way I turn is hell! Am I mad, or only going mad? Objects dance before my eyes and my head swims. I am ill, horribly ill—I, who have never known pain or illness in my life! Can this ghastly thing be true? It happened last week, though it seems years—years. Father's things came from London and I thought to put them in readiness for him. I was arranging some books on a shelf when one arrested my attention. It was strangely printed and I was curious to see more. The language was unknown to me, and I was about to put it away when a sheet of closely written paper fell to the floor. My father's writing! What demon drew me to my destruction? I know not. It was there—the hideous truth! Each word is written on my heart in letters of fire:



"*Honolulu*.—On this Bible, I, Adam Adair, write this solemn oath. Never by thought, word, or deed will I betray the origin of the little girl who has this night come so strangely under my protection. She is mine. Henceforth I shall have two daughters. Mine is a noble mission. The child of leprous parents—born on an island of lepers—has been born free from the taint, and she shall prove to the world the supremacy of mind over matter. With a vivid mental picture of health ever before her, her physical body shall remain above the law of disease and discord. A hundred years hence, when we all shall have entered the great beyond, shall my experiment be made known. From time to time I will take notes on her condition, and the matter thus collected I will put in safe hands until the time is ripe for its revelation. As I deal with this child, accursed of humanity, so may Infinite Justice deal with me!"

Such is the awful document. I see it here, there, everywhere, in letters of blood. Memories like forgotten dreams have come to my aid, and in those dreams I can recall the tall grass and palm-trees of a tropical clime. In the great Bible that no hand has touched for years I read the record of one birth—no more. It is all true—true! The accursed thing is in my blood—and in that of my unborn child. I have no name, no people—I am accursed!

*April 15*.—How have I lived these days? They tell me I am *not* ill, but when I see my haggard face in the glass I know it is true—true! I can speak of this to no one, least of all to Father (but who *was* my father)? I am afraid to hear the truth—the awful details. One fact alone is sufficient: I am the child of lepers! God help me! So far I have had no signs of the curse. How long can I put off the evil day?

*May 17*.—Father is watching me closely. I can see it—feel it. It is I, not Thora. His manner alone is conviction. There is something he has on his lips to tell me, but he restrains himself. What if he guesses that I know? It is not possible. Thora and her child are with me almost constantly, and my husband is devotion itself. They cannot know of the demon in my heart. How will it all end? The picture of health has left me, nor can I recall it. My mouth and tongue are parched and dry, and my hair seems to be falling out!

*May 30*.—It has come. I know it. There are spots on my face and hands—scaly spots like the skin of a fish. I can no longer disguise the truth. I am a *leper*—accursed of God and man! Do my family suspect the truth? They already look at me with frightened eyes. Must I bring into existence a child to be accursed also?

*June 12*.—I have told them—they know it now. I have told them all but the finding of the paper and the discovery of my parentage. It would kill Thora—at least *that* she shall be spared. She and Father are with me constantly. They are telling me that my *mind* is diseased—not my body. They are trying to reason with me. What they say is true, but I cannot realize it. I feel the loathsome thing in my blood, and I see *red*! This morning Arthur left me to go up to London. He will bring down two specialists with him. I fear I am going mad.

Here the diary ended, but, opening a copy of the *Times*, the old man continued to read:

"July 2.—A most extraordinary and phenomenal case has just occurred among us. Young, beautiful, and apparently in the best of health, Myra Mattison, wife of Captain Arthur Mattison of Her Majesty's Fusileers, has been stricken with leprosy. So rapid has been the progress of the disease that scarcely three months from the time she first noted its appearance it was beyond the power of medical science to retard it. She has been removed temporarily to a private hospital at K—. The origin of the disease is a mystery. Mrs. Mattison is the daughter of Professor Adam Adair, whose fame is such that he needs no introduction to the English public. Her mother was before her marriage Miss Adelaide Gordon Hastings. Never in any way has she been exposed to the awful malady, and the physicians in charge are almost hopelessly looking for a solution of this most unusual and mystifying case."

The following he read from an issue of the *London Daily Telegraph*:

"July 30.—Lady Blakesley, the well-known and beautiful sister of the unfortunate victim at K—, is prostrate with grief. The sisters have been inseparable always, and the greatest devotion has existed between them. Lady Blakesley is utterly unable to account for the unprecedented circumstances other than her belief that her sister's mind had become affected by some story of disease, and by constant brooding thought had produced externally conditions latent in her mind. Lady Blakesley is absolutely unafraid of disease, either for herself or her child. She was with her sister constantly until the time of her removal, and is even now most anxious to share her isolation, and would do so if not prevented by the medical authorities."

The old Professor then read the following from the *Times* of August 3d:

"The unfortunate victim of leprosy, Mrs. Arthur Mattison, is now at rest. At half after three this morning she died in child-birth. The child died also. Death was indeed an angel of mercy in disguise. Lady Blakesley was present at her sister's death. By some telepathic or psychic power she felt the truth, and in spite of the nurse and physicians present she



found her way to her sister's apartment and held the suffering woman in her arms until the last. Great fear is entertained for her safety, and as yet she has not been allowed to return to her home."

The concluding paragraph was from an issue of the *Times* of a year later. It read:

"Captain Arthur Mattison of Her Majesty's Fusileers has been stricken with the awful disease that took his young and beautiful wife nearly a year ago. The servants who were employed at Ivy Cottage are stricken as well. All have been secretly removed. Strange as it seems, Lady Blakesley, who attended her sister when she died, has escaped the curse. Though regularly examined by experts, she remains strong and healthy. Last week she gave birth to a daughter, and both are remarkably well. Medical science is baffled. Let some science mightier than *materia medica* give us a solution of this most perplexing and phenomenal mystery."

When Professor Adair finished reading there was an oppressive silence. Tears were in the eyes of many of his listeners.

Professor Hinton-Garow was the first to find his voice. "You are right," he said, slowly. "There is some force about us—some terrific power—of which we are in ignorance. Your story is pitiful to a degree, but was it not the young woman's knowledge of her parentage that quickened the latent malady already in her blood? The mind, as you assert, acted upon the body in a powerful way, but the germ was there potentially, though for the time quiescent."

The old man brushed his hand across his eyes. "Gentlemen," he said, with an effort, "you have heard my story; but the sequel answers the point in question. *Lady Blakesley, happy and well, with a group of healthy children about her, was the little girl I took from the mission.* Myra, who went through that death of horror, was the child of my own flesh and blood."

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. FLOWER.

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## THE KEY-NOTE OF THE PRESENT REVOLUTION- ARY MOVEMENT IN THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC WORLD.

Each epoch of unrest is marked by some predominant thought or ideal, which becomes the key-note of the era. In the Protestant Reformation it was freedom of thought, primarily as it related to religion, but secondarily as it concerned political discussions and other public utterances, education, and scientific research. In the revolutionary period of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries freedom was again the key-note of the epoch, but at this time it related primarily to political rights, especially as they concerned the middle or bourgeois class. Secondarily, the wider view of liberty extended to all lines and spheres of thought and research, and in a measure the public conscience went out to all mankind, no matter how humble or apparently hopeless was the lot of the less fortunate ones.

In the revolutionary risings that marked the meridian period of the nineteenth century, the positive recognition of the rights of man was greatly extended. The slave in our Republic and the oppressed proletariat of the Old World were the chief objects of concern; while the ideal of fraternity rose in an impressive way above the horizon of the world's thought.

After a brief lull and a reactionary movement, a new unrest manifested itself throughout Europe and America. A new dream, fed by many and complex agencies, took possession of the mind of man. Union, or coöperation, became the key-note of the epoch. In political life there arose a great school of social and political philosophy based on the ideal of brotherhood, justice, and equality. Karl Marx and his able co-workers and successors elucidated a profoundly scientific theory or philosophy of government, which, in spite of its arousing the antagonism of hereditary rulers, the aristocracy of birth, and



the power of wealth and self-interest, has steadily and rapidly grown throughout almost every civilized land, until the electorate represented by the modern Socialistic vote to-day numbers many millions.

Another political movement, quite independent of Socialism and yet dominated by the ideal of coöperation and the union of all for the interest of all, found expression in the demand for the municipalization and nationalization of public monopolies—a demand that has rapidly grown during the last few decades until to-day it promises to become at a very early date an overmastering issue throughout the more liberal governments in Europe, America, and Australasia.

Running parallel with these movements in the sphere of politics and government, we find in the commercial world also clearly defined movements dominated by the idea of union, or coöperation. Here two warring forces appear on the scene. One is inspired by the egoistic spirit of modern materialistic commercialism, which is governed by a narrow and short-sighted self-interest; the other is altruistic and seeks the blessings of combination or coöperation for the benefit of those who create wealth. The egoistic commercial coöperative movement is wanting in high ethics and finds expression on the lower plane of action. It consists of the banding together or the coöperation of a few individuals for the exploitation of the many, and aims at abnormally large returns through the enjoyment of monopoly rights. Its latest expression is found in the great modern trust. The marvelous success from a financial point of view of these selfish combinations has been largely rendered possible through special privileges granted by government in tariff laws and through monopoly in land and other privileges enjoyed.

On the other hand, the nobler impulses that have been awakened are also evidenced in the founding of numerous communities and plans for the coöperation of the people for the benefit of the people in the sphere of business life. The great pioneer coöperators saw with clear vision that the revolution inaugurated in material conditions by the marvelous inventions and discoveries of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rendered union or coöperation of some kind inevitable. They furthermore knew that one of two things would evolve from the new commercial and mercantile situation. Either combinations and monopolies would enrich a few and raise a new aristocracy based on wealth, or a plutocracy that would exercise a real though perhaps less evident and formal

power than did the feudal barons of the Middle Ages or the centralized government with its king and hereditary aristocracy of later days;—in a word, a new order would obtain by means of which the masses of all nations would be so exploited that their condition would become relatively more and more dependent on the “masters of the bread,” or else coöperation would be so established that the people engaged in the creation of wealth should receive an equitable share of the benefits, and in this manner the cause of humanity and progress would be conserved and fostered and civilization would experience no baleful reactionary effect, such as throughout the past had so frequently required revolutions for adjustment. Thus realizing more or less clearly the magnitude and the significance of the problem, the pioneer coöperators battled as best they could to inaugurate successful coöperative movements. The great difficulty lay in awakening the people to the peril and the promise of existing opportunities. A general lethargy had fallen upon the toilers. They lacked education and organization and were largely the prey of demagogues and of the great opinion-forming agencies that were controlled by the egoistic movement.

They were Englishmen who took the lead in the movement. The famous Rochdale plan, very defective, it is true, in many respects and failing measurably in realizing the altruistic ideal, nevertheless has blazed the way for still greater movements and has given the world a practical illustration of what egoists had persistently claimed to be impracticable, visionary, or Utopian.

Few enterprises ever set out with less promise of great success than did the coöperative movement of Great Britain, which to-day numbers about two million members, representing a constituency of about ten million persons. It was inaugurated on a cold, rainy November night in 1843 at Rochdale, England, when twelve poor weavers banded themselves together as the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers. They pledged to pay twenty pence a week into the common fund. Such was their poverty, however, that very few of the twelve were able to pay their pence on the evening of the meeting. Within six months of its inception sixteen other poor workmen had joined the association. The funds for the first twelve months amounted to £12. No profits were realized. The next year the members numbered 74 and the society realized a profit of £22, *two and one-half per cent. of which was set aside for an educational fund.* In 1876 its members numbered 8,892; its volume of



business was over £305,000; while its profits were £50,500, or a little over a quarter of a million dollars. At the present time the coöperative movement in Great Britain, which had this very humble beginning, has grown into one of the most colossal enterprises of the age so preëminent for gigantic commercial undertakings—as will be seen from the recently published report for 1901, which shows a volume of business for last year of £81,782,949, or over \$400,000,000, and that the profits distributed in cash dividends to members amounted to £9,099,412, or more than \$45,000,000. They own and control the largest two wholesale houses in the world, about three thousand retail stores, a large number of factories, and eight ocean steamers; and in addition to this, as has recently been pointed out, they are the largest buyers of goods in the markets of the world. They have reduced the cost of passing goods from the producer to the consumer from thirty-three and one-sixth per cent. to six and one-half per cent. Besides all this, they carry on a vast system of banking, building, fire, life, and accident insurance, education, and various means of recreation and social enjoyment.

In Switzerland coöperation has made great strides, it having to-day 3,400 coöperative societies, though its population is only three million. About one person in every six is a coöperator. In Denmark the coöperators almost control the output of butter, eggs, and bacon, which are the most important products of the country. The membership of the societies in this little kingdom is over 160,000. In Germany the movement is strongly established and is making substantial progress. Here the Socialists as a rule are strong coöperators, while in other Continental countries coöperation is making excellent headway, affording additional evidence of its being at once practicable, profitable, and in alignment with the trend of social and economic development on the one hand and of the spirit of fraternity or brotherhood on the other.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value of the brilliant success of the Rochdale coöperative movement to the cause of altruistic coöperation to-day. It has proved the wisdom, the practicability, and the importance of the coöperation of the creators and consumers of wealth for mutual and equitable benefit at a time when progressive nations, and especially when our own people, are confronted by one of the gravest perils that could menace democracy or liberal government—a peril arising from unlimited wealth in the hands of a few and directed through union or coöperation for the purpose

of self-enrichment at the expense of the masses and for the further augmentation of their wealth through subsidies, protective tariffs, and other means of enrichment by government aid.

In America the coöperative movement, which has been quietly and successfully pushed forward in several localities during recent years, is now assuming commanding proportions, and it bids fair soon to move forward with the irresistible momentum of a great movement that has passed the initial stage and upon whose brow victory is inscribed. California has a large wholesale store and about fifty retail stores where the annual volume of business is already about \$9,000,000. Kansas has a wholesale agency and about twenty-five stores. Massachusetts and Iowa are also achieving success. But the movement that above all promises the greatest results in this country is doubtless the Coöperative Association of America, with headquarters at Lewiston and Auburn, Maine. This association opened its grocery and supply store No. 1 a little over six months ago, and on the first of May, in its first semi-annual report, showed a net profit of \$1,311.76. This association has recently acquired the B. Peck Department Store, the largest store of its kind in New England outside of Boston. It is preparing to open other stores and to extend its business in other directions. All employees receive in addition to their salary ten per cent. of the net profits, while five per cent. of the profits go to an educational fund. This movement is altruistic and permeated with the spirit of brotherhood, while being conducted on wise business principles. It will, we believe, soon become a mighty factor in the present economic struggle—a factor that shall aid in achieving a revolution that, while being peaceful, will also be one of the most momentous and beneficent known to the ages.

The Western Coöperative Association, with headquarters at Trenton, Missouri, also promises to assist materially in furthering just and equitable conditions. This association owns and conducts factories, stores, and a large tract of rich agricultural land. It is reenforced by Ruskin College of Trenton, an educational institution conducted on the highest plane, and where, in addition to the regular curriculum, advanced social and economic philosophy receives special consideration at the hands of some of the ablest thinkers of the day; while practical industrial training is also an important feature of its broad educational work. In the coöperative factory and on the farm poor boys who are willing to work a certain number



of hours each day can almost pay the cost of their schooling while going through the college. The institution has an exceptionally strong and progressive faculty, under the direction of President George McA. Miller.

At the present writing Mr. George F. Washburn, a Boston merchant who has for many years conducted a large and constantly growing business, is preparing to inaugurate extensive coöperative stores and bazaars throughout New England. Mr. Washburn has recently returned from Europe, where he has made a careful study of coöperative experiments in the Old World. He is a progressive economist and reformer of national reputation as well as a clear-headed, large-visioned business man. Therefore, his new movement will be watched with deep interest, and from the first it will command a confidence born of the knowledge that at the head of the enterprise are wise business judgment, sterling integrity, and that conscientious desire to help all which differentiates the altruistic from the egoistic spirit in modern business.

It will be observed that whether it be in the great philosophic Socialistic revolution, or in the general awakening that is leading the best and wisest statesmen, publicists, and thinkers in general to demand public ownership and operation of public utilities, or yet in the great coöperative movement that is assuming such impressive proportions, in each instance the key-note is the same—coöperation, or union for the benefit of all. The spirit of fraternity or brotherhood is the animating soul, and each movement is in perfect alignment with evolutionary development and the onward sweep or current of civilization. The first two movements are primarily political in nature. The third is chiefly economic and educational, though of course political, social, and economic affairs in modern life are intertwined; and it is well to remember that while the coöperative movement is opposed by the powerful egoistic or selfish monopolies and trusts that seek to control the sources, the creation, and the disbursement of life's necessities and luxuries for the abnormal enrichment of a constantly narrowing circle of individuals, and threatening as they do to wipe out the middle class at an early date, and placing this class with the proletariat of to-day wholly at the mercy of the few, so in the political world the opposition to altruism and social advancement and to freedom in government is becoming more and more reactionary. The noblest instruments of the past, such as the Declaration of Independence, for example, and the greatest victories for liberty are being ignored, sneered at, or

minified; while wars of subjugation are pushed relentlessly forward "with marked severity." Deeds of inhumanity and frightful atrocities are being justified or apologized for. Enlarged standing armies, which have been inimical to the cause of freedom and to the masses as well as a terrible burden to the wealth-creators, are being advocated for the Republic on all sides by the egoistic agencies. Dangerous centralization is going on in government, and bureaus are arrogating to themselves the functions of the legislative department of government. A systematic effort is being made to exalt officialism and to throw around the servants of the people a halo corresponding to the old "divine right" idea. Monarchies are courted and our government is showing far more solicitude for them than for republics; while the increasing consideration paid to wealth and the rich is another of many reactionary signs that mark the modern imperialistic spirit in our government and the monopolistic or plutocratic powers in economic life. Both alike are reactionary. Each is in its way more or less consciously battling against the new spirit, which demands equality of opportunity, which is based on fraternity, and whose key-note is *All for all*, or, as Mazzini would put it, "From each man according to his ability; to each man according to his need."

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### THE REPORT OF THE STEEL TRUST AS AN OBJECT-LESSON FOR AMERICAN VOTERS.

No fact has been more clearly demonstrated during recent months than that our protective tariff is fostering gigantic and overrich monopolies and trusts, and that by means of this tariff the citizens of our Republic are being shamefully plundered in order that a few men may become all-powerful through a wealth that paralyzes opposition when it cannot corrupt or destroy. The deflecting of millions of dollars from the hard earnings of the American bread-winners into the pockets of the food trust magnate is fresh in the minds of our voters. But the food trust is only one of a brood of predatory bands that are daily oppressing millions as actually as did the feudal barons and lords of the England of the Middle Ages; while their influence in the political life of the



nation is far more insidious and deadly, because the British baronage served as a check to the despotic tendencies of the Crown and in great crucial moments saved the realm from absolutism while laying foundation principles that proved the seed-germs of more popular government.

The new aristocracy of the dollar, however, as represented in the modern trust and monopoly, is wholly reactionary in its influence, and directly or indirectly is influencing and corrupting government in all its ramifications as well as the various public opinion-molding agencies of the Republic.

The history of monopolies is practically the same throughout the ages. They rest on special privileges and, with few exceptions, flourish only when a government is either indifferent to the rights of the people or corrupt and beholden to the monopolies for aids and benefits, direct or indirect. And the history of the rise and rapid advance of the monopolies and trusts with us is one of the most sinister and alarming symptoms of our time. Almost every necessity as well as luxury of life is now in the hands of law bulwarked and protected bodies whose rapid and fabulous increase of wealth is an eloquent answer to the pitiful sophistries of their paid apologists.

When King Charles I. sought to rule without parliaments, he fostered and promoted monopolies, which in turn, after levying extortionate prices on the goods they controlled, turned a share of the booty over to the despotic sovereign, precisely as the predatory hands with us swell the campaign funds of the parties and legislators pledged directly or indirectly to their interests. Indeed, we have come to such a pass that these words of Colepepper in the Long Parliament, as quoted by the historian Green in referring to the monopolies, are equally applicable to the trusts with us: "They sup in our cup; they dip in our dish; they sit by our fire; we find them in the dye-fat and the wash-bowls. They share with the cutler in his box. They have marked and sealed us from head to foot."

The reports of these monopolies are self-convicting. Especially is this the case when they are not prepared by shrewd attorneys, skilled in concealing the truth. Take, for example, the recent report of the steel trust. The market value of its product, according to its own showing, for the last year was \$459,000,000. After meeting all expenditures, including an appropriation of \$24,500,000 for repairs and maintenance of works and \$113,000,000 for running expenses, it has a net profit of \$81,500,000. Furthermore, we are informed, through

a strange lapse in the usual cunning that marks the reports of State protected and pampered corporate bodies, that it is not foreign trade, but home consumption, that has been responsible for this remarkable showing. "We are really too busy at home to do much abroad," says President Schwab.

In this connection the New York *World* makes the following very pertinent observation and query: "This is indeed a joyous report—for the trust. But where do the American people come in? Why, in this prosperous condition, should the trust go on charging Americans \$28.50 per ton for steel rails that it sells to Englishmen at \$22.50 per ton?"

The apologists for protection and for the trusts on every side dilate on, first, the benefits of protection to the workingmen of America, and, second, the benefits of the trust in increased economy and in lowering the prices of manufactured articles. But as a matter of fact the enormous disproportion between the vast acquirement of wealth through extortionate prices, made possible by protection, which is enjoyed by the capitalists, and the relatively small percentage of that increase which the laboring man receives in his wage, is becoming so evident to thoughtful people that signs are not wanting that would indicate that a subsidized press and servile legislators will be unable to check a general revolt on the part of the electorate. Take this single case for an example:

Here we find that Americans are being plundered of \$6 on every ton of steel rails—that President Schwab may enjoy his \$1,000,000 salary and a few men may divide among themselves more than \$80,000,000 a year. Mr. William C. Whitney, whom no one will charge with being biased in favor of the proletariat, recently declared that "we are able to produce steel here cheaper than it can be produced abroad, notwithstanding our higher wages."

The fact that the trust can afford to sell its steel to Englishmen at \$6 per ton less than it demands of our people is conclusive evidence that the tariff on steel is, as has been observed, "no longer levied to protect labor but to foster monopoly," and that in its actual workings it is thus plundering the citizens of the Republic out of millions upon millions of dollars to enrich a gigantic trust, which is already a sinister menace to free government.

Ah! but we are told by the special pleaders that this protection enables the trust to pay larger wages. We reply, To whom? True, the president of the steel trust receives \$1,000,000, and he enjoys vacations that enable him to become notor-



ious throughout Europe by gambling at Monte Carlo and otherwise disbursing his wealth in foreign lands; and certain officials receive salaries of \$50,000 a year. But what do the toilers earn—the toilers, without whose tireless expenditure of brawn no million dollars could annually fall like a golden apple into the lap of one man, and no \$81,500,000 could further augment the wealth of an overrich few? The average wage paid is \$2.50 a day. That is, supposing the toiler knew no rest-day save Sunday in the year, and that he was never ill, he could at most by daily slaving earn \$782.50 a year. The highest wage paid the toilers is \$4 a day. This sum is received by the puddlers, whose frightful work is so vividly described by Zola in "Labor"—a work that burns the eyes, scorches the body, and ages the toiler in an incredibly short time. And these poor sons of humanity, toiling in this inferno, if no sickness overtakes them and if no holidays are taken save Sundays, can at best earn as a maximum \$1,252 a year for the few years that they can slave ere death or invalidism overtakes them.

These facts and figures are sufficient to convince any person, not so blinded by prejudice that he has lost the power of independent thought, that the tariff on steel is placing the American nation at the mercy of a predatory band that is filching \$6 a ton more from the purses of the people than is demanded from Englishmen—a band that is acquiring a net profit of between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000 a year. The longer the trusts and monopolies rule the nation, the more deadly becomes the peril to free government. This robbery of the American people, great as is the moral crime, is a small thing compared with the enslavement of the nation to class-conscious capitalistic organizations that are exerting a baleful and reactionary influence on free and popular government in all its departments.

The voters of America to-day are confronted by a duty as solemn and momentous as that which devolved on Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and the revolutionary fathers. If a price amounting to \$6 on the ton more than is charged Englishmen is to be extorted from the Americans through the operation of the protective tariff, who should enjoy the enormous aggregate of this sum? A few score of men who are pouring out wealth at Monte Carlo and at coronation fêtes, or the American people at large? Either let the Government take over the steel trust, that illegitimate profits may cease and the whole nation may become the beneficiaries of

legitimate earnings, or else strike from the statute-books the special privileges that enable a single corporation thus to rob our own people.

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## THE GOVERNMENT, THE BEEF TRUST, AND THE PEOPLE.

A LESSON ON THE IMPORTANCE OF HAVING RULERS WHO PLACE THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE ABOVE THOSE OF THE TRUSTS.

A few months ago we called attention to the manner in which President Diaz broke up the corn monopoly in Mexico, which was oppressing the people after the manner pursued by the beef trust in the United States. President Diaz, exercising a power lodged with him by the Mexican Congress of discontinuing the tariff on any article of necessity when a monopoly created artificial prices, promptly took off the duty on corn from the United States; and, finding that the people were still suffering from high prices, owing to the strength of the monopoly and its control over bread, he laid the matter before Congress and suggested that the State be authorized to buy corn, and if necessary sell it at a loss, until the price was brought down to a normal figure. This suggestion was acted upon favorably, and the Mexican Central Railroad was asked by the Government to transport the corn thus bought at cost from El Paso. In an almost incredibly short time the back-bone of the monopoly was broken, and from the artificial or inflated price corn fell to the figure warranted by prevailing conditions.

How different was this strenuous course from that taken by our own Administration! Since February the beef trust has been advancing the price of meat until it is beyond the reach of the poor, and all but the wealthy find it difficult, if not impossible, to buy the usual quota for the family. By this arbitrary advance in price the trust has been enabled to acquire enormous sums of money from the toilers of America.

But such oppression would have been impossible had it not been for the tariff on Canadian and Mexican meat. In this crisis a large number of the great papers of the land urged the President to send a special message to Congress suggesting



the discontinuance of the duty on meat in consideration of the fact that the dinner-pails of American workers were meatless. A message of this character, it was admitted on all hands, would have been immediately and favorably acted upon by Congress, in view of the widespread indignation over the shameful extortions and the fact that Congressional elections are pending. Such action on the part of the Administration would have resulted in an immediate reduction in the price of meat; it would have won for the President the gratitude of millions of American citizens: but it would have offended—aye, mortally offended—the predatory bands that prey off of the people; while the legal proceedings, which the President has directed the erstwhile trust and corporation lawyer who now occupies the Attorney-General's chair to institute, and in which the latter is to employ the leaden blade of the Anti-Trust law, have created no serious offense even among the heads of the beef trust, judging from their words and actions. The latter procedure at best involves time, while a prompt and strenuous course, such as outlined above, would immediately secure the people relief.

In this connection it should be observed that the trust urged the scarcity of meat as a justification for the exorbitant prices; but the absurdity of this position is thus pointed out by the *Boston Post* in a leading editorial of May 12:

"While pleading a scarcity of cattle and of corn in justification of the excessive price charged consumers in the United States, it appears from the treasury statistics that nearly \$9,000,000 worth of American meats was exported in the month of March last, selling in London for at least a third less than the market price here. Congress ought to stop this discrimination without awaiting the slow progress of the Attorney-General's case against the trust."

Moreover, it has been shown that for years this overrich trust, which is protected at every point by high tariffs, has steadily increased the prices of its products out of all proportion to any increase in the price of live stock.

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### THE RECENT STREET-CAR STRIKE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The action of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco during the recent street-railway strike deserves the highest commendation

from all justice and order loving American citizens. When the strike came, the street-railway company, adopting the policy of the arrogant corporations that wax rich through the enjoyment of public franchises that should be operated for the benefit of the people, promptly prepared to man the cars with armed detectives. At this juncture the mayor interfered. He declared that neither side should arm. He believed the usual disorder, riots, and bloodshed that mark such strikes were due to the corporations overcoming the passive resistance of the strikers by manning the cars with armed and irresponsible detectives and in other ways fostering disturbances by which they were able to demand city, State, or government aid, while giving their servants in the press a plausible excuse for denouncing the strikers. The plea made by the managers that the new men would not run the cars without guards was held, and justly held, by the mayor to be unwarranted, since there had been no demonstration of lawlessness or violence of any kind. The mayor made it understood that he did not propose to tolerate riots or lawlessness, but he also did not propose to allow the corporation to take steps not warranted by the conditions, and that would tend to create disturbances. The result was what the mayor doubtless anticipated it would be. The company, finding it could not run the cars so long as the strikers were peaceable, promptly agreed to arbitrate, and a strike that would doubtless have lasted long and been marked by bloodshed and great cost to the city was promptly and peacefully settled.

Mr. Louis F. Post, in commenting on this important victory for order and justice, observes that—"The San Francisco mayor's action in this street-car strike furnishes a precedent in the labor conflict which cannot safely be departed from hereafter anywhere in the country. The public official who in the future allows street-car companies to arm will be held responsible by public opinion for any resulting disorder."

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## BRUTALIZING THE AMERICAN SOLDIER AND DEMORALIZING AMERICAN YOUTH.

There is perhaps but one thing more demoralizing to American soldiers than being compelled to execute barbarous orders of brutal officers, who have resorted to the water torture and



who have given orders to turn home-dotted plains into howling wildernesses and to kill all above ten, and that is the acquittal of these officers after the crimes had been proved or they had admitted giving the criminal orders. And yet the brutalizing of our soldiers by being compelled to execute or witness these inhuman orders is hardly more demoralizing than is the influence upon the minds of the young of our Republic of the War Department and the Administration journals justifying, minimizing, and glossing over these fiendish and inhuman deeds, which have indelibly stained the flag of our nation and made the great Republic almost as odious in the eyes of the liberty-loving Filipinos as was the galling tyranny of Spain, which for generations they strove so bravely to throw off.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.\*

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SANITY OF MIND: A Study of its Conditions, and of the Means to its Development and Preservation. By David F. Lincoln, M.D. Cloth, 178 pp. Price, \$1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value of this little volume at the present time, when the public mind is beginning to awaken to the importance of checking the growth and spread of diseases of the mind through rational methods of treatment based on fundamental principles. More than a century has passed since Pinel raised his voice against the hideously brutal treatment of the insane that stained the history of Christian Europe up to the period of the French Revolution. No nobler battle was ever fought for humanity than that waged by the great Frenchman and his few co-workers against the medical profession backed by religious prejudice and an indifferent public. About half a century later Dorothy Dix inaugurated a revolution in the treatment of the insane, first in Massachusetts and later throughout the Atlantic States; and still later she performed a noble labor in Europe in quickening the moral sensibilities of nations on this vital question.

As a result of the moral awakening that followed the labors of Pinel, the system of treatment has not only been humanized and revolutionized, but it has been marked by a steady improvement. Splendid hospitals and groups of cottages have arisen, where beauty, harmony, and loving care supplement the labors of skilled physicians in the care of the patients.

Yet, encouraging as is this change, it represents a phase of a great problem far less important to society and posterity than the fundamental causes and preventive remedies. Society is only beginning to appreciate the fact that, by the exercise of far-sighted wisdom and broad humanitarianism, insanity, crime, and poverty may be reduced to a minimum; and it is with the fundamental conditions favoring the development of sanity of mind that Dr. Lincoln deals in his new work. Unlike most volumes from the pens of physicians, this treatise is free from the technical terms and Latin phrases affected by the pedantic. It deals with the subject in a fundamental manner, but it is thoroughly lucid and eminently practical.

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Dr. Lincoln finds certain great root causes that affect the sanity of mind, such as heredity, prenatal conditions, early environment, including the immensely important subject of proper education and abnormal conditions as they relate to the outer life and the government of appetites, passions, and desires. Our author's views on the influence of heredity are of special interest. He says:

"One of the most important specialists in insanity, and, I venture to add, one of the fairest-minded, has expressed himself to me in conversation to the effect that the *fatal necessity* of insane entailment has been greatly exaggerated, and forms a popular error. What is inherited is tendency. . . .

"There is no doubt that erroneous, and in part exaggerated, views prevail in regard to the heredity of insanity.

"A great many cases of insanity are, as far as very careful examination shows, 'without heredity.' The number in which insanity in near relatives can be shown to exist is rather surprisingly small—probably amounting to a fifth or a quarter of all cases; and if we double this to allow for imperfect data, we still have remaining a great number of cases in which insanity is probably original with the patient. . . .

"The tendency or susceptibility to insanity (which is all that is inherited) may be described as consisting in an unusual *instability* of the nerve-tissue; a want of power of resistance to the assaults of the manifold causes of insanity. The power possessed by the skilful educator, in steadying and strengthening such deficiencies, is very great."

Another interesting observation that will surprise many readers is found in his remarks touching the effect of intermarriage on offspring, or, rather, the fact that when the stock is healthy the evil effects usually supposed to follow intermarriage are not in evidence. "The production of insanity, feeble-mindedness, or other defects, by the intermarriage of near blood relatives," he tells us, "is a subject of great popular misunderstanding. There is nothing in such marriages, between sound parties with good family history, to cause degeneration. . . . In pure, healthy stocks, in secluded regions, very frequent marriages of relatives have been known to occur for many generations without deteriorating the breed of man."

Persons coming from families in which there is insanity may, and frequently do, inherit a tendency that makes it doubly important that, by a normal life and the right education, that tendency may be met and overcome.

A great predisposing cause of mental disorders lies in the inherited weakness of parents in certain directions—"that depression of vital force, known as degeneration, which manifests itself in the production of a numerous brood of ill-featured disorders." Elsewhere our author points out the important fact that—

"This susceptibility to temporary mental derangement is almost universal. The susceptibility to the graver disturbances called insanity is rather general. I believe that with suitable appliances one might safely contract to manufacture it on a wholesale basis, as the criminal condition is manufactured by the wholesale in 'slum' life. But in insanity, as in crime, there is a class whose susceptibility to injurious impressions is greatly heightened by inborn defects."

The contemplation of these and kindred facts suggests some important considerations, such as: (1) The right of the child to be well born; (2) the right and duty of society to concern itself with the subject; (3) the importance of a normal life to the individual and the State; and (4) the imperative demand that the early environment and education of the child be such as to promote sanity of mind.

Extremes in life are unfavorable to sanity. The imagination calls for wholesome variety; but excesses or conditions that hold life in a state of tensiety are probably quite as fatal to a sound, well-balanced reason as monotony. It has been frequently pointed out that while life in the country, when diversified and enjoyed under reasonably normal conditions, promotes strong, sound, well-balanced minds, the monotonous and hard lives of farmers' wives, especially in sparsely settled districts and where the daily round of duties is marked by little variation, are conducive to mental derangements, as is shown by the appalling number of cases of insanity reported among the farmers' wives in the great agrarian States of the West.

On the other hand, the high-tension city life, with its noise and din, with its excitement and manifold temptations to excess and dissipation, is one of the most fruitful causes of diseases of the mind and moral weakness, intemperance, and crime. Doubtless when farmers are so situated as to be able to build their homes in groups or hamlets, and are wise enough to do so, and when they come to appreciate the value of a few dollars spent in musical instruments, in art works, in interesting periodical literature, and especially in fine works of imagination, such as the really great novels, there will be a rapid diminution in insanity and sickness. And when our cities realize that the slums are plague spots that can and must be abolished, and an enlightened municipal conscience also realizes the evil influence of the artificial life fostered in overcrowded districts to such a degree that all the outlying sections of our cities shall be brought into easy touch with the throbbing centers of life, and special inducements are offered to home-makers to desert the overcrowded hive life, there will be again seen a material decrease in insanity and a general rise in the normal life and the moral energies of the people. Monotony and a feverish, artificial life are two positive foes to sanity of mind that challenge the serious consideration of all thoughtful men and women interested in the rise of man and the permanence of civilization.

Perhaps no factor is more important, however, than the proper education and development of the young; and certainly no two chapters in the volume are so pregnant with practical and vitally important truths as those dealing with Education and Self-Education. In the former chapter we have a luminous discussion, at once scientific and practical. Here are a few excerpts that will hint at the author's thought and prove interesting to the reader:

"As we have already said, schooling is not equivalent to education. Education implies, first, a supply of food, clothing, shelter, sunlight; next, bodily exercise and training; next, mental illumination; and,



crowning the whole, development of habits, morals, and the will. In a word, it is the 'raising and breaking-in' of the young animal—the whole 'upbringing' of the young person.

"The new movement in favor of swimming baths, recreation grounds and playgrounds, and municipal gymnasiums is also very encouraging. No one with natural feelings can help being glad to see children play. During the hour of play we give Nature her turn as educator. If grown people were responsible for the whole mental make-up of the young folks, what a direful set of prigs and puppets we should have! Fortunately, there is extant among children a great and ancient tradition, which has the force of law, describing the games which their child-ancestors played before A B C was taught. These games are well suited to bring out some of the basal traits of character and intellect—quick sight, dexterity of hand, agility, lung-power, speed, endurance, with love of fairness, self-assertion, will-power, social instinct, and general experience of unveiled human nature.

"It may startle some to find 'lung-power' included among evidences of character. But there is no bodily function which stands so near the center of vitality as respiration. There is no condition of the human frame more antithetic to the cravings of vice than that of the panting player with the call of the game ringing in his ears. Expanding the chest—increasing the 'vital index' of the gymnast—places the man or woman on a higher plane of vitality, which, it is the contention of the present book, lies at the basis of psychic health.

"Too great emphasis cannot be laid upon the subordination of scholastic interests to those of a physical order in children of nervous tendencies, or who are precocious or one-sided in their development. Nevertheless, there is a point of view from which the strictly mental training becomes of the highest importance for such children; I mean the fact—for such I believe it to be—of the superior resistance and stability of the well-trained brain, as compared with the unschooled and neglected.

"The health of each separate faculty and the collective health of the organism (body and mind) are best promoted by first building the physical and anatomical structure; second, by waiting till Nature wakes up each faculty in the child; and third, by a vigorous and adequate training given to the faculty, when ready for the task, and no sooner. The danger of premature action is greater than that of postponement. But the neglect to use the right moment involves a loss, not easily recovered, perhaps never. The large number of uneducated persons found among the criminal classes points a moral here."

The chapter on "Self-Education" is a valuable contribution to present-day literature on practical self-help, and should be carefully perused by all who, owing to the presence of insanity in their family, live in more or less dread of the disease.

Dr. Lincoln, though thoroughly alive to the gravity of the subject and the apparently enormous increase in insanity throughout civilized lands, is by no means pessimistic. He points out the important facts that the increase is in a degree apparent rather than real, or that a large percentage of the increase is due to more complete returns, and that until society provides itself with large, well-appointed, and commodious hospitals, where the insane can be treated in comfort and with kindness, it is impossible to obtain even an approximate census of the insane, as few are sent to asylums when friends can keep them out, and sensitiveness keeps many from reporting cases for census purposes.

Besides, under the present-day humane treatment the incurably insane live much longer than heretofore. Still, after all reasonable allowances are made, there is an increase in ratio that may well give the thoughtful citizen grave concern. Here are some facts on this point:

"The number of the insane reported by the United States Census for 1890 is 106,485, which is estimated as about one-half of the probable actual number of cases. But the increase (which is the matter of chief concern) is found, both in Europe and America, to have been so rapid, during the last half century, as to arouse alarm. In England, from 1849 to 1894, the insane population nearly quadrupled, while the total population hardly doubled. In Scotland, between 1850 and 1894, the number of insane persons to every hundred thousand of population rose from 192 to 325—an increase of seventy per cent. in the frequency of its occurrence. In Ireland, during thirty years (1862-1892), the population diminished by twenty per cent., while the actual number of the insane more than doubled. In Massachusetts, during fifteen years (1878-1893), the resident insane increased annually six per cent., while the general population gained only about three per cent."

And elsewhere our author observes:

"There is much to lead us to take a gloomy view of the prospects of civilized humanity. Pauperism, syphilis, alcoholism, the abuse of opium and other narcotics, are commonly believed to be upon the increase. The country is crowding into the cities, leaving the one more lonely and making the other more stifling. The stress of business competition daily grows keener, and slow starvation is the lot of whole populations of honest artisans. Degeneracy springs up everywhere before our eyes from this evil seed. Viewing these things in the mass, we are appalled—but, separately, each offers a distinct problem with hopes of solution at the hands of psychiatry, sociology, penology, and education."

Doubtless the stress and strain of modern civilization, and the imperfect system of education by which the mind is so frequently overtaxed, are responsible for very much of the mental disturbance among civilized peoples. Touching this thought Dr. Lincoln observes:

"Modern civilization entails new forms of mental life, more trying forms. It is the change, the competition, the pace at which we live, that strains us. We are not more intellectual than were the associates of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leonardo da Vinci; but we are forcing the commonplace man to try to stand where these men did. It is not the possession of intellectual superiority, not scientific thought and work, that endanger men's wits, but rather the intense devotion of gifted but unbalanced minds to the subjective life and the emotional side of art and poetry."

Educators, statesmen, and publicists, as well as citizens in general, should take to heart the fact that such is the solidarity of the race that indifference to the weaker sooner or later means injury to the stronger. It may be in the contagion that is bred in the overcrowded slums and creeps forth as a miasma, entering the homes of the rich; it may be through the hand of crime, born of conditions that foster and promote moral decay; it may be through insanity that might have been prevented by just conditions and wise concern for the general weal; or it may be in multitudinous other ways that the great law of solidarity is



at length borne home with terrible emphasis. Then, too, comes that other law that relates to the sowing and the reaping, and it complements the law of unity, each teaching its lesson, each threatening the very life of civilization if nations refuse to heed this solemn warning.

This volume is an exhaustive and careful work, and merits wide and careful reading.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GRAY HORSE TROOP. By Hamlin Garland. Cloth, 416 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

I.

The many thousands of old ARENA readers who in the early nineties were wont eagerly to seize upon the strong, virile stories of Hamlin Garland, palpitating as they were with high moral purpose and permeated with the spirit of justice, will hail with joy Mr. Garland's latest and, considered from all viewpoints, strongest long story, "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop;" for, quite apart from its deep interest as a well wrought out romance of love and adventure, it is worthy to rank with the ablest pleas for justice for the Indian that have appeared in essay or fiction. In this work Mr. Garland is camping on his old trail; that is, he is writing fiction with a strong moral purpose in view. He is following under Victor Hugo's standard, "Art for progress, the Beautiful useful," rather than the pitiful dilettante cry of an emasculated civilization, "Art for art's sake."

I well remember receiving the first manuscript sent us by Mr. Garland. It was "A Prairie Heroine." The story came to hand with several phrases crossed out that voiced the sentiments of the militant Single Taxer in a way quite offensive to those who hold that the function of fiction is merely to amuse. I immediately accepted the story, but wrote Mr. Garland, who was then living in Boston, that I should prefer the cashiered sentences replaced. In response to this note Mr. Garland called at our office, and from that date began our friendship. THE ARENA published Mr. Garland's first volume of short stories, "Main-Traveled Roads," a book of short stories that, in my judgment, has not been equaled for strength, fidelity to truth, or lifelike delineation of Western farm life, by any similar volume that has yet appeared. We next published his "Jason Edwards," a vivid and heart-gripping tale embodying a strong plea for justice to the farmers and artisans. About this time a Western firm published "A Member of the Third House," a novel suggested by the legislative examination of a street-railway scandal at the Massachusetts State House, which first brought to the front in political notice the Hon. George Fred Williams, the scholar in politics, who then, as he has ever since done, stood for right, justice, and all that is best in manhood and statecraft. At that investigation, when Mr. Williams was arousing the undying hatred of corporate greed by his uncompromising attitude, Mr. Garland was an interested

onlooker; and then it was that the story of "A Member of the Third House" began to take shape in his mind. The book was a manly unmasking of the corrupt methods of great corporations, by which the press and the lawmaking bodies of our land have directly or indirectly been influenced to favor individuals and corporations against the public weal. Then came "A Spoil of Office," a noble story of the agrarian uprising of the early nineties.

These writings were typical of the early work of Mr. Garland, which won for him the love and admiration of tens of thousands of earnest men and women, but which was far from pleasing to conventional critics. With "Rose of Dutcher's Cooley," Mr. Garland seemed to many of us to have departed from his old ideal. The desire to portray phases of Western life without emphasizing a vital moral truth seemed to have gained ascendancy over the worthy ideal of making fiction a vehicle for furthering civilization in one of the most crucial epochs known to history. And much of his subsequent work has seemed to indicate that the one who many of us believed would become the leader in a virile literary movement, in which the highest ethical and social ideals would be so emphasized as to do much to awaken the sleeping conscience of our nation, had entered the crowded ranks of those who were content to subordinate justice and ethics to a desire to please superficial and flippant readers. Hence, it is with genuine gladness that we meet the Garland of other days again in his latest novel. Here is a strong clear note for justice. Here is the brave ethical leader, who, without sacrificing art in the least, makes a strong appeal to all that is best in the hearts of his readers.

## II.

"The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" deals with the life-work of Captain Curtis, a young military officer whose life is largely dominated by conscience and the ideal of duty. He has learned the sign language of the Indians, and during his wanderings among the fast-disappearing red men has come largely into sympathy and *rapproch* with them. He and a literary friend named Lawson, who has also mastered the sign language, have become cognizant of the outrageous speculation and shameful conduct of many Indian agents; while the remorseless warfare of gradual extermination waged by Christian America against the original settlers fills both the young men with indignation. Captain Curtis is outspoken in the expression of his view that the Indian agencies should be placed under the management of army officials of the highest integrity instead of being given to questionable individuals who possessed "pulls" with certain politicians at Washington.

On the accession of a Reform administration Curtis is appointed Indian agent at the Tetong reservation, much to his disappointment, for the place is not one to his liking. Nevertheless, he determines to accept and to bend his best energies toward solving the problem along the lines of justice and equity. He is ordered to take possession of the agency immediately, and not to allow the incumbent access to his office



after the arrival of Curtis, as the Government believes there have been speculation and other irregularities in the conduct of this agent's administration. Arriving at his destination, Curtis encounters a stormy protest from the agent and his son, both of whom, however, after sinister threats, disappear. At the reservation the Captain and his sister find Mr. Lawson, who is studying the Indians for an ethnological paper he is preparing, and the niece of the former agent, one Elsie Brisbane, an artist, who is the beautiful daughter of ex-Senator Brisbane. The latter, a former Senator from the State in which the reservation is located, is a man of wealth and power in the national capital and one of the most dangerous enemies of the red man in the land. He belongs to the masterful men who represent the present-day brutal utilitarianism or the materialistic, greed-absorbed spirit of modern commercialism, which is sapping the vitality of free government and which is unquestionably the most deadly menace that confronts the Republic.

Elsie, who has come to the reservation with her aunt, is engaged in making studies of the Indians for Mr. Lawson. She has inherited her father's prejudice against the small peoples of earth, and in particular dislikes the Indians. From the meeting of Captain Curtis with Elsie begins a strong and well wrought out love romance.

The fact that Captain Curtis and Senator Brisbane are at war at every point in regard to the Indian, that the war becomes relentless, and that the opposing forces of justice and greed are equally determined, lends a special interest to a story that is at all times spirited and often highly dramatic. Elsie at first possesses all her father's brutal prejudices. She is a pampered child of wealth and ease, but also a girl of great strength of character and latent moral rectitude; and the dawn, the growth, and final mastery of love, carrying her, as it does, up from the slough of selfishness and indifference to an enlightened interest and sympathy for the unfortunates, is a fine piece of literary work possessing high ethical value.

The scene of the story shifts from the reservation to Washington and back to the reservation. There are fine, sympathetic, and true studies of the Indian as he is seen to-day—perhaps the best that have yet been made in fiction; while the contrast between the life on the reservation and that of the wealthy at the national capital is only surpassed in boldness by the warfare of light against darkness, of justice against cupidity, of humanity against brutal utilitarianism, that gives peculiar interest and value to this volume for all who believe in "Art for progress."

There are several weird pictures and much that is vivid and spirited in this work. The Indian council and dance; the attack of the mob; the lynching of Cut Finger and the rescue of an Indian chief from the insane mob by Captain Curtis; the angry controversy between Curtis and Brisbane in Washington, which culminates when the former is unceremoniously ordered from the Senator's house; the collapse of the Senator while denouncing Curtis on the Western hustings—these are a few intensely dramatic situations that lead me to believe that a strong,

popular, and successful play might easily be made from the book: a play that would come to a beautiful and highly artistic, though not particularly dramatic, close, with the review of the Indian triumphal procession by Elsie and Curtis, in which both are clothed in the picturesque costume of the red man.

"The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" is a volume that I can heartily recommend to all as a book that will not only deeply interest the reader, but that cannot fail to exert a wholesome influence upon all who peruse its pages. It is a novel that makes for justice and righteousness.

CAPE COD BALLADS. Poems by Joe Lincoln. Drawings by Kemble. Cloth, 193 pp. Price, \$1.25 net. Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt, publisher.

Lovers of popular lays and verses descriptive of the common life will take genuine delight in Joe Lincoln's "Cape Cod Ballads," which has just appeared from the Brandt Press; for here will be found almost fourscore of those popular rhymes which, originally appearing in *Harper's Weekly*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Youths' Companion*, and other journals, were promptly copied by the daily and weekly press of the land.

Mr. Lincoln is a young man, being born in Brewster, Mass., in 1870, but his verse has made his name a household word in thousands of homes. He is the youngest of a coterie of singers of the common life in homely phrase, and of which James Whitcomb Riley stands at the head, with Sam Walter Foss and Will Carleton as well-known representatives.

Many of Mr. Lincoln's verses contain exquisite home pictures and child memories, which, softened and glorified by the lapse of time, possess all the beauty of the distant mountain-peak crowned with glistening snow and robed in purple haze—pictures that are always dear to the normal mind when the materialism of modern life has not crushed out idealism. An example of this kind is found in the following lines from "The Meadow Road":

Just a simple little picture of a sunny country road  
 Leading down beside the ocean's pebbly shore,  
 Where a pair of patient oxen slowly drag their heavy load,  
 And a barefoot urchin trudges on before:  
 Yet I'm dreaming o'er it, smiling, and my thoughts are far away  
 'Mid the glorious summer sunshine long ago,  
 And once more a happy, careless boy, in memory I stray  
 Down a little country road I used to know.

\* \* \* \* \*

Down the lane behind the orchard where the wild rose blushes sweet,  
 Through the pasture, past the spring beside the brook,  
 Where the clover blossoms press their dewy kisses on my feet  
 And the honeysuckle scents each shady nook;



By the meadow and the bushes, where the blackbirds build their nests,  
 Up the hill, beneath the shadow of the pine,  
 Till the breath of ocean meets us, dancing o'er his sparkling crests,  
 And our faces feel the tingling of the brine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just a simple little picture, yet its charm is o'er me still,  
 And again my boyish spirit seems to glow,  
 And once more a barefoot urchin am I wandering at will  
 Down that little country road I used to know.

In addition to this faithful shadowing forth of childhood memories, we note a pleasing rhythmic quality present in many of Mr. Lincoln's lines—a quality that seems to partake of the spirit of the subject described. Thus, in "The Song of the Sea" we not only catch vivid pictures of the ocean that awaken multitudinous memories of the past, but something of the majestic roll, something of the crooning and the roar of the deep, seems to keep up an accompaniment to the author's rhyme:

Oh, the song of the Sea—  
 The wonderful song of the Sea!  
 Like the far-off hum of a throbbing drum  
 It steals through the night to me:  
 And my fancy wanders free  
 To a little seaport town,  
 And a spot I knew, where the roses grew  
 By a cottage small and brown;  
 And a child strayed up and down  
 Over hillock and beach and lea,  
 And crept at dark to his bed, to hark  
 To the wonderful song of the Sea.

Oh, the song of the Sea—  
 The mystical song of the Sea!  
 What strains of joy to a dreaming boy  
 That music was wont to be!  
 And the night-wind through the tree  
 Was a perfumed breath that told  
 Of the spicy gales that filled the sails  
 Where the tropic billows rolled  
 And the rovers hid their gold  
 By the lone palm on the key,—  
 But the whispering wave their secret gave  
 In the mystical song of the Sea.

Oh, the song of the Sea—  
 The beautiful song of the Sea!  
 The mighty note from the ocean's throat,  
 The laugh of the wind in glee!  
 And swift as the ripples flee  
 With the surges down the shore,  
 It bears me back, o'er life's long track,  
 To home and its love once more.  
 I stand at the open door,  
 Dear mother, again with thee,  
 And hear afar on the booming bar  
 The beautiful song of the Sea.

It is perhaps in the homely and humorous life-pictures in which children, with the charming frankness of youth, describe things as they are, or at least as they appear to the candid mind of the young, that Mr. Lincoln is most happy. An excellent example of this character is found in these stanzas descriptive of a sewing circle:

Me and Billy's in the woodshed; Ma said, "Run outdoors and play;  
Be good boys and don't be both'rin', till the comp'ny's gone away."  
She and sister Mary's hustlin', settin' out the things for tea,  
And the parlor's full of women, such a crowd you never see;  
Every one a-cuttin' patchwork or a-sewin' up a seam,  
And the way their tongues is goin', seems as if they went by steam.  
Me and Billy's been a-listenin' and, I tell you what, it beats  
Circus day to hear 'em gabbin', when the Sewin' Circle meets.

First they almost had a squabble, fightin' 'bout the future life;  
When they'd settled that they started runnin' down the parson's wife.  
Then they got a-goin' roasin' all the folks there is in town,  
And they never stopped, you bet yer, till they'd done 'em good and brown.

They knew everybody's business and they made it mighty free,  
But the way they loved *each other* would have done yer good ter see;  
Seems ter me the only way ter keep yer hist'ry off the streets  
Is to be on hand a-waitin' when the Sewin' Circle meets.

Pretty quick they'll have their supper, then's the time to see the fun;  
Ma'll say the rolls is *awful*, and she's 'fraid the pie ain't done.  
Really everything is bully, and she knows it well enough,  
But the folks that's havin' comp'ny always talks that kind of stuff.  
That sets all the women goin', and they say, "How *can* you make  
Such *delicious* pies and biscuits, and such *lovely* choc'late cake?"  
Me and Billy don't say nothin' when we pitches in and eats  
Up the things there is left over when the Sewin' Circle meets.

I guess Pa don't like the Circle, 'cause he said ter Uncle Jim  
That there cacklin' hen convention was too peppery for *him*.  
And he'll say ter Ma, "I'm sorry, but I've really got ter dodge  
Down t' the right after supper—there's a meetin' at the lodge."  
Ma'll say, "Yes, so I expected." Then, a-speakin' kinder cold,  
"Seems ter me, I'd get a new one; that excuse is gettin' old!"  
Pa'll look sick, just like a feller when he finds you know he cheats,  
But he don't stay home, you bet yer, when the Sewin' Circle meets.

Many of the poems are well suited for popular recitations, especially for encores. The poem entitled "A Thanksgiving Dream" is a delightful piece, and these lines on "His New Brother" are typical of a number of lays of child life that cannot fail to remain very popular; because, in addition to their natural humor, they reflect juvenile thought with fidelity, keen insight, and heart interest:

Say, I've got a little brother,  
Never teased to have him, nuther,  
But he's here;  
They just went ahead and bought him,  
And, last week the doctor brought him,  
Wa'n't that queer?



When I heard the news from Molly,  
 Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,  
     'Cause, you see,  
 I s'posed I could go and get him  
 And then Mama, course, would let him  
     Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him,  
 "Why!" I says, "My sakes, is *that* him?  
     Just that mite!"  
 They said, "Yes," and, "Ain't he cunnin'?"  
 And I thought they must be funnin',—  
     He's a *sight*!

He's so small, it's just amazin',  
 And you'd think that he was blazin',  
     He's so red;  
 And his nose is like a berry,  
 And he's bald as Uncle Jerry  
     On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a dollar!  
 All he does is cry and holler  
     More and more;  
*Won't* sit up—you can't arrange him,—  
*I* don't see why Pa don't change him  
     At the store.

Now we've got to dress and feed him,  
 And we really didn't *need* him  
     More'n a frog;  
 Why'd they buy a baby brother,  
 When they know I'd *good* deal ruther  
     Have a dog?

The following poem, entitled "A College Training," is irresistibly funny, though its ethics are not above criticism; yet these stanzas are quite an exception in this respect, for as a rule the atmosphere of the book is not only normal but thoroughly wholesome, and in very many poems important lessons and truths are emphasized:

Home from college came the stripling, calm and cool and debonair,  
 With a weird array of raiment and a wondrous wealth of hair,  
 With a lazy love of languor and a healthy hate of work  
 And a cigarette devotion that would shame the turbaned Turk.  
 And he called his father "Guv'nor," with a cheek serene and rude,  
 While that raging, wrathful rustic called his son a "blasted dude,"  
 And in dark and direful language muttered threats of coming harm  
 To the "idle, shif'less critter" from his father's good right arm.

And the trouble reached a climax on the lawn behind the shed,—  
 "Now, I'm goin' ter lick yer, sonny," so the sturdy parent said,  
 "And I'll knock the college nonsense from your noddle, mighty quick!"  
 Then he lit upon that chappy like a wagon-load of brick.  
 But the youth serenely murmured, as he gripped his angry dad,  
 "You're a clever rusher, Guv'nor, but you tackle very bad;"  
 And he rushed him through the center and he tripped him for a fall,  
 And he scored a goal and touchdown with his papa as the ball.

Then a cigarette he lighted, as he slowly strolled away,  
 Saying, "That was jolly, Guv'nor, now we'll practise every day;"  
 While his father from the puddle, where he wallowed in disgrace,  
 Smiled upon his offspring proudly, from a bruised and battered face,  
 And with difficulty rising, quick he hobbled to the house.  
 "Henry's all right, Ma!" he shouted to his anxious waiting spouse,  
 "He jest licked me good and solid, and I tell yer, Mary Ann,  
 When a chap kin lick *your husband* he's a mighty able man!"

The above selections will serve to acquaint the reader with the character of the contents of the volume. The poems, as is usually the case with books of this kind, are of unequal value; a few, I think, are hardly worthy of a place in the volume, but the collection as a whole is excellent.

The illustrations by Edward W. Kemble are most of them spirited and well done. Like every volume that comes from the press of Albert Brandt, the work is a model of excellence in the book-maker's art. Mr. Brandt's enthusiasm in the making of fine books reminds one of the old-time love of arts and crafts that marked the master spirits in various lines of work before the advent of the present age of machinery, with its fierce rush and hurry and its greed of gold.

JOHN GILDART. A heroic poem by M. E. Henry-Ruffin. Cloth, illustrated, 80 pp. New York: Wm. H. Young & Co., publishers.

This is a deeply tragic story, told in verse; and, though very superior to most of the long poems that have appeared in recent years from the pens of occasional verse-makers, it is not particularly strong in its poetic qualities. It deals with a youth happily wedded to a sweet country girl. Together they builded a cheerful home, and all went well until war broke out and the young man felt that duty called him to the field of action. He became a color bearer and bravely bore his part until more than a year from the time he enlisted, when news was brought him of the burning of his property and the serious and perhaps fatal illness of his young wife. He sought the general's tent to ask for leave of absence, but admission was denied him. The general was busy—a great battle was pending. In a frenzy over the news, and believing that inasmuch as he joined the army of his own accord his leaving under such conditions would not be severely punished, he set out for his home, nursed his wife back to health, and returned to die the ignominious death of a deserter.

The volume is printed in large, pleasing type and contains several well-executed full-page illustrations.



## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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THE recent Memorial Day address of President Roosevelt, in which an attempt was made to excuse if not to justify the barbarities of our campaign in the Philippines by reference to certain forms of savagery in our Southern States, renders the leading feature of this month's ARENA of peculiar timeliness. It must be conceded that the four able contributors to this symposium express the sentiments of all thoughtful minds, at home and abroad, that are free from the goad of avarice, the "strenuous" demands of partizan politics, and the greed for official spoils. That the course of our Government is essentially "imperialistic" cannot be successfully refuted by any species of word-jugglery, and the fact that no serious attempt has been made to reply to the recent great speech of Senator Hoar in denunciation of it is significant. The ARENA writers are all well known in the field of social and economic reform, and on this political topic they reach the same conclusion by different routes—a convincing argument in itself.

In the current discussion of the isthmian canal question, in which Senator Hanna and some of his "commercial" colleagues are striving to add another foreign entanglement to the assets of the United States by forcing the adoption of the Panama route upon Congress, Mr. Berwick's brief article has a unique interest. As the writer has for many years been chairman of the California Fruit Growers' Nicaragua Canal Committee, it may be said to represent the view of the Pacific Coast producer, and as such it is important. As this issue goes to press, the fear that the Panama agitation may serve to delay action in the interests of the great railroad corporations (which is said to be its real purpose) is becoming hourly more pronounced.

In his paper on "The Actors' Church Alliance," the Rev. Dr. Shinn describes a most worthy and hopeful movement that has grown very strong during the last year and a half. The writer is a prominent Episcopal clergyman of Massachusetts, and as president of the Alliance is in a position to speak authoritatively of its aims and objects. At the recent annual

meeting of the New York chapter, of which Bishop Potter is president, the Rev. Dr. Johnson remarked: "The time has come when even a Baptist minister and the members of the profession should work side by side in the uplifting of mankind. It is time for us to apologize, as it were, and help one another."

While THE ARENA is not committed to the advocacy of Socialism, or any other form of political propaganda, it believes in the fullest discussion of the underlying principles of every movement aiming at the betterment of humanity. The two scholarly essays grouped under the general title of "Foregleams of the Fraternal State," in this issue, constitute perhaps the most intelligent presentation of the Socialistic ideal, ancient and modern, yet placed before our readers. The development of the concept of brotherhood in our day is one of the most pregnant signs of the times, and its eventual outworking in some form of national coöperation is inevitable if civilization is to endure.

In further elucidation of this beneficent ideal of fraternity, a series of four papers from the pen of Editor Flower will begin in our next issue. They will treat of "the Divine quest" as it appears in different epochs. The first will describe the earliest glimmerings of the "dream of the Fraternal State," and the second its manifestation during the first century of modern times; the third will deal with its growth from the days of the English revolution under Cromwell to the middle of the last century, and the fourth with its present-day expression. These articles will appear in our Essay department and will constitute a most luminous and valuable epitome of the race's noblest aspiration.

Other important contributions to our July number are the following: "The Citizen's Debt to His Country," by the Hon. Boyd Winchester; "Count Tolstoy and the New Quakerism," by Prof. James T. Bixby, Ph.D.; "The Motive of Mastery," by the Rev. Winfield R. Gaylord; "The Symbolism of European Snobbery," by James Dowman, of Aberdeen, Scotland, and "Extreme Utilitarianism," by W. H. Dilworth. These papers, with the other features now in preparation for our next issue, will maintain the high standard of excellence with which our Twenty-eighth Volume begins this month. J. E. M.



*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.  
They master us and force us into the arena,  
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

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# THE ARENA

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## WHY I OPPOSE OUR PHILIPPINE POLICY.

THE editors of THE ARENA ask me to state in brief a few reasons why in my opinion our Philippine policy is wrong and should be changed. I will try to answer dispassionately, as I realize that the situation is a very complicated and difficult one, made so by our ruthless destruction of the Aguinaldian government.

In the first place, I believe it is wrong for us to be in the Philippines because the people of those islands do not desire our presence and authority there. We are there without the people's consent, and directly against their earnest protest. This argument would be of less weight if the inhabitants of those islands were few and incapable\* of occupying territory really needed by others; but this is far from the case. The islands are already densely populated, and we, least of all, need what room there is.

Secondly, even if the Filipinos were willing or desirous that we should govern them, I doubt our ability to do so properly. We do not understand the condition or the needs of a tropical people, and we never can. We can subdue them, we can compel obedience, we can exterminate them; but this is not government. There can be no true government without a complete knowledge of a people's needs and a perfect sympathy with the natural order of their life and development. This

knowledge and sympathy we Saxons lack. As well may the lion claim sympathy with the life of the lamb. The things we will naturally demand of the Filipinos will be more often for their hurt than for their good, even when our intentions are of the noblest character.

But there is little reason to believe that the best motives will control us in the government of the Philippines. Selfish motives are more likely to come to the front. A greed for gain will dominate us. We will become impatient with the happy idleness of the native and will manage if possible through our superimposed industrial system to force him into hard labor, more for our benefit than for his. The Saxon does not half realize his own indomitable will and energy. The only thing that he is less conscious of in himself is his insatiable greed.

It is vain for us to boast of British rule in India and seek to imitate it. Our Government is not organized as is the British, and we cannot govern as the English do without radical violations of our Constitution.

My third reason, then, against the continuance of the present Philippine policy is that it will pervert our form of government, dethrone our ideals, turn back the tide of the world's civilization, and discourage the hope of countless millions of liberty-loving citizens in all nations. Our strength is in our example; our glory is in our advocacy of freedom; our destiny is in leading the world up to a true democracy. We have no right to turn back and imitate the nation from whose bondage we escaped. To do so would be for Israel to return to Egypt—for the Jew to abandon Jehovah.

But, even if we had England's power to govern colonies, this would be no proper assurance that our government would be beneficent. High authority pronounces England's rule in India an absolute and miserable failure. England has indeed brought peace to India, has in some sense made life safer than it was, but England has not prohibited famine or really raised the masses to a higher state of happiness. Says Robert Ellis Thompson, in his great work on "The Hand of God in American History":



"We are sometimes invited to contemplate what England has done for India as a sample of what a great country can effect for the welfare of a dependency. England has introduced into India Western methods of administration and her own notions of justice and equality. She has put down Thuggee, Suttee, and public child-murder. She has constructed railroads and canals, at an enormous cost to the people. She has promoted secular education by government schools and colleges, which have yielded an abundant crop of agnostics. But she has neither lifted the Hindu people to a higher level of thought nor secured the prosperity of the millions under her rule. By Mr. Rudyard Kipling's testimony we learn that the bulk of the Hindus are a seething mass of unshaken resistance to progress, of degrading superstition, and of utter ignorance, which has been touched on the surface only by English influences of any kind. After a century and a half of English occupation, not one in a thousand has laid aside his own religion for that of his rulers. At the present rate and under English rule, the end of a millennium of missionary labor would find India still divided between Hindus and Buddhists, and the adoption of Christianity would still be regarded as desertion of nationality and honor.

"As for the economic condition of India, it hardly could be worse, and it never was so bad under native rule of any kind. By the selfish destruction of the native manufactures in the interest of those of Great Britain, at the opening of the last century, the greatest manufacturing country of the world was reduced to the level of a merely agricultural community, with the consequent certainty that every failure of the rains would leave the people of India face to face with famine. Under the reign of Victoria the famine victims have been numbered by tens of millions. The lowering of the diet of the people has resulted in universal splenitis, chronic cholera, and the recurrent bubonic plague.

"A report made by the government's Famine Commission in 1885 traced the recurrence of this dreadful calamity to the uniformity of employment in agriculture; but not a single step had been taken or proposed to make variety of employment possible to the masses. To do so would run counter to English interests, or would involve the abandonment of economic maxims which were devised for English conditions only.

"In reviewing the report of the Famine Commission in 'The Lahore Civil and Military Gazette,' an English writer, whom I take to have been Mr. Rudyard Kipling, pays America the

compliment of suggesting that if India had been under our rule we should soon have found a way to overcome the industrial difficulty and put an end to the famines. The compliment is not deserved. We probably would have done even worse than England has done. She is as well situated for the successful government of dependencies as any country of the world, and is as open to the considerations of humanity and responsibilities as any other. Her rule in India is the most favorable experiment that has been made in conducting an alien government for the benefit of a subject people, and it breaks down by every test that can be applied. Except in establishing peace within the peninsula, and abolishing a few of the most flagrant abuses of the native religion, it has failed at every point."

My final reason why we should surrender our present policy is that its continuance will brutalize our own people. Already we hear apologies for that which was at first indignantly denied—for that which four years ago was universally held as impossible.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Marcus Aurelius has said: "He who does wrong, does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly, acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad;" and this sentiment has been echoed by every great poet, prophet, and philosopher since.

This Philippine business is against every noble sentiment of the world's greatest minds. No author celebrates it; no poet sings it; no patriot glories in it. It forces us into silence in the presence of great wrongs, and demands humiliating defense and apology from a nation once set to lead the world. It is the black spot on our history and the sorrow of every true American heart.

"But we are in it," say the advocates of imperialism, "and cannot get out. We are bound by conditions to stay where we are. Even if our going was a mistake, it is now too late to retrace our steps. The flag must stay put."

If this is so, where then is our boasted greatness? Where



is our vaunted statesmanship? How can a nation be great unless it is great enough to do right? To say that we cannot retire, if it is wrong to be there, is to advertise our imbecility. This is our double shame: to do wrong and not be able to make restitution.

But, it is claimed, good will come of it, and therefore we must stay. I doubt the good. I do not believe a thing for the benefit of the Filipinos will follow conquest that might not better have followed independence. But suppose good follows. What then? Shall we do evil that good may come? Nay, but rather, as Governor Boutwell says: "If we have no right there, we have no right there even to do good."

I do not believe the American people have any right there. I do not believe we are great, good, or wise enough to remain there for the ultimate welfare of either ourselves or the natives. But I do believe that we are great and wise enough to retire, and that we will eventually do so.

The cost, the hardships, the slaughter, the unspeakable personal crimes, and the appalling insanity records I do not dwell upon; for, great as they are, they are of slight importance compared with the destruction of our ideals and the suppression of the spirit of independence among millions of people. Our unpardonable offense is in turning back the tide of democracy, and in giving loose rein to the spirit of commercial imperialism.

(I am sometimes asked why, if my views are correct, our more prominent religious teachers advocate a different policy and declare that we are in the Philippines by the act of God. My answer is that they have lost sight of true American principles. They think they see the hand of God in whatever advances their religion, regardless of the violation of great fundamental human rights.) Moreover, they are ignorant of the ethical side of economic and industrial questions and do not understand how these subtle but powerful influences will destroy peoples faster than their kind of Christianity can build them up. They rejoice in salvation by retail and fail to perceive the damnation going on by wholesale. To build a church, baptize a convert, sell a Bible—these are the ends aimed at. They feel

the presence of existing evils but have little idea of the nature of the true remedy.

I once heard Bishop Thoburn make a pathetic plea for the poor laborer of India, with his wages of six cents a day and his one scanty meal. When I asked him the cause of this extreme poverty, he replied that it was "sin." He did not say *whose* sin, nor did he seem to have any conception of the real condition of things. This man glories in the dominion of England in India, and in the American conquest of the Philippines. He stands as a type of a class who have shut their eyes to everything except what they call "the Gospel," and to what will apparently further its interests.

From my standpoint their attitude is wrong. They have lost sight not only of American principles but of the real nature and teachings of Christ. It is better to treat a man with justice, and give him social and industrial freedom, than it is to make a proselyte of him. Bishop Thoburn's gospel can never cope with the mighty forces making for political and industrial slavery that have been let loose in the Far East. Those people need rather, first of all, the spirit and purpose of the Declaration of Independence; and it is America's God-appointed mission to apply it to them—to give them an opportunity to work out their own destiny under the inspirations of liberty.

(Rev.) ROBERT E. BISBEE.

*Milford, Mass.*



## DEMOCRATIC VS. ARISTOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

"The man of the modern spirit refuses to rule the people. He gives his life that the people may rule themselves. He has set his heart not upon solidarity, the union of men in interest and sentiment—but upon unanimity, the union of men in faith and will."—*Charles Ferguson.*

PEOPLE say that in the United States we have a popular government, and that a representative government is democratic. Both are true if the spirit that informs and pervades the government is democratic; both are untrue if the spirit that is the real motive power is undemocratic. But in the method of construction the representative government in the United States is truly aristocratic and anti-democratic. We choose men to rule over us by election instead of by heredity. The essence of a democratic government is not in the method of choosing the supposedly best men to rule over us, in giving the preference to election over heredity, but in not having *any* men to rule over us, whether best or worst; in the people actually ruling themselves; in self-government; in the people having executive servants to do their will, the legislative councilors to advise them what laws to enact, and judicial determiners to explain and judge under the laws the people themselves enact.

A century ago the representative governments in the United States were truly democratic because of the strong democratic spirit that pervaded the people. The same has been true of the early history of almost every monarchy, ecclesiocracy, and aristocracy. But we move rapidly, and a century has seen the development of the really aristocratic and anti-democratic character of purely representative institutions until, as has been said by one of our college professors:

"We do not select the representatives we elect; we do not make our laws; we do not govern ourselves. Our political parties are controlled by private, close corporations that exist as parasites upon the body politic, giving us the most corrupting and humiliating despotisms in political history, and tending

to destroy all political faith in righteousness. Our legislation is determined by a vast system of lobby. . . . Instead of being democratically governed we are under a government of political and legislative bureaucracies that dominate, plunder, and oppress by indirection that conceals both the reality and the nature of the dominion, corruption, and oppression."

And William Allen White, writing in a recent number of *McClure's Magazine* a sketch of Senator T. C. Platt, says: "Every interest that might, should, would, or could be effected by State legislation needed a lobby at Albany. The result was a large and expensive third house. Platt entered this third house and found it a clumsy, inefficient affair. Frequently the legislators voted as they pleased, and frequently the demagogues swayed the legislature, and frequently opposing interests raised the price of legislator's votes to figures entirely out of proportion to the actual commercial value of the voter." He then tells how Platt has organized the lobby, and says:

"But why see Platt without an introduction? A good way to get an introduction is through the treasurer of your company, saying that during the last campaign your company contributed so many dollars to the Republican State Central Committee and that the bearer has a little matter before the Legislature in which he would be grateful for Senator Platt's assistance. Upon that basis Platt may be interested. The little matter is attended to, the necessity of an expensive lobby at Albany is avoided, and if the matter is not too culpable the wishes of the people in the matter have merely an academic interest. What we call popular government is abrogated by the purchase of privileges. It costs a great corporation less to contribute to the State Central Committees of both political organizations than it does to keep a lobby at Albany and be forever harassed by the threat of unfriendly legislation. Also, it is more certain of desirable results."

The essentially anti-democratic construction of our representative government is now fully developed and generally known.

"Sovereignty," writes an eminent man, "is not a thing merely of consent and approval, but a thing of initiative and action." Nothing more true has ever been said. Just so long as the people have only the opportunity and right to give a nominal



approval or rejection at the election of legislators, for just so long will the people's sovereignty be unreal and nominal. When the people have the actual power of initiative and action, then they will have the real sovereignty.

This is being done by giving new force to the old, highly-valued, and useless right of petition. This is the way representative bodies secured the power of legislation. Prof. Borgeaud in his book on "Constitutions" writes: "The initiative of representative bodies originated in England. At the beginning the Lords and Commons had only the right of petition. Under the Tudors this right was transformed into that of the initiative. Since then these petitions have had the character of laws, and the royal power, formerly the sole seat of legislative authority, is now displaced in this field by Parliament." The body that has the power of legislative initiative and action contains the sovereignty. It is the real ruler of the people.

A transfer of the law-enacting power similar to such as took place under the Tudor monarchs in England, from them to Parliament, is now taking place in many modern countries; and the transfer is almost completed in Switzerland. Only in this case it is a transfer of the final power from legislatures to the people. This transfer is made by using the petition and giving it a real force and character.

Article 29 of the Constitution of the Canton of Zurich reads: "The right of voters to make proposals (the Initiative) is the right to demand the adoption, abrogation, or modification of a law or decree. . . . When an individual or a political body presents a proposition of this sort, and it is supported by a third of the members of the council, it shall be submitted to the people for final action. . . . Likewise every proposition signed by 5,000 voters, or adopted in a certain number of communal assemblies by 5,000 voters, must be laid before the people whenever the Cantonal Council does not agree with it." This is the Initiative.

The Constitution of South Dakota reads: "Five per cent. of the electors . . . shall have the power by filing their signed demand with the Secretary of State before May 1 after

each legislative session to require that any act or part of an act passed by the legislative assembly shall be referred to the electors at a special election before July 1 after its passage, to become effective only if approved by a majority of the votes cast thereon." This is the Referendum.

The two constitute Direct Legislation, or the complete control by the people all the time of the law-enacting power. It does not do away with legislatures: they remain as councilors to the people. This is their old function, as shown by the name, Common Council, given to most municipal legislative bodies. It puts the legislators at once above suspicion.

What are its results? First and foremost, a simplification and reduction of laws. In one year, according to ex-Senator D. B. Hill, there were 14,000 national and State laws passed; some of these were longer than the Justinian code, which governed the Roman empire for centuries. New York State in one year passed 1,027 laws, and at the end of the 1901 legislative session Gov. Odell vetoed 118 bills. In the decade from 1875 to 1885 the New York Legislature passed an average of over 550 laws a year. North Carolina in 1901 passed 1,265 laws, or an average of one every fifteen minutes of the session. Bolton Hall, a member of the New York bar, makes the astounding statement that the citizen of Greater New York lives under 50,000 national and State laws, and this number does not include ordinances of the Boards of Health, Education, etc. "Ignorance of the law excuses no one" is a legal maxim. In the Cantons of Berne and Zurich, where they have had a real democracy or government by the people, they have passed in the last twenty years less than five laws a year. These laws are short, simple, and easily understood. Many of our laws are complex, ambiguous, hard to understand. A recent Congress had 24,000 measures before it for consideration, of which over a thousand passed. A recent Swiss legislative body considered 65 measures, of which 24 passed. Scientists tell us that the lower you get in the order of creation the more young are spawned at a time, of which few reach maturity, and the higher you get the fewer young are brought



forth, but the larger proportion attain maturity. Our method of lawmaking is the productivity of low organisms. We spawn laws by hundreds and thousands, and few reach maturity.

The second great achievement of a really popular government is the decentralization of laws, and hence of having the laws made by each locality for itself, and from this follows their enforcement. The present mayor and the whole government of New York City were elected on the distinct pledge that they would not enforce the Sunday liquor laws, and they must violate either that pre-election pledge or their oath of office. That law has been forced on New York City by the State Legislature. Such a thing is unknown in Switzerland, and the Swiss people can hardly understand it. The appeal to the people can only be made on large general principles, and each locality is willing to concede to other localities the freedom it wants for itself. Thus the Swiss people refused to consolidate their Cantonal militia establishment into one centralized body. J. W. Sullivan, writing in *The Direct Legislation Record*, says: "The commune asserts its right to local self-government through Direct Legislation. The Canton on similar principles withholds its rights from the Confederation. Hence few laws above the commune's."

The third is the fact that it rarely needs to be used, but makes the legislature responsive to the people's wishes. The following incident illustrates how this is done. In October, 1896, the Swiss people voted by a big majority on the large general question of buying and operating the railroads, but the details were left to the national legislature to frame and submit. This they did not do until a voluntary committee had drafted a law for this purpose and secured almost the necessary 50,000 signatures to an Initiative petition, when the legislature moved and passed the law, which was overwhelmingly carried on February 20, 1898. If the people had not had the right of the Initiative, the legislature might never have acted.

The present Governor of South Dakota is a Republican, and his party opposed the Direct Legislation amendment to the South Dakota Constitution. He wrote recently to some Ca-

nadian inquirers: "Since this referendum law has been a part of our Constitution, we have had no charter-mongers or railway speculators, no wild-cat schemes, submitted to our Legislature. Formerly our time was occupied by speculative schemes of one kind or another, but since the referendum has been made a part of the Constitution these people do not press their schemes on the Legislature; hence, there is no necessity for having recourse to the referendum."

In Switzerland the people themselves propose, formulate, and modify the law; they determine its relations with other nations, and have several times voted on the salaries, etc., of their foreign ministers. Their relations with other nations are always those of peace. Though in the midst of the armed camp of Europe, there is not a single man in the Swiss army. Every Swiss citizen is a member of his Cantonal militia, and can be called out to defend his country, but the militia can never be used for offense. The result is that Switzerland is the only nation in Europe that is not staggering under the war tax, and she has a greater certainty of peace than her neighbors, because she has no foreign policy of mastership and domination. The people themselves do not desire it, but only to develop their own resources for themselves, and have good-will to others in doing the same. Her foreign policy has little history because it is one of good-will. The result is that the international postal service, international Red Cross, and various other international services are establishing headquarters in Switzerland because less likely to be disturbed in a country that has no army than in one that has a large one, and more likely to get fair treatment in a true democracy than under other forms of government. This is done by the consent of the nations co-operating, and is a solid evidence of the peace, order, and purity of a true democracy, where the people actually have and really exercise the power of initiative and action.

With the Initiative and Referendum we have a government that is in its forms actually democratic.

ELTWEEDE POMEROY, M.A.

*East Orange, N. J.*



## THE CITIZEN'S DEBT TO HIS COUNTRY.

"There is a debt of service due from every man to his country, proportioned to the bounties which Nature and fortune have measured on him."—*Jefferson*.

**I**NDIFFERENCE to civic responsibility cannot be justified. Vigilance, activity, enthusiasm—these are the qualifications essential to a self-governing people intent upon working out government of, by, and for themselves. Mr. James Bryce has pointed out that "the home side of patriotism, the sober and quiet sense of what a man owes to the community into which he is born and which he helps to govern, has been found specially hard to maintain." We can never be told too often that the best political system in the world is good for nothing and must fail if the men best fitted to direct it confine themselves to a fugitive and cloistered political virtue, refusing to go forth to meet the adversary. An exalted patriotism demands not only that we must love our country devotedly, but that we must serve it faithfully; that conscience should function in the field of political duties, stimulating us to higher concepts and ideals. Practical public spirit is nearly synonymous with civic duty. Both are superior to mere party feeling, and represent a well-directed and uniform attachment to the political community of which we are members. It is a consistent, uniform, disinterested principle, inspiring and sustaining those heroic virtues which characterize the legislator, the statesman, and the patriot.

Civic pride, or public spirit, in its unmixed state, being not so much a passion as a principle, is most distinctly exemplified in those actions which, being stripped of the aid of enthusiasm, can be the result of moral principle alone. It is rather the steady display of moral energy than the casual impulse of mere physical or mechanical courage; and it is more unequivocally shown in the steady tenor of benevolent and patriotic conduct than in the splendid glare of some martial achievements, to which a sense of honor or the love of glory or the mere con-

tagion of feeling may have partially contributed. The disinterested heroism of Leonidas and his compatriot band, and the action of Curtius and the Decii, were brilliant instances of patriotic valor; but they do not accord with the exactions of public spirit so exactly as the calmer and more protracted exertions of a Solon or a Phocion—men who labored during their whole lives to advance the highest interests of the community, and who suffered, to the extent even of banishment and death, with a greatness and constancy of spirit that seemed to disdain every other support than that of conscious rectitude.

When thousands of spectators are standing around and the acclamations of our country are ringing in our ears, it is impossible to say how far self-denial originates in a sense of public duty. But when we adhere to a line of conduct and policies that, however wise and beneficial in themselves, have no tendency to advance our fame, but that, on the contrary, are opposed to popular feeling and are likely to injure us in the public estimation, it is obvious that the only motives that can actuate our conduct are motives of conscience, pure love of country, and an inflexible determination to serve it. This was the case with Aristides and Fabius. The Athenian and the Roman were free from vanity, careless of popular applause, and in the resolute discharge of public duty disregarded personal risk and the injustice of popular caprice. In modern times there are no longer the same opportunities for the display of that heroic patriotism which we admire in ancient story. But there is an ampler scope for the exhibition of a public spirit, less brilliant perhaps, but of a far more extensively useful character. Greater experiments and dangers face us; larger opportunities and powers call for the strongest men and the bravest hearts. Patriotic citizens may well pause and thoughtfully consider the necessity to kindle the fire of public spirit and civic duty.

With the almost unlimited extension of suffrage, the privilege has not brought a corresponding sense of duty. An election ought to be an exhibition of public spirit—an expression of the people of their quest for the common weal. Yet it is



safe to say that in nearly every election, national, State, and municipal, more qualified voters abstain from voting than would be necessary to change the result. Great events, pregnant with consequences of the highest import, are permitted to be carried by minorities. It is the well-to-do, the industrious mechanic, the laborious farmer, the man of study, the merchant, the professional man—in short, the moral and religious and educational classes, those who form the sinew and substance of the State—that neglect or refuse to discharge their duties as American citizens. Feeling it to be a sacrifice of time to attend to their civic duties, they exhibit a more or less supercilious disregard of a trust that, when once accepted, carries with it the bounden duty of every trustee to administer it regularly and unflinchingly for the benefit of all who are affected directly or indirectly by the result.

This apathy toward political obligations exists especially with the class known as "best citizens." The chief defect in the operation of our political system, the head and front of all our danger, can be traced directly to the abdication by this class of their proper part in public affairs. It is a criticism of democratic government that selfish interests absorb the powers of the citizens and eat into the heart of the commonwealth, and that the preoccupation of the best citizens in their private affairs is the greatest impediment to wise and just administration in representative democracies. "Riches," said Charles Lamb, "are chiefly good because they give us time." Time for what? The advantages that ample possessions and prosperous opulence confer seem to bring no corresponding sense of obligation, but rather an increased supercilious disregard for civic duties. There is a large population too fastidious, too high-toned, to "dabble in the dirty pool of politics;" who think patriotism is useful only in pressing emergencies, the tumults of war, but in the repose of peace that they may relapse into sullen and indolent content. Everywhere there exists the comfortable mass—quiet, sagacious, short-sighted, sensible, and solid men, but with a placid, supine instinct; judicious in their dealings and respected in the world; wanting little, sacrificing

nothing—"good-tempered people"; in a word, "caring for nothing until they themselves are hurt."

That Pharisee who came to Jesus by night, because he was afraid to come in day-time, was a type of a class of citizens to be found among us to-day. That Pharisee was a representative of the "best people" in the Judea of his time. He and his friends were not satisfied with the way in which affairs were being carried on. He and they recognized in Jesus of Nazareth a higher righteousness than the rulers of the people possessed, and they were quite willing to have him succeed if it could be done without any trouble or risk to themselves. They were willing to give only such moral and passive support as could be safely done without neglecting their business or imperiling their social standing.

Mr. Mill has pointed out three fundamental conditions on which only republican government in anything more than a name is possible. The first is that the people for whom it is intended shall be willing to receive it. The second is that they shall be willing and able to do what is necessary to keep it standing. The third is that they shall be willing and able to fulfil the duties and discharge the functions it requires of them, to enable it to fulfil its purposes.

To the establishment and the continuity of representative institutions, the action of the electoral body is of first importance; it is the foundation of the political edifice. The failure to exercise the electoral office in the interest of good government is in a great measure, if not wholly, responsible for the evils manifested in our political life. The "breed and disposition" of a people in regard to courage, public spirit, and patriotism are the test of the working of their institutions, and upon which the public safety depends. They are the mountain of all legitimate power, the ultimate source of all governmental authority; if bad government exists, the people have nothing but their own civic apathy to blame.

Perhaps no influence has done more to create indifference on the part of many people to their civic duties, and inspire them with a reluctance to mingle in public affairs, than the false no-



tion encouraged by many that the public service is beneath the attention of intelligence and self-respect. No doctrine can be more pernicious. If it be true that political life is so lowered as to repel instead of attracting the best class of citizens, so much the more imperative is the obligation upon that class to come forward and redeem it. It is certain no country can long endure, much less prosper, under the rule of its vicious and incompetent classes. There is a want of logical consistency on the part of those who boast of the representative character of our institutions, and yet demand that the moral and intellectual standards of public officials shall be far above that of the constituencies that create them. A truly representative government is neither above nor below the average standard of citizen virtue and intelligence, but is a reflection thereof. In a democracy politics should be a highly honorable profession, not only in its objects but in its surroundings, in the social rank that it confers and the associations and habits that attend it. There is no room in a popular government for the cowardly and unpatriotic sentiment expressed in the speech of Cato: "When vice prevails and impious men bear sway, the post of honor is a private station." The post of honor is always the post of duty. Free government must fail if those best fitted to direct it refuse to do their part, contribute nothing but fault-finding and denunciation toward the correction of the evils they decry, and leave the actual work to be done by the ignorant and base.

We have too many over-virtuous Gideons, content with the distinction belonging to private citizens, when the grace of the crown and the authority of the scepter are ready to be pressed upon them. If good influences are put at the short arm of the lever, we cannot be surprised at the power of the bad influences—and *a fortiori* if nothing is done to change the mechanism of the lever but to stand aloof, refusing to assist those who are trying to shift the fulcrum. Edmund Burke said: "He violates the law of duty who sleeps at his post equally with him who goes over to the enemy." Those who, through civic apathy, do not act and do their part are unworthy the name of

patriot and unfit to sit as critics. *Civis Romanus* was a boast; *Civis Americanus* should not be treated as a burden.

Mr. Calhoun, in one of his profound political discourses, says: "If a community be so organized as to cause a demand for high mental endowments, they are sure to be developed. So if its honors and rewards are allotted to pursuits that require their development by creating a demand for intelligence, wisdom, justice, courage, patriotism, they are sure to be produced." It is wrong that our young men in college should be exhorted to consult their happiness by forming such schemes of life as compel the State to look to others for its servants. On the contrary, they should be urged to take a patriotic and active part in public affairs. Let the highest honors only await him who cares not to be great but as he saves or serves the State: this should be the injunction delivered to every young man entering upon the duties of citizenship; not to be influenced by the mere sordid lure of the profits to be made out of the public purse and official position, which is the aim of a vulgar tribe who seek and secure popular favor by subserviency and compliance, pretense and cant, and whom Dryden justly describes as "no better than prostitutes to common fame and to the people," but to be guided by enlightened views, lofty purity, and upright conduct, placing integrity above position, and scorning preferment where there is a shadow of taint. No better sentiment can be engraven on the heart of any young man in our country, impelling him to do duty in civic life, than the words to be found on the statue of Benjamin Hill in Atlanta: "Who saves his country saves himself, saves all things, and all things saved do bless him; who lets his country die lets all things die, dies himself ignobly, and all things dying curse him."

The strong point of our system, the dominant fact of the situation, is the healthiness of public opinion and the control exerted by it. An enlightened, healthy, vigilant public sentiment, which means censure as well as praise, is the motive force of democratic societies. Our system must continually draw for its substance and growth upon the virtue and vigor of the peo-



ple—the people in their political character and capacity. With a well-balanced national character liberty is a stable thing; a really practical people will work in political business, as in private business, almost the absurdest, the feeblest, the most inconsistent set of imaginable regulations. Similarly, or rather reversely, the best institutions will not keep right a nation that will go wrong; paper is but paper, and no virtue is to be discovered in it to retain within due boundaries the undisciplined passions of those who have never set themselves seriously to restrain them. In a word, as people of what Locke calls “large, roundabout common sense” will, as a rule, somehow get on in life, no matter what their circumstances or their fortune, so a nation that applies good judgment, and that “eternal vigilance” which is the “price of liberty,” to the management of free institutions, will certainly succeed; while the more eminently gifted national character will but be a source and germ of endless and disastrous failure if, with whatever eminent qualities, it be deficient in these plain, solid, and essential requisites. All publicists agree that democracy is, of all kinds of government, the most difficult. Are we prepared to deny that government of “the people” is in danger of becoming a delusive phrase? Is it not true that there are no words that play a larger part in the catch phrases of the day, and none that are employed in a sense more vague, indefinite, and disingenuous, than “the people”? We all professedly believe in the right of the people to rule, and that the dominion, even of popular errors, is less dangerous than that of scholastic dogmas; that opinions that have obtained a wide ascendancy invariably rest upon some general principle of human nature, the wisdom of common opinion—that true wisdom, “without the rules,” which is so often found to be “nearer when we stoop than when we soar.”

It is certain that in our theory, the free theory of government, it is the right of the people, by its representation in the legislative assembly, to make all laws, and, in convention, to make the Constitution anew. It is their right to do so peaceably and according to existing forms, and by revolution against

all forms. Walter Bagehot says: "The American Constitution is framed on the principle of having many sovereign authorities." Over all these, in theory, stand the people. And it must be to the interest of the people to decide rightly; wrong they sometimes are, demagogic they occasionally are, misled by designing leaders they frequently are, but they always gather wisdom from their own errors and are swift to correct them, doing honor to truth and right.

Experience shows that no man is on all points so wise as the mass of men are after a good discussion, and that, if the ideas of the very wisest were by a miracle to be fixed on the race, the certain result would be to stereotype monstrous error. Public opinion presents a kind of automatic and ineluctable moral power. In the last analysis we must look to the great middle class of the country for the supply of the will, the power, and the support of the obligations resting upon American citizenship. It is the surest source of clear, manly intelligence, which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value. John Stuart Mill, in discussing the tendency of our people apparently to temporize with economic questions, stated with much force: "The American people have upon a number of occasions, in dealing with monetary and kindred questions, been upon the verge of doing a very foolish thing, but always at the critical time the *common sense* of the people asserted itself—the wrong thing is put down and the right thing put up."

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## COUNT TOLSTOY AND THE NEW QUAKERISM.

THE writers of the present day are usually men of industry, refinement, and talent. But they are rarely men who have undergone any intense emotional experience or profound spiritual struggles. They write to pass the time, to secure reputation, or out of the commonplace necessity of earning their bread and butter. But they have no message to the world which they believe to be a message from the Eternal. It is a common remark that the opportunity for such writing has passed by—that such deeper experiences are impossible in our superficial modern life.

But occasionally there appears in the literary firmament a star of another type, blazing its way to us out of infinite depths. Occasionally there arises a writer whose pen moves, not from mechanical habit, but out of a deep soul-impulse. He has been in the deep waters of life and he comes to the world with a prophet's burden, which he feels under solemn bonds to give to humanity.

Among these few writers who alone keep alive the tradition of prophecy and present inspiration we may number Count Leo Tolstoy. He has a double distinction at the present time. In the first place, he is recognized by our most eminent critics as standing at the head of that school of Realistic Fiction which now is the idol of the hour. His "War and Peace" has well been called "a panorama painted by a Meissonier." And of his "Anna Karenina," Mr. Wm. D. Howells has not hesitated to say that, "as you read on, you say—not 'this is *like* life,' but 'this is life.'"

But Tolstoy is more than a mere *litterateur*: he is an earnest soul with a solemn word of instruction and warning to the world. He is the enthusiastic preacher of a gospel on which he believes the spiritual life and death of humanity depend. Passing his early life first in the Russian army and next as an

author and gentleman of leisure in the life of barbaric dissipation among the higher circles of St. Petersburg and Moscow, "up to the year 1879," he says, "I had pursued pleasure in its grossest forms and striven for literary success and fame." The latter he gained in fullest measure, his masterpieces of description and analyses of character putting him soon on the same pinnacle of fame as Gogol and Turgeneff.

But happiness flew farther and farther away from him the more he sought it. Ennui and melancholy and despair made him their victim. Through all these years, from the age of fifteen to fifty, he was, he says, "a Nihilist in the proper acceptance of the word; that is, not a revolutionary socialist, but a man who believed in nothing." Then, at the age of fifty-one, faith came to him. He discovered the doctrine of Jesus, as he says, and his whole life underwent a transformation: "Instead of despair, I tasted now joy and happiness that death could not take away." Henceforth he abandoned literature for its own sake. His writings since then have all had for their aim to make known his new faith and spread it abroad among his people.

In Tolstoy's "Confession" he has given the whole story of his spiritual struggles. It is an autobiography of most pathetic interest—one that will stand beside those of St. Augustine and Rousseau as a classic among those histories of the soul that will never lose their fascination until man loses his religious nature.

Tolstoy was christened and educated, he tells us, in the faith of the Orthodox Greek Church. He was taught its doctrines, and a belief in them was instilled into his youthful mind. But the current tone of morals and conversation about him early led him to think that, while he was bound to learn his catechism and go to church, it was not incumbent on him to take his religious duties with any more seriousness. Every time that he tried to express the longings of his heart for a truly virtuous life he was met with contempt and derisive laughter. But when he gave way to his passions he was praised and encouraged. He found ambition, vengeance, love of power, gain, and sensuality held in high esteem.



It was not strange, then, that he gave up private prayer and public worship, and with the other young men about him began to sow the wild oats the recollection of which in after years awakened in him such loathing: "I put men to death in war; I fought duels to slay others; I lost at cards, wasted my substance wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the latter cruelly, rioted with loose women, and deceived men." "And yet I was not less considered by my equals a comparatively moral man." Such was his life, he frankly acknowledges, for ten years.

His early faith, accepted only on authority, having vanished before the hot passions of youth and the freezing air of the atheism prevailing among his associates, the first substitute for it that he found was a belief in the development of life and in the coterie of *litterateurs* into which he soon entered, as the high priests of this worship—the instructors of humanity in the new light. But after a few years he began to doubt. He found these teachers of the world, as they assumed to be, did not agree among themselves. Whenever one presented an opinion another maintained the opposite. Their lives were immoral and even below the level of his former military comrades. Disgusted with this literary cant, he traveled through Europe and adopted the doctrine of progress and the perfectibility of the race.

But in 1877 a mood of profound perplexity and depression came over him. The questions, "Why?" and "What?" and "Whence?" assailed him at every turn. Why should he educate his son? How did the welfare of the people concern him? If he became more famous than all of the writers of the world—what of it? Life lost its meaning to him. It was as with another great intellect of our century, John Stuart Mill, when he put to himself one day the question, "Suppose that I accomplish all those ends for which I am now striving—will that make me happy?" And he had to answer "No."

So it was with Tolstoy. The condition of men seemed to him like that of the traveler in the fable who was hanging from a bush in the side of a well, with a wild beast waiting for him

above, a dragon with open jaws below, and the mice slowly gnawing through the branch by which he hangs. His fate is only a question of a few minutes; yet as he hangs there he licks with gusto the drops of honey that he finds on the leaves of his bush and thinks not of his inevitable death. So do ordinary men suck the honey of earthly pleasure as they hang over the all-devouring grave. But for Tolstoy this honey no longer had any charms. It had turned bitter as gall, and existence seemed a foolish and wicked joke played on him by some unknown power, and the thought of suicide acquired a genuine fascination for him.

As a perishing man seeks safety, so he sought for some explanation of life that would enable him to see that it was worth living. Painfully and obstinately he asked himself: "Why should I live? What result will there be from what I am doing? Why do I, and all that is, exist?" He turned to science, and all the answer that he could get was—"Life is an accidental agglomeration of particles. This agglomeration continues for a certain time; then the action ceases, and, with it, what you call your life and your questions." He turned to philosophy, and found no answers but such as these—"No one knows; neither the object nor the result of life is to be understood; these questions are beyond man's capacity." Or else he got the answer of Schopenhauer and Buddha and Ecclesiastes—"Life is evil, and the only wisdom is to get out of it as soon as possible."

Having failed to find any explanation in books, he turned to life itself, and began to watch men and see how they treated this question practically. In people of his own class in life, he found there were four methods of escape from that terrible perplexity in which he found himself. The first is ignorance—an entire unconsciousness of the serious side of life. The second is the Epicurean—licking as much honey as we can and turning our eyes away from the dragon that awaits us. The third is to cut the knot at a blow—by suicide. The fourth is the compromise of the weak, who drag on their existence simply because they have not the nerve to kill themselves.



None of these methods of escape gave him any light. So at length he turned away from the higher classes who have so often lost their grip on life, and recognized that if he was to find any meaning for life it must be among the millions of poor and unlearned men and women, where life, in spite of all the sufferings experienced, is appreciated. If life has gone on for generations it is because in these generations there was a will to live and a faith in life. Light could come only from those instinctive beliefs of humanity which are older and deeper than all reasoning.

He began to study the various religions and theologies. First, he studied Buddhism and Mohammedanism. Then, dissatisfied with these, he turned to the churches and ecclesiastics about him. It reminds one of the experiences of George Fox, when in the days of his spiritual agony he sought help from the dignitaries of the English Church. One clergyman advises him to use tobacco and sing psalms. Another spiritual counselor tells him that the way to cure his spiritual troubles is to take physic and be bled. So the Greek churchman prescribed to Tolstoy, as the medicine needed by his sick soul, fasting and eating holy wafers and believing that these bits of bread were the very body of God, the Son.

Tolstoy found each church or sect looking upon its own doctrine as infallible, and full of contempt and scorn for its brother Christians, who differed from it in the words of its creed or the way to make the sign of the cross or sing the hallelujah. For quite a while he sought earnestly, to accept if possible, the received Christianity of the Established Church; but those rank excrescences of formalism, bigotry, and inhumanity which had so overgrown Christianity within the Established Church in Russia made it impossible. He must hew his own way through the jungle. He must cut away the false and find the genuine tree of life. The root he finds in the instinctive faith of the people that life must be good and have a meaning. "I could not be," he said to himself, "such a fledgling dropped from a nest as I appear to be. If I wail as a fallen fledgling on its back in the grass does, it is because I know that a mother bore

me, cared for me, and loved me. Where is that mother? Who is that mother? Who else but God? God *is*, then, and loves me, and has something for me to do. The first thing necessary to give meaning and joy to life is to engage in your part of the Creator's work, side by side with your fellows, in sympathy with the commonest of the people and in trust in God's providence."

Thus through intense alternations of despair and hope, of darkness and glimmering light, Tolstoy at last groped his way to a faith in which he could rest. He had reached, through the deep waters, a rock that would hold him. Little by little he climbed higher and higher, studying the Gospels for himself, till he has worked out a religion that he believes to be the pure and original teaching of Christ. We can never understand Christianity correctly, he believes, if we put the Old Testament on a plane of equal inspiration with the New Testament, or take our creed from Paul, or the Apostolic Fathers, or the Councils of the fourth, sixth, or sixteenth century. But we must go to the words of Christ and see what he has himself taught. And when we find Christianity we shall see that what has alienated the intelligence and heart of men from the Gospels belongs not to that Gospel but to the parasitic tradition that has fastened itself upon it.

To explaining and diffusing this Christianity of Christ he devotes himself henceforth. In the works entitled "My Religion" and "The Spirit of Christ's Teaching" he has made a systematic presentation of it: "To understand life we must know that the Source of life is Infinite Good, and that consequently the life of man is the same." "This Divine Will is happiness, and therefore happiness is in that nature which God gives man. Therefore, the life of man must be devoted to happiness, to good works, and to love." "All individual desires of the flesh are irreconcilable with the Source of good, and therefore man must renounce them and sacrifice the life of his body to the cause of goodness and to active love for his neighbor."

Tolstoy's religion, we thus see, is a religion of life and for



life. It concerns itself with our existence here and now. The great mistake of the Church, however, says Tolstoy, is that it has turned its eyes away from the life that now is and thought only of the hereafter. The consequence of this doctrine is that professed Christians look upon the struggle for existence that raises hand against hand, that sets men to snatching the bread from each other's mouth, and fighting and killing one another, as inevitable. The Christian considers it his business not to try to set this right, but to look on this world as a temporary inn, and make sure that by faith in what the Church teaches he may secure his salvation in the hereafter.

Now, Tolstoy's observations of the world show him five great temptations that assail men. And his study of the Gospels has disclosed to him five great commandments, proclaimed by Christianity, by obedience to which alone we can be saved from these temptations and secure this present salvation. These temptations are those to contempt and enmity, to debauchery, to swearing, to violence, to a selfish patriotism. And the three great commandments are given by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount. (Matt. v. 21-28.)

The first temptation is that to anger against men. The first commandment is therefore to offend no one and by no act to excite evil in others. And, as this tendency arises out of the fashion of separating ourselves from our fellows and looking on only a few as our equals, he "can no longer give any support to anything that lifts me above others." "Everything that ever seemed to me right and important, such as honors, glory, civilization, the complications and refinements of existence, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette, have become for me wrong and despicable."

The second great temptation is licentiousness, and the second commandment to be in all things chaste and not to quit the wife we have taken. This abandoning of wives is the cause of all loose living in the world, and therefore amusements that are oil to the fire of sensuality, such as romantic literature, plays, operas, balls, are to be avoided.

The third temptation is in the use of God's name to sanction

impostures, and promising in advance to obey the commands of certain *men*, "when I ought to obey the commands of God alone." The most terrible evils—war, imprisonment, capital punishment—are justified and made possible by this exacting of oaths. Therefore, the third commandment is never to take an oath, for we can promise nothing to men.

The fourth temptation is the resort to violence for the resistance of evil. The use of force calls out force, and by seeking revenge we only teach others to do the same. We should therefore accept most literally the commandment, "Resist not evil." "We should bear with all violence and never return it; if any one would deprive you of anything, yield to his wishes; if any one would force you to labor, labor; if any one would take away your property, abandon it at his command." And, as what lead chiefly to this resort to violence are the institutions of private property and government, Tolstoy holds it no longer right to acquire property, nor sustain governments, nor act in a judicial capacity, "nor clothe myself with authority, nor encourage others in the exercise of authoritative administration."

The fifth temptation is the distinction that we make between compatriots and foreigners. But in the light of the Gospel we must recognize all men as the children of our Father and love all without distinction. And consequently "that imposture," as Tolstoy calls it, of an exclusive patriotism ought to be dismissed; and services rendered to one's own State at the expense of the welfare of other men, such as military exploits, are detestable. Nor can we coöperate with measures resulting from divisions between States, such as the collection of customs duties, taxes, the manufacture of arms, military service, and, for still stronger reasons, wars. The true Christian must renounce all war and do good to all men, whether they be foreigners or compatriots.

Tolstoy's religion is thus no transcendental theosophy, floating in the interstellar spaces, but a practical morality of the most rigorous kind—a personal and social law radically reconstructive of both Church and State. He believes that this



alone will heal the grave diseases that afflict our modern civilization. In his book, "What to Do," suggested by the census of Moscow and his personal experiences in its slums, he grapples with the same problem that in England and America so many are studying—the cause and possible remedy for the vice and poverty that fester in our great cities.

Henry George startled our American society by maintaining that the cause of poverty lies in the unearned land-increment and the consequent inequality in the division of wealth. "To cure it," says George, "tax land for its full rental value." But to Tolstoy to give the poor a greater share than now of the common wealth will do no good. Money is an evil in itself. Its existence makes a wall of separation between men. It exempts one class of men from labor and incites or compels others to overwork. The only remedy is to destroy altogether this wall of separation. The division of labor should not be in reference to classes, put personal, giving each man his share both in manual and intellectual labor. Good is to be done the poor only by personal contact and humane relations with them, without fear of dirt or contagion. The only property that exists for a man is himself.

In the same line of thought run his stories. They are wonderfully quaint and ingenious illustrations of his principles, in the imaginative forms that imbed truths in the mind of the common people. For example, in the story of "The Seed as Big as a Hen's Egg," the excellence of universal manual labor and free land is exhibited. This seed is discovered in a cave, and after long investigation is found to be a rye seed. But why was it so large? None such grow nowadays. The only man who can give any hint about it is an old peasant, blind and hobbling on two crutches. He refers them to his father, whose sight is only beginning to fail and who uses only one crutch. He tells them that seed in his day was much larger than now, but to find seed like this one must go back to the grandfather's day. The grandfather is brought in, who though so much older than the others yet walks erect and has keen eyes. He identifies the seed as that common in his own

day, but which has long ceased to grow. "Why is it," he is asked, "that such seed used to grow but does not now, and, while your grandson needs two crutches and your son needs one, you walk with perfect ease—and have better sight than either?"

"Because," replies the grandsire, "men have ceased to live by their own work and have begun to hanker after foreign things. My field was God's earth. The land was free; there was no such thing as private ownership. Men only laid claim to their work. We lived for God, and did not lust after others' possessions."

Again, in the tale of "Ivan the Fool," Tolstoy seeks to show how much better absolute non-resistance is, even when a country is inhabited by foreign armies, than resistance. Ivan is a prince so foolish (as people think him) as to have in his dominions no money and no judges, no police or army, and every one supports himself by his own handiwork. The devil, therefore, naturally dislikes him, and tries to ruin him. He has failed already, however, in various cunning stratagems, although the same devices easily overcome Ivan's brothers, who had bolstered themselves up both with armies and treasures. Then the devil renews his assault upon Ivan; and, as a sure means of overwhelming him, he stirs up the neighboring monarchs to invade Ivan's country. But when the invaders come in no army is to be found for them to fight; no one offers to resist them, but they are invited into the homes of the peaceful people. It becomes tiresome to the soldiers—all the excitement is gone. "It is like cutting kissel-jelly," they say. "We cannot make war any longer." Then they are commanded to burn the homes and grain, under penalty of death if they do not. But even then the fools offer no resistance, but only weep. "Why do ye evil for good?" "And it seemed so abominable to the soldiers themselves that the whole army took to its heels."

If there were a society of Christian men that did evil to no one and gave of their labor for the good of others, such a society, Tolstoy affirms, would have no enemies to kill or torture them. The foreigners would take only what the members



of this society voluntarily gave. Where the members of a family are Christians and hold their lives for the service of others, no man will be found insane enough to kill such men or deprive them of the necessities of life.

Such is the thorough-going Quakerism that Tolstoy advocates. While in England and in America the Quaker Church seems fast dying out, in the midst of Russian aristocracy and despotism it raises its voice again, in tones more penetrating than those of Fox or Penn—a voice that two continents are listening to. And what adds special force to Tolstoy's appeal is, that it is not with him a mere dream of the imagination or exhortation of the lips. What he preaches to others he *practises*. An American pilgrim to his home, who passed a day with him, describes the distinguished novelist—a nobleman of rank and a wealthy land proprietor, as he is—as dressing in peasant garb, as cobbling shoes with his own hands, and as having passed the morning in spreading manure on the lands of a poor widow in the neighborhood. He associates on terms of perfect equality with the raggedest of the common people.

On account of his mode of life, and the principles of faith and conduct that Tolstoy has adopted, he has been branded by certain American critics as a "crank." It is an undeserved stigma. Read the frank revelations in his "Confession," and the book entitled "My Religion," and notice how gradually he was led to his present faith; with what mental struggles and careful Scriptural and historical and theological examination it was attended; how logically the various parts of his system are built up; and what keen criticism of the weak points of our modern civilization they contain. Tolstoy but earnestly urges and would put into practise what the larger part of the Christian world has always theoretically held.

To the preachers and the church-members who insist on the infallibility of every word of the New Testament and that the words of Christ must be literally interpreted and strictly obeyed, but who pursue wealth as feverishly as any who support war, dueling, and lax divorce, Tolstoy's brave consistency is a severe rebuke—a wholesome appeal to all consciences that

still are quick to face the dilemma they have so long ignored, and either frankly adopt a more liberal view of Christianity or act up to the faith they profess.

As regards Tolstoy's methods of reform, there is opportunity, I believe, for just criticism. But the spirit and essence of his faith are in entire harmony with the spirit and essence of Christianity. If Tolstoy is to be pronounced a "crank," then the most revered saints of Christendom—St. Augustine, St. Francis, George Fox, even the Master himself, Jesus Christ—must also be pronounced "cranks." If he be a "crank," still we may retort, as a bright writer has put it, "he is a *crank* that turns the right way," and as long as his *direction* is right we may pardon a little eccentricity in the movement.

Tolstoy's gospel has two very different elements. There is on the one side the religious and spiritual element; on the other there are his social and politico-economic doctrines. And while in Tolstoy's treatment of them and from his own point of view they are constantly united, nevertheless, in any candid judgment upon the new Quakerism that he would have the world adopt, these two elements ought to be distinguished and separately treated.

Let me begin, then, with the second—his social, political, and economic doctrines. To lead the world back to a simpler mode of life and to more regular bodily exertion is, it must be admitted, a wholesome thing to strive for. The abuses of wealth in our modern society—the follies, the dissipation, the ruin of mind and body that flow from it in too many cases—deserve all Tolstoy's sarcasm, keen as its edge is. But to abolish money and all modern civilization, to renounce art and science and individual property, as Tolstoy proposes, and to expect to secure universal happiness by such a return to the Stone Age, is the remedy of the dreamer. Our civilization has undoubtedly its defects; but barbarism is, in no measure, either morally, religiously, or physically, superior to it.

Strike out all wealth, all accumulated capital, all the inventions and machines of modern times, and compel a nation like the Russian or the English to support itself on manual labor



alone—and the struggle for existence and the hardships of existence would be increased tenfold. The land, in fact, could not begin to support a fraction of the people it now does. Tolstoy accuses science and art of arrogating to themselves the right of idleness, and loading down the poor; as if the work of a Faraday or an Edison were not as much more severe than that of the navy with his pick as it is more fruitful in its results! With modern machinery a small part of the community supplies food and clothing for the rest. The trouble is not to find laborers, but business enough to keep the laborers employed. If division of labor and all the higher pursuits of education, art, science, knowledge, and amusement be discontinued; if personal and household servants be dismissed, as Tolstoy would have them, and each man and woman attend to what simple cares the rude simplicity that Tolstoy now admires allows; if the author, the preacher, the artist, the musician, the physician abandon their head-work and seek in the fields those "callouses on the hand" without which a man is, in Tolstoy's eyes, disgraced—such a change will only make the competition in the labor market sharper and the difficulty of keeping the wolf of hunger from the door harder than ever. In spite of the dark spots on our civilization, the progress of the common people in comfort, in justice, in social purity, in temperance, in moral and religious elevation has been most marked, and it is mainly due precisely to that class whom Tolstoy would for the future suppress—the class who gain their living, not in the sweat of their brow, but in the ache of brain: the leaders in State and Church, in science, in culture, in reform.

Money and private property are things that, like everything else, are prone to abuse; but they are not evils in themselves. On the contrary, they are the indispensable instruments of all social prosperity—the necessary incentives to industry, thrift, forethought, intelligence. The holding of land in common, not in severalty, was in early times a prevalent custom in many races all over the globe. But in all cases it has been found a failure, in the practical test that comes from the struggle for

life among tribes and nations, and has been superseded, in the progress of society, by private ownership. If its restoration would remedy the poverty and vice of nations, then such obscure parts of the earth as it still lingers in ought to be social paradises, free from all economic and moral ills. We have only to look at the village communities of India and our own Indian Territory to see how far this is from the truth.

As a curious commentary on the free-land panacea, we find that the advice given by intelligent observers of our Indian problem is that the best remedy to cure the laziness, shiftlessness, and dissipation prevalent among these wards of the nation is to divide up their common land into individual farms and throw the Indians on their own responsibility. And another curious fact is that the colossal estates of Russia and England that are now exciting such criticism among the advocates of communism are themselves the relics of the former communal system of land-holding existing in those nations, and never would have arisen without them.

We shall never reach the root of the unequal national conditions among men until we go back to the unequal powers and faculties and moral character of men themselves. All proposed remedies that hope to abolish these differences are idle. The only wise thing to do is, not to seek to suppress them but to turn them to the use of humanity. To serve the world best, each should use, not his lowest talent but his highest—his most special and effective faculty. In the wondrous intermeshing of human interests that God has ordained, no man can build up a great commercial industry or publish a noble book without benefiting the rest of the world. There is no invention that advantages simply the inventor. The rich man who, by his liberal purchases of the handiwork of the poor, supports a hundred mechanics in honest industry does both them and society far more good than if he had given them an equivalent amount in alms. He does a hundred times more than if, as Tolstoy would have him, he made his own shoes and hoed his corn himself. And while Count Tolstoy undoubtedly benefits his own health by working in the fields with his peasants, yet



for him to renounce literature altogether for such labor would be as far from helping the world in the best way as to use razors for our wood-chopping, Bibles for kindling stuff, or poets as beasts of burden.

This is my first criticism on Tolstoy's proposed reforms. And in regard to that other revolution that he would work in our ethics and politics,—his doctrine of absolute non-resistance, his proposed disuse of all force by the just and peaceable minded, leaving it as the monopoly of the robber and the tyrant, and the giving up of courts, police, taxes, governments,—in this, also, I believe he has carried his enthusiasm for the reign of love and peace to a thoroughly impracticable extreme. Were all men perfectly peaceful, just, and unselfish, such a method of living would undoubtedly be proper and wise. But in that case all exhortations to it would be unnecessary. This spirit of love and peace is undoubtedly the spirit in which we should always act,—and its ideal is the goal that we should strive to attain. But, in the world in which we actually live, the conditions and material we have to deal with are too far from ideal to allow us always to practise it.

War is a barbarous way of settling disputes. All civilized nations ought to abandon it, submitting themselves to the decision of an international court. Police and constables and courts even are not ideal means of maintaining justice and order, but simply the *least* of evils. Kindness should always be tried first. All the arts of moral suasion should be exhausted before physical force is resorted to. But there are those (such is the universal teaching of stern experience) too selfish, too imbruted, to be touched by these influences. They understand no argument but compulsion, and will cease from their robbery, their tyranny, their rioting, and their murdering only when forced to. Unless the good choose to give up the control of society into the hands of its wickedest members, allowing injustice and disorder and violence full rein, they must themselves maintain order and force equity. The only chance for any stable peace and righteousness in the

State is by so enthroning law upon the shoulders of force as to intimidate and suppress its disturbers. Tolstoy says he would shoot the bear that attacks him without hesitation, but to the man bent on murdering him or slaughtering his mother he would be entirely passive. But to my mind the man who deliberately murders an innocent human being is more of a wild beast than the bear and far less deserving of mercy. Such a murderer may have *once* been a man; but in the hour that he resolved on such a crime he renounced his birthright.

Tolstoy quotes to Christians the word of Christ, "Resist not evil," and declares it to have been meant as a commandment to be literally obeyed, without any exception. For my part I believe that he whom we consider the perfect man was not destitute of that common sense which is the crowning quality in manhood, and that if we carry out the precept to that extent and under those conditions which common sense dictates we shall carry it as far as Christ ever meant us to. Did not the Master himself take a scourge of small cords and drive the traders, who had defiled the temple, out of the holy court, like sheep before his honest wrath?

About fifty years ago, here in America, we had a large society of non-resistants, founded by Wm. Lloyd Garrison. But when our civil war came it melted away like snow before April sunshine. There are crises when all that is noblest in man tells him that endurance has ceased to be a virtue, and that the man who would not desert the trusts that both the generations that have gone and the generations that are to come look to him to guard must sacrifice not only peace but life itself, if need be, in defense of the right.

In reference to wealth, Tolstoy teaches the solidarity of the race—that the true life is the common life of all. But in reference to government and social order he forgets it. It is precisely for the sake of this common good—for our neighbors' and children's sake and that of generations yet unborn—that we are bound to vindicate justice and make right reign even at the cost of human life. Tolstoy has a profound faith that retribution will overtake the evil-doer—that Providence will



set all things right in due time. But how else does God's retribution work than through his human agents, who valiantly and unflinchingly carry out his laws? How else does Providence set right the world than through the stout-hearted and strong-armed champions of righteousness, who refuse to bow down to tyranny and injustice? All history shows that, when good men fail to coöperate positively and earnestly in suppressing evil, God will not do their work for them. No man yet cleared the earth of weeds by gently folding his hands and allowing them to have their own way. No kingdom of peace and love and virtue will ever arise by simply giving wrong-doers universal license.

Tolstoy's methods of social and political reform seem to me, therefore, impracticable. But in view of Russian life their development does not appear strange. In its government, administration, and social and moral condition, Russia seems to be five centuries behind the age. In no country pretending to hold a place among civilized nations do there exist, I suppose, such arbitrary and cruel despotism, such high-handed disregard of law, such political jobbery and social corruption, such extremes of barbaric luxury and squalid poverty, ignorance and inertia. The resort of Nihilists to assassinations and intimidations, and the reign of terror that their conspiracies have essayed to inaugurate, have so far only made matters worse. The resort to revolution in Russia is premature. Public opinion must first be enlightened and elevated; the moral atmosphere must be purified and tempered.

If Tolstoy's denunciation of the use of force in any form, and his opposition to the whole governmental and military system be too sweeping, this exaggeration itself but serves the better to draw attention to these undoubted evils. I am inclined to think that the very extremes into which Tolstoy's New Quakerism has run are practically, for the present exigency in Russia, a good thing. It is one of those epochs when no moderate criticism, no reform propositions except those of the most radical sort, can stir the general apathy. Some of my readers will remember how it was here in the United States

in reference to that equally terrible abuse, slavery. For years reformers and clergymen had tried to rouse the people to a sense of its enormity, and to get something done, however little, to check the growth of the evil. But it was not until Garrison and Phillips dropped gentle expostulation to denounce the Constitution itself as a league with hell and a covenant with Satan, and to urge the dissolution of the Union as a lesser evil than to continue to be responsible for slavery, that the anti-slavery protest got any serious attention from either our statesmen or the great mass of our Northern people.

One of the curious facts about human nature is this singular tendency to hang back and to "split the difference" with any one who presents himself as its guide or monitor; to compromise alike with its enemies and its own ideals and felt duty: so that if you want to get a man one mile ahead you must command him to go two; if you want the cloak, which you believe is your right, you must ask at the outset for both coat and cloak. Wise men have always understood this trait in human nature and acted on it. So I believe did Christ, in those maxims which, taken in that figurative and spiritual sense in which Christ uttered them, are so admirable, but which Tolstoy takes with such uncalled-for literalness.

The very reasons, therefore, that show Tolstoy's Scriptural interpretations and social theories to be unadapted for general acceptance make me believe that in Russia, weighed down under the incubus of its military tyranny, they will do good. Its very paradoxes arouse attention and supply perhaps the only present method of escape.

Among Tolstoy's late tales for the people, there are two of peculiar grace and sweetness. One is of two pilgrims who start to travel to Jerusalem and visit the holy tomb of Christ. One pilgrim on the way runs across a starving family and stays with them, to relieve their wants, till his money is exhausted and he has to return without making any pilgrimage. The other, looking carefully out for himself, pushes through to the Holy Sepulcher—only to find his charitable companion dis-



closed to him in a vision, as already before him, standing close to the holy of holies.

In another story, a poor shoemaker is looking forward to the coming of the Lord, who in a dream has promised to visit him. At length through a series of experiences he finds out that it is in the form of the needy and tempted human beings about him that the Lord comes, and that the best honor and greeting we can give him is by deeds of loving-kindness and peace-making. "Where *Love* is, there *God* is also."

Yes; only where sympathy with our fellows and a helpful hand to uphold them in their hours of weakness exist is the Divine Spirit present. This is in truth the Christianity of Christ—the only genuine worship of God. In making love to man the supreme thing, Tolstoy is in line with all true teachers of religion. Through what methods this love may best work, in what form it may most wisely embody itself—as to this there may naturally be different opinions. Each country, each different age and exigency, has different needs. The essential thing is that the disinterested heart be the driving impulse; that every motive be high and pure, and every purpose beneficent and unselfish.

To have the mind that was in Christ Jesus—to attain to the spirit of all-embracing, all-enduring Love that was in him: it is this mind and spirit rather than any special line of action or non-action that constitutes the Christian life. And it is this, and nothing short of this—in its most ardent enthusiasm, in its most universal exercise, in its wisest, most prudent, most scientific application—that can cure our social system of its evils and make of Christendom the kingdom of heaven on earth that it should be.

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## THE DIVINE QUEST;

(OR, THE AGE-LONG DREAM OF THE FRATERNAL STATE.

*(Number One.)*

"Old legends tell us of a Golden Age,  
When earth was guiltless,—gods the guests of men,  
Ere sin had dimmed the heart's illumined page,  
And prophet-voices say 'twill come again.  
O happy age! when Love shall rule the heart,  
And time to live shall be the poor man's dower."

—*Gerald Massey.*

**I**T has been said that the dreams that nations dream come true; and certain it is that great moral or ethical ideals, which haunt the brains of earth's noblest sons and persist from age to age, gaining in fulness, clearness, and symmetry as through successive civilizations they are handed down by the apostles of progress, are destined to be realized precisely in proportion as the mind of the people becomes awakened and the moral nature gains ascendancy over animal instincts and selfish desires.

The dream of the Fraternal State is older than civilization. In its earlier expression it came as a haunting memory of a half-forgotten dream—the fascinating wonder-story of an Elysium or an Edenic State, long since lost but some day to be regained. Far back in the dim past, where myths are mingled with facts and history is interwoven with legends, the student of human life is often startled by the prescience of the poets, prophets, and philosophers, as, while vaguely voicing the heart-hunger and hopes of humanity, they touch upon the great fundamental or basic principles that must be recognized by man and become the basis of social government in any civilization that endures—such as the solidarity of the race, the brotherhood of man, justice to all, equality of opportunity and privilege, and that love that makes justice a passion in the hearts of men.



These basic truths came vaguely at first before the minds even of the greatest prophets, philosophers, and lawgivers. They were at best but partial appearances, but gleams of light, but flashes of the fundamental verities, that for many ages did not extend beyond tribes, nations, or races. Later the underlying principles of enduring progress gradually assumed nobler proportions; and as the years vanished there arose from time to time great lawgivers, such as Moses and Solon, who not only voiced the best ideals of justice present among their people, but at times revealed the presence of inspirational glimpses far in advance of their age. Statesmen and executives also arose who in a more or less enlightened manner sought to emphasize the duties of society to its less fortunate children, and thus expressing in a degree at least the fraternal spirit that is the thread of gold extending along the highway of progress and broadening and brightening as civilization moves toward the day.

A striking example of this character is furnished by the ancient Athenian statesman, Pisistratus, who on coming into power found the city thronged with beggars. Poverty flaunted itself on every hand, and, as men must eat to live, crime went hand in hand with starvation.

"Why do you not work and earn a home, food, and raiment?" inquired the ruler.

"We have no opportunity," came the prompt reply.

"There is plenty of idle land."

"True, but what would result if the poor man attempted to till it without the permission of those who claim to own it; and if the land was free, how could we earn a livelihood without a penny wherewith to buy seeds, tools, or beasts to till the soil?"

There was justice in the reply, and the statesman at once set to work to portion out the idle land around Athens. The seeds, tools, and beasts necessary for cultivation were furnished the poor of Athens by the State, after which the ruler forbade begging in the city. As a result uninvited poverty disappeared; the idle land yielded abundantly; all the people were blessed through the plenteous harvests; the class that had been a bur-

den became prosperous, independent, and a blessing to the State. Such, indeed, was the transformation that for long generations men were wont to speak of the Golden Age of Pisistratus.

At a later date Plato presented a far higher and broader vision of social justice than had hitherto been voiced by poet, philosopher, or idealist—a vision limited in a degree by the circumscribed horizon of the civilization of the age in which it was born, but, time and circumstances considered, marvelous in its philosophic breadth of thought, in its prophetic reach into the distant future, and in its grasp of certain great fundamental truths upon which the laws of civilization and progress depend. Plato was followed by Cicero and others who evidently gained inspiration and ideals from the master mind of Hellas.

The noble idealism of Plato was complemented by luminous glimpses of truth from certain leaders of that austere and prosaic school of thinkers, the Stoics. Thus, for example, we find Epictetus impressing upon his disciples ethical verities and rules of conduct, which prove that the basic law of the solidarity of society and the mutual dependence of all the units that make up the State, which is now for the first time taking hold of the popular imagination in a large way, was thus early apprehended by this philosopher. On one occasion Epictetus said:

“You are citizens of the Universe, and a part of it; not a subordinate but a principal part. You are capable of comprehending the divine economy and considering the connection of things. What does the character of a citizen imply? To hold no private interest; to deliberate of nothing as a separate individual, but rather like the hand or the foot, which if they had reason and comprehended the conditions of Nature would never presume or desire but with reference to the whole.”

The luminous flashes of truth and the illustrations of sincere attempts of lawgivers and rulers to incorporate into practise noble dreams and ideals far in advance of their age were, however, only isolated examples of the presence of a gleam of



the larger law of life that foreshadowed the rise of justice and the advent of the spirit of fraternity. But until the coming of the Great Nazarene these were but solitary voices crying in the wilderness of life—iconoclastic utterances spoken in an almost unknown tongue; because no thought was more foreign to the great peoples of earth than that of a common origin of life, or that all men were brothers. The Jew was proud and exclusive, confident that he belonged to a peculiar people who were the special object of the affection of Deity. All other nations were called Gentiles—as a term of reproach. To him they were common and unclean. To the Greek all save the Hellenes were barbarians; while nowhere was found greater self-satisfaction or a more pronounced feeling of superiority than among the free citizens of Imperial Rome.

It remained for Jesus to declare the solidarity of life. He and his accredited disciples laid broad and deep the foundations of the Fraternal State when they taught that all races and peoples sprang from a common source of being, from *One Father*; that that Father was no respecter of persons, and whose impartiality was beautifully symbolized by the sun, dew, and rain, which refreshed and nourished alike the tree, fruit, flower, and the wayside weed.

In the teachings of Jesus and the Gospels that his disciples proclaimed, Deity no longer dwelt apart from man—cold, indifferent, and cynical. No; He was at all times to be considered as the All-Father. Hence followed the necessary corollary that all men were brothers. Moreover, Jesus in the Golden Rule and in his code of ethics rendered the Fraternal State inevitable so soon as society would or could accept his teachings in a life-molding or compelling way.

In the teachings of the New Testament this great fact of the common source of life is constantly dwelt upon. Thus we are told that "God made of one blood all nations of men" (Acts xvii. 24-26); and again that "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all" (Eph. iv. 4-6).

Here was a conception of Deity strange and revolutionary

alike to Jew, Greek, and Roman. True, to the former the idea of one God was nothing new; but the doctrine that this Deity was a common Father of all men, and not a respecter of persons, was as wholly revolutionary and inimical to Jewish racial prejudice and to all preconceived ideas as it was fundamental to a true scientific conception of a Fraternal State or a love-knit federated world; while to the Romans and Greeks monotheism was revolutionary. In the Pantheon were rival and warring gods and goddesses. Hatred and discord were not unknown to Olympia. Jealousy and struggle and unrest were the heritage of gods as well as of men. Into this confused thought-world came the new declaration of a common origin of life, of a Deity who was a Father, and whose love encompassed and enfolded all mankind.

If God is Father of all, and if He made of one blood all nations, then all men are brothers or comrades and neighbors, to be loved and cared for even as one loves himself; and, lest men should in after years deny their obligations to those whom in their pride they might consider their inferiors, Jesus gave a striking illustration of who is the "neighbor" in the beautiful parable of the good Samaritan. And when the apostles went forth to preach it was to the once despised Gentile as well as to the Jew that they carried this wonderful new evangel of love-knit fraternity. No man henceforth was to be called common or unclean. And how pregnant with the vital spirit of the Fraternal State are the ethical teachings of Jesus and his disciples!—

"All things, therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." (Matt. vii. 12). "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." [This last command is solemnly repeated by the apostle Paul, who in his letter to the Galatians (v. 14) says: "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: that thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."]

"Render to no man evil for evil. . . . If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. . . . Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." (Romans xii. 17, 20, 21.)



"He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. . . . Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." (Romans xiii. 8-10.)

"Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee." (Luke xiv. 12, 13.)

It will be seen that the key-note of Christ's law of conduct is found in that all-comprehending Love that goes out to all mankind, and most freely of all to the poor, the down-trodden, the oppressed, and the unfortunate ones. His life also grandly filled the measure of his teachings. Possessed of marvelous insight and power, with life's trials and temptations on every hand, he denied himself a home and the common comforts of life, that he might mingle with the lowly, the sick, the afflicted and sin-burdened, and help them. To the woman taken in sin he cries, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." To the leper, instead of drawing back with aversion, he goes forward and touches his decaying flesh, saying, "I will; be thou made clean." In the presence of the heart-broken sister of his friend, Lazarus, Jesus wept. Always and at all times, not only the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but also a passionate love for life's unfortunate ones, gleamed and glowed from his life.

Jesus did not pretend to expound a theory of social government. He knew that there could be no such thing as a Fraternal State until man came to a recognition of the solidarity of life—till he accepted the great fundamental truth of the brotherhood of man, with all it implied. He knew, furthermore, that the Golden Rule and the laws of conduct that he broadly outlined must take a firm hold of a considerable part of society before a government based on liberty, love, justice, and equality of opportunity would be possible. Therefore, he addressed himself primarily to the individual, but at the same time he laid broad and deep the foundations of the Fraternal

State, teaching laws of conduct that, if lived up to by his disciples, would create a social state that would blossom in the beauty of justice and love whenever a people became Christian in deed as well as in name.

The early Church, ere it began to compromise with the self-seeking spirit of the Jewish and the pagan world, translated the spirit of Jesus' teachings into life; for we are told that—

"The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." (Acts iv. 32.)

And again:

"Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." (Acts iv. 34, 35.)

It was not to be expected that a philosophy of life so radically revolutionary and opposed to popular prejudice and to the passions and ambitions of the rich and powerful of earth would make instant headway. But the magnificent attempt of the early Church to carry out the luminous ethics of Jesus in daily life must ever remain a golden moment in the history of human ascent, and an inspiration as well as proof positive of the intent of Jesus and his disciples to carry the religion of Fraternity at least into the lives of all who claimed to be the followers of the Great Nazarene. The revolutionary theory, however, was ere long choked by the tares of worldliness, the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. The Church sought to win over the State. Compromises followed, with the result that the Church became far more secular than the world became, in a true sense, Christianized. And Rome, corrupt, brutalized, and enervated, reeled forward like a drunken colossus toward her ruin. The northern Barbarians overpowered the Mistress of the World, and then came that long night-time of feudalistic anarchy which we call the Dark Ages—a time of war, turmoil, strife, and slaughter. Lords,



barons, chiefs, and petty kings warred against one another and despoiled the lands of their adversaries. Society was divided into three classes—small groups of masters or rulers, the retainers, and the serfs. The latter slaved to create wealth to enrich the lords and to support the retainers.

It was a time of eclipse for learning, science, art, and progress, in the large or modern sense of those terms. Interminable strife and social anarchy paralyzed society, retarded development, and overcast Europe like a mighty pall.

At length, however, a change stole over Western civilization. There came a new awakening, so deep and profound that it touched life on every side. The Dark Ages faded before the light of Modern Times. Again the dream of the Fraternal State came into bold relief against the dark background of oppression, greed, and selfishness that prevailed; and with the new impetus in the ideal world came a startling story of the strange socialistic civilization of the Incas found in the newly-discovered Western world.

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## ORIGIN OF AMERICAN POLYGAMY.

THE object of this article is to lay before the readers of THE ARENA as clear and brief a statement of the origin of plural marriage—or polygamy, as it is usually called in America—as the space allotted will permit. In order to do this it will be necessary first to make a statement of the religious movement with which it is supposed the practise originated.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was instituted April 6, 1830, in Seneca, Fayette County, New York, being organized with six members out of about thirty believers, among whom was Joseph Smith, who became the presiding elder of the church, which position he held until his death.

The church claimed divine origin in that it was organized by virtue of direct revelation, its foundation principles and articles of faith being formulated upon such revelation, given both before and after the organization took place. These directions and principles included declarations of belief in God the Father, Christ the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and presented ordinances by which members affiliating with the church became identified with the body of Christ as understood by all religionists, and were entitled to receive testimony by which the fact that Jesus was the Christ was confirmed. These principles also involved the subject of the Sabbath, or Lord's Day, and rules establishing and to govern the domestic relation.

In 1831, by virtue of commandments received by revelation, among other directions given to the church is the following: "Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her and none else." Not long after this was received, a mission was undertaken among the Shakers, who as an article of faith discarded the marriage relation, and the question arose as to what should be the character of the teaching of the elders who should undertake this mission. The matter was



made a subject of prayer, and in answer thereto the following was received :

“And again I say unto you, that whoso forbiddeth to marry is not ordained of God, for marriage is ordained of God unto man ; wherefore it is lawful that he should have one wife, and they twain shall be one flesh, and all this that the earth might answer the end of its creation, and that it might be filled with the measure of man, according to his creation before the world was made.”

On August 17, 1835, a solemn assembly was held at Kirkland, Ohio, at which an agreement upon articles of doctrine and faith was reached and prepared for publication to the church and the world. Among these articles of belief, the following touching the marriage relation was adopted :

“Marriage should be celebrated with prayer and thanksgiving ; and at the solemnization the persons to be married, standing together, the man on the right and the woman on the left, shall be addressed by the person officiating, as he shall be directed by the Holy Spirit ; and if there be no legal objections he shall say, calling each by their names : ‘You both mutually agree to be each other’s companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition ; that is, keeping yourselves wholly for each other, and from all others, during your lives.’ And when they have answered ‘Yes,’ he shall pronounce them ‘husband and wife’ in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the laws of the country and authority vested in him : ‘May God add his blessings and keep you to fulfil your covenants from henceforth and forever. Amen.’”

“All legal contracts of marriage made before a person is baptized into this church should be held sacred and fulfilled. Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again.”

This declaration of belief in regard to the domestic relation was formulated and published upon the consideration of the quotations from the revelations cited above, and upon the

further understanding that at the creation there had been provided but one companion in wedlock for either man or woman, as stated in Genesis: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh."

This is interpreted by Jesus in Matthew xix. 4-6, to limit the relation, by his rendition, to one of either sex in the marriage bond. In striking confirmation of these texts quoted from the Old and the New Testaments, the Book of Mormon, which is recognized as revelation to the church and is supposed by some to have been the source of inspiration to Joseph Smith and the church, provides distinctly for the duality of the marriage relation; and it may be news to the readers of THE ARENA that this book, which is so generally condemned by religious contemporaries of the church, contains provisions so strongly denunciatory of the dogma of plural marriage, or polygamy. The following quotation from the Book of Mormon will show clearly what is meant by the above statement:

"For, behold, thus saith the Lord, This people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the scriptures: for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were written concerning David, and Solomon his son. Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord; wherefore, thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem, by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph. Wherefore, I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them of old. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord: For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none: For I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me: thus saith the Lord of Hosts. . . . Wherefore, this people shall keep my commandments, saith the Lord of Hosts, or cursed be the land for their sakes."

The foregoing is sufficient to show that at the institution



and during the formative period of the church the marriage relation was clearly understood to be monogamic. Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the chief officers of the church and principal exponents of its principles, presided over the church until their death, which occurred June 27, 1844, they being shot to death by a mob while awaiting trial in the county jail at Carthage, Hancock County, Illinois, it being believed by those who thus killed them that, were they allowed a fair trial before the proper courts of the State, they would be acquitted of any charge against them.

During the fourteen years of their active missionary work the membership of the church had increased from six at its organization to a number variously estimated from 150,000 to 200,000 in the United States, Europe, and the Islands. In all the States and Territories in which the church had local organizations the laws were prohibitive of bigamy or polygamy, providing punishment by fine and otherwise for any infraction of the monogamic rule. That plural marriage or polygamy was not a church tenet at any time during the lifetime of Joseph and Hyrum Smith is very clearly established by the fact that there cannot be found any public statement in sermon, tract, treatise, or paper written or published by any officer of the church or any persons by their direction either advocating or defending the dogma.

The following statements by persons who have written upon the subject of Mormonism, and who were strongly partizan opponents of the church and its doctrine, are good collateral evidence upon the point.

From "History of the Mormons," by A. M. Smucker: "It is utterly incredible that Joseph Smith—who, great impostor that he was, never missed an opportunity to denounce seducers and adulterers as unfit to enter into his church—should have been concerned directly or indirectly in proceedings like these; though it is scarcely surprising that, when such stories had been circulated by men whom the Prophet had thwarted or reprimanded, there should have been found some persons willing to credit them."

William Hepworth Dixon, in his "New America," makes the following statements: "Many of these non-pluralist saints exist in Missouri and in Illinois. Even among those who fondly cling to their church at Salt Lake City, it is apparent to me that nineteen in twenty have no interest, and not much faith, in polygamy. The belief that their founder, Joseph, never lived in this objectionable state is widely spread. . . . Still, no proof has ever yet been adduced to show that Joseph either lived as a polygamist or dictated the revelation in favor of a plurality of wives. That he did not openly live with more than one woman is admitted by all—or by nearly all; and, so far as his early and undoubted writings are concerned, nothing can be clearer than that his feelings were opposed to the doctrines and practises which have since his death become the high notes of his church."

Frederick C. Lee, a Methodist preacher, said in the San Francisco *Examiner*, March 5, 1899: "I will here state that polygamy constituted no part of Mormonism as originally set forth by Joseph Smith. In fact the Book of Mormon expressly prohibits it in these words: 'Wherefore I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people do like unto them of old. For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none.'"

Mrs. Stenhouse, writing from her personal association with the church, in her work against Mormonism, states: "The reader must remember that at that time (1849) polygamy was unheard of as a doctrine of the saints; and blood-atonement, the doctrine that Adam is God, together with the polytheism and priestly theocracy of after years, were things undreamed of."

Mrs. C. V. Waite, wife of the Hon. C. B. Waite, in 1876 Chief Justice in Utah, in writing upon Mormonism, says: "Previous to the year 1852, it was also an orthodox principle of the Mormon religion that a man should have but one wife, to whom he should be true and faithful. . . . But the greatest change of all in the Mormon religion, made by Brigham Young, was the introduction and establishment of polygamy."



This was no part of the Mormon system of religion as originally established. On the contrary, it was expressly repudiated by all the Mormon writers and speakers previous to 1852, and in Europe for some years afterward."

To these evidences from outside sources may be added the following statements made by members of the Utah Church, which may serve to fix the time when plural marriage, or polygamy, was introduced as a tenet into the faith of a portion of the church.

George Q. Cannon, a man well known to the public in connection with the church in Utah, stated in an address, June 11, 1871: "A prevalent idea has been that this prejudice against us owes its origin and continuation to our belief in a plurality of wives; but when it is recollected that the mobbings, drivings, and expulsions from cities, counties, and States which we endured, and our exodus to these mountains, all took place before the revelation of that doctrine was publicly known, it will be seen that our belief in it has not been the cause of persecution. . . . Joseph and Hyrum Smith were persecuted to death previous to the church having any knowledge of this doctrine."

Hiram B. Clawson, a son-in-law of President Brigham Young, referring to the driving of the church from Illinois, said: "Polygamy at that time was unknown among those of the Mormon faith. . . . The doctrine of polygamy was not promulgated until they got to Salt Lake—not in fact until some little time after they arrived there."

Brigham Young stated to Senator Trumbull at Salt Lake City in 1869: "As to our institutions, we know we are right; and polygamy, which you object to, was not originally a part of our system, but was adopted by us as a necessity after we came here."

From these evidences it is clear that plural marriage was not a tenet of the church nor practised prior to the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith in 1844. It now remains to fix the date when the tenet and its practise were introduced and became a part of the creed and history of so-called Mormonism.

On August 29, 1852, as stated by Mrs. Waite, this change in regard to the domestic relation was made. It is declared that upon that date, at a special conference held in Salt Lake City, by order of President Brigham Young, he being present, a so-called revelation said to have been received by Joseph Smith July 12, 1843, was read by Elder Orson Pratt and a sermon in its defense preached by him, in which he made the following statement: "It is quite unexpected to me, brethren and sisters, to be called upon to address you upon the principle that has been named, namely, a plurality of wives. It is rather new ground for me; that is, I have not been in the habit of publicly speaking upon this subject; . . . consequently, we shall have to break up new ground."

This was eight years, two months, and two days after the death of Joseph Smith. There has been no sufficient accounting for the whereabouts of this document during this interim of over eight years, nor has the identity of the document itself been sufficiently established. President Young makes the statement in reference to it that it was in his private possession under lock and key, and its existence was known only to himself and possibly a few others whom he may have chosen to make acquainted with its existence. Further than this, the document presented by President Young was stated by him to be a copy only, and that the original had been burned by Emma, the wife of Joseph Smith, whom he married January 18, 1827, in South Bainbridge, New York.

In reference to this charge against the wife of the Prophet, she distinctly affirmed during her lifetime after the death of her husband that she neither saw, read, nor heard read, was not in possession of, nor burned any such document; hence, the only evidence upon which the identity of the document is presented or sustained is that of President Brigham Young. This, taken with the statements of President Young, H. B. Clawson, G. Q. Cannon, and Elder Orson Pratt, as heretofore quoted, proves conclusively that the dogma or practise of plural marriage, or polygamy, was not introduced by Joseph Smith, but by Brigham



Young and those who were associated with him, August 29, 1852.

It may be urged that women of Utah have stated to the public that they were the wives of the Prophet Joseph Smith; but the evidences of such relationship will not stand the test of examination. This has been amply proved by the fact that in a suit prosecuted by the Reorganized Church against a body of believers in Independence, Missouri, for the possession of a piece of land once held by the original church at that place, and in which suit the Utah Church took an active part, testimony was taken in Salt Lake City and submitted in said case tried before Judge John F. Philips, of the Circuit Court of the United States for the Western Division of the Western District of Missouri—which testimony failed utterly to maintain the statements of said Utah women. Besides this, the Prophet's wife, Emma, and her immediate family, deny all knowledge of any such relationship existing; and it is also a fact that no children were born to the Prophet Joseph Smith except by his legal and only wife Emma, whose marriage has been noticed heretofore.

The evidences of such alleged marriages have been carefully and repeatedly examined and found to be insufficient, and the production of offspring by such alleged marriages has been persistently challenged upon the part of the sons of the Prophet for the last forty and more years.

Two of the sons of the Prophet have traveled in Utah and the adjacent territory for many years, and have always been ready to present their views in opposition to plural marriage and have demanded their right as the sons of Joseph Smith to defend him against the allegation that he was the responsible agent in the introduction of plural marriage into the tenets of the church. These men are still ready and willing to maintain their contention, and to dispute the claims made by any that Joseph Smith, their father, either taught or practised plural marriage.

JOSEPH SMITH.

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## THE MOTIVE OF MASTERY.

“**Y**OU will have to change human nature before you can accomplish your end in that reform!” What enthusiastic reformer has not had his blood chilled by the wet blanket that invariably accompanies these words? They greet us on every hand, and come with the same readiness from the saloonist and the minister of the Gospel. The worst thing about this statement is its truth. And it behooves us carefully to examine what it may mean, and to see whether or not the task set us is an impossible one.

Clearly, by the expression “human nature” cannot be meant the present bodily structure of the human race. The physical type and pattern has been perfected. And since it is not a physical fact that is to be considered, it must be a psychical one. It is truly the minds—the thinking nature of men—that must be changed. But neither does this mean the method or system of thinking; the logical method, inductive or deductive, is quite satisfactory for all purposes thus far. Nor is it that part of man’s mind which has to do with the perception of the facts round about him; though this may and probably does need a training better than that which it now ordinarily receives, it does not need to be radically changed. Memory, reason, perception—the faculties of man—are not in need of change, except such as would come through a more thorough training. Where, then, does the great necessity for a change lie?

Probably all will agree that it lies in the motives that furnish the dynamics for these faculties and determine the method of their use. And yet here we may not rush in recklessly and demand an entire reconstruction. There are those who would say that new motives should be substituted for all those which now actuate men; but this can hardly be true. The motive of pleasure, which is most commonly attacked in this connection, is after all one of the normal motives, and needs only to be



properly balanced by others to serve a useful and even essential part in man's life. The motive of self-preservation, the first instinct of man, may not be removed and leave him a normal being.

It may safely be said that those motives which relate to a man's personal existence and comfort may be left practically unmolested, except as they will naturally modify one another. It is when the motives of the man reach out and attempt to shape his relations to other men that we must begin carefully to scrutinize them. Especially will this view of the matter appear to be the true one when we realize that what we are considering is that change in human nature which is to have its effect in various directions in a changed social order.

Among those motives which at present may be found to be dominant in the life of the average man there are none more common than what may be termed the motive of *mastery*. And to show that this is the point at which this change is to be which is to result in such desirable effects upon the common life will be the object of this paper.

Now, it is not wrong for a man to have pleasure; but for him to seek his pleasure in the mastery of the lives of other men, thus destroying or limiting the possibility of their pleasure, is not a thing to be commended. There can be no objection to a man seeking the preservation of his own life; but we have come to count that man a coward who would seek to preserve his own life by the mastery over and sacrifice of other lives. Evidently much of the evil of our present mode of living can be traced in this way to that which has come to be the dominant trait of our civilization—the present control of the lives and powers of the many by and for the benefit of the few. This is the meaning of the saloon problem, of the economic problem, and of the political problem in our cities.

We have proved time and again that there is no gain in a change of masters. What is wanted is the abolition of the master. That once safely accomplished, we reasonably expect the slave to attend to his own disappearance as a slave. So long as men are willing to be masters, so long will they and

others suffer from the ills of slavery. Not until an effective majority can be found willing to be something less, or greater, than masters of other men, will it be found possible to abolish the evils of slavery. Men are slaves because they cannot help themselves. The slave is the captive, in all history. It is foolish to find fault with men for being willing to be slaves: no man would be anything but a master if he could help himself. Men are masters because they *can* help themselves, though they be in the minority, as the masters have always been. But it is because the mass of men think that they see an advantage in the idea of mastery—an advantage the fruit of which they are willing and hopeful some day to reap for themselves—that they have been willing to tolerate the idea and principle so long upon the earth, and themselves be the subjects of the mastery of other men.

It is very evident that the ambition of every man to-day, be he poor or rich, is to be a master. It is not that there are few for whom this is the controlling motive, but that there are many. The majority wish to realize this kind and type of power, and are willing to be masters: for no sooner is one master—whether of political power or of economic control—thrown from his place than a thousand are struggling to succeed him, and unwilling that the place should be abolished. If it were true that only a few are actuated by this motive, it would not take very long for the master to disappear from the face of the earth; for the masters have always been the members of a constantly moving procession, whose ranks are formed as they fall by new aspirants for the curse of fame and power.

On investigation we shall find that this motive of mastery is contrary to two well-established laws of human life. The first is the law of greatness in the development of individual character; the second is the law of social progress.

The law of greatness in individual character is, that greatness comes not through the mastery of others, primarily, but through the mastery of *self*. He is the greatest, not who is the master of all, but who has by a development of himself beyond the common become the servant of all. The highest



human powers are of such a nature that when used exclusively for the benefit of the individual they are self-destructive. Accordingly, he who would attain the highest development of character must once and for all give up the motive of mastery. Masters are needed only in barbarous times, and to drive men to the tasks of barbarism; and according as men rise above the barbaric level they come to have higher ideals of the individual life—ideals that would not be fulfilled by the most magnificent, barbaric splendor of mastery. This is the result of that process which we call education.

But the tendency and result of all education is self-mastery: its motive is constantly and directly the mastery from within. This is increasingly true as the man comes to recognize that there is more to be conquered within than without, and also that once the inner forces are under control the outer world is comparatively easy of conquest. We need, of course, to acknowledge that this training acquired in the mastery of self may be very efficient in securing a mastery over those who have not achieved a like self-control. We need also to see that the lesson of history is that every man who has selfishly used his powers for the mastery of other lives has had to pay the penalty sooner or later.

It is also obvious that, among those who have had equal benefits of education, this training in self-mastery will come to have two results at least, viz.: (1) a refusal to be mastered by others, arising from the sense of individual worth increased, together with the power successfully to defy the mastery of others, and (2) a coöperation in matters of common interest arising from the obvious advantage to be gained in this way. But in a system of coöperation masters are not needed, though administrators may be convenient.

Nor is this the only principle inherent in humanity against which the man who holds the motive of mastery must struggle; for it is also a law of social progress that society advances in the degree that men coöperate. Less and less is mastery, or even leadership, the dominant factor in human affairs. Just in the degree that men have ceased to find profit for them-

selves in the idea of mastery, and have chosen as the method of the common life some less centralized source of direction and initiative, *e.g.*, in government, has progress been made. The direction of political progress is from the tyrant to the statesman. Ghengis Khan was a tyrant, and he conquered; Bismarck was an organizer, and he bound together the scattered principalities of the German Empire; Gladstone was not the dictator, he was the inspiration, of the English people; while William McKinley, the latest idol of the American people, was such a leader and was so effective in his life, because he "kept his ear to the ground," and listened to the tramp of the intelligent multitudes of America, before he determined the direction his action was to take.

An editorial in the *Independent* some time ago expressed this in the following terms: "There are some indications that leadership in national politics in its old conception is disappearing. In our country there has been no one since Mr. Blaine who could fairly be described as a political leader." While the article is not consistent throughout, yet we find in it other such striking phrases as these: "The people, who form their own opinions and guide their own actions, are thus both in less need of leadership and more impatient of it." And again: "The welfare of the nation is safer with the nation than with any individual of it." All of this is described as being the result of the increasing complexity of political movements and of the higher education of the people. Thus it becomes evident to us that the coöperation that is the sign and function of a higher type of life is hindered only by two things—selfish ambition for mastery over others and ignorance. The latter can be remedied by education; the former demands a "change in human nature."

This motive of mastery found its chief expression formerly in the sphere of political affairs. It did not vanish by the abdication of the king, but as a result of the growth of opinion among the people that it was not profitable for them, and neither necessary nor right, for the king to rule them.

The same motive finds expression to-day in our country



mainly in the sphere of the economic life. The same logic is showing that the result of economic mastery is tyranny, and is also beginning to indicate the method of the change that must be made in order to release men from the disabilities under which they labor in the present organization of the economic affairs of the country.

The people as a whole are coming to repudiate the ideal of economic mastery as the common method and aim of life, and the present spectacle of the absurdity of this as a common ambition or motive is going far to bring the mind of the people to the point where they will repudiate the ideal and the motive for themselves and their common life. Then, in the coöperation that must take the place of the present industrial system, will it be seen that the highest ideal of the individual and of society is that of self-mastery, and not of the mastery of others.

Thus will imperialism as the type of government, and the trust as the type of economic control, pass from the face of history, along with the ideal of the tyrant—all of them being banished by that which is now dawning upon the minds of men as the true method and motive of life: Brotherhood.

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## THE SYMBOLISM OF EUROPEAN SNOBBERY.

**A**LTHOUGH the goodly company of Court fools and jocular jesters with bells and bauble be no longer officially represented at the Courts of Europe, it is freely alleged that satellites in plenty and sycophants in particular may still expect and receive princely patronage and royal favor. Colleges of heraldry, the ancient appendages to monarchical institutions, still flourish in the full enjoyment of perquisite and privilege by doing violence to truth in the matter of imposing pedigree and ancestral lineage. Metal workers puzzle their poor pates in the cunning contrivance of dazzling decorations to emblazon the chivalrous chests of political hucksters, ambitious money-mongers, and the supposititious scions of an impecunious and struggling aristocracy. The demand for decorations is considerably in excess of the supply—being general and cosmopolitan; the craving for such personal and social distinctions as they afford being stimulated by the vanity of women, the egotism of man, and the idiotic imbecility of both sexes.

Superior persons may affect to despise these outward signs and symbols of meretricious dignity, but few indeed are superior to the seductive allurements when opportunity offers the gratification. By titular temptation have fallen numerous sturdy reformers, and the peerage of privilege entombed the trusted champions of many a promising and popular movement. Every honest democrat indignantly denounces the Patent Office and the Pension List, but he generously acclaims the addition thereto of his own particular patronymic. British Radicalism affords luminous examples of the subtle disconnection of utterance and intention. Railing, with raucous eloquence, at royalty and monarchical institutions to mystify the mob, the most rabid Radical becomes meek and maudlin by the addition of his name to the muster of barons and squires and knights of the shire; and ever after the sovereign and sacred name will only pass



his lips with bated breath in whispering humbleness. Patriotic loyalty will increase with the development of dignity and opportunities to increase, from public sources, a modest and probably diminishing patrimony. Merit, in modesty, may blush at merited applause, but modest Radicalism unblushingly encourages the immodest appropriation of political preferment, the sweets of office, and the frequent addition of kindred imbecility to the lengthy roll of "splendid paupers."

Orders, decorations, and patents of nobility had their origin in other times and other manners, when despotism, ignorance, and superstition conspired against humanity to the deification of tyranny and the abuse of power. It is useless now to expect any trustworthy evidence as to the derivation and development of this amazing system of decorative dignity. It may, however, fairly be conjectured that the vulgar desire for some distinctive symbol of social superiority and tribal domination is of some considerable antiquity and well diffused throughout the various racial distinctions and geographical divergences of the human species. Heraldry and its attendant vagaries provided a common camping-ground for the carnivorous man-eating dandy of primitive ages and the vulgar, ravenous, modern money-monger. Available vestiges of antiquity, as revealed and interpreted by ethnological investigation, do not determine the particular period in tribal parturition and the evolution of social custom when vaulting ambition schemed for permanent elevation and gave birth to the familiar manifestations of human frailty and vanity. The well-developed domination of individual tyranny and despotism discovered at the dawn of fragmentary history, authentic and apocryphal, may be accepted as substantial evidence of aristocratic practices in savage and remote conditions of human existence: customs that have undergone many and important modifications, while the vanity that produced them has remained as a permanent part and portion of that "human nature" peculiar to every race, and alike common to savage and civilized humanity.

Even the limitations of locality have been obliterated in this

instance and particular, there being existent evidences of the primitive superstition of "divine descent" in the annals of Oriental extravagance and Occidental barbarism. Such supernatural superiority—still perpetuated in the claims of gentle birth, of blue and royal blood—was entitled to particular privileges, and symbolized the possession by outward marks of distinction that have varied from daubs of clay and tufts of feathers to the ermine mantle and the imperial diadem. The ancient Egyptians advertised possession of the royal prerogatives by tremendous appellations and the familiar emblem of the crested serpent. The Greeks and Romans had many examples of the mystery of divine descent, while Oriental magnificence supplemented the results of godly gamboling by a profusion of glittering gew-gaws and gorgeous garniture. The nomadic Israelites embellished the voluminous vesture of their priesthood with burnished breastplates incrustated with jewelry and glittering with gems. With equally good intentions the South Sea Islanders tattoo their naked bosoms with the fantastic emblemism of savage superiority. Northern Jarls and ancient Britons tattooed their skins and clasped their limbs with metal trinkets, while their Anglo-Saxon neighbors practised somewhat similar abominations, with, perhaps, something more of variety and elaboration. The problems of humanity and a common origin may puzzle philosophers for all time, but the red-skinned races of the West were discovered in possession of the decorative vanity of their Eastern brothers as exhibited in the familiar practises of savage adornment and personal disfigurement. Common origin or not, however it was occasioned, the craving and gratification of personal distinction by borrowed plumage have been of universal practise.

Brilliant pigments, glittering gems and metals, feathered headgear, and gorgeous draperies have ministered to the vanities of vanished races, and to their successors that remain. Customs that gave expression to the superstitions of primitive humanity have been wonderfully preserved, reproduced, and supplemented in the pretensions and practises of modern society. Civilization, at the best but slippery and unstable, in



this as in other instances has submitted to the domination of barbaric beliefs; and, meantime, there appears no satisfactory indication of that period when higher ideals will announce the termination of popular delusions. Thrones and principalities and monarchical domination are the systematic elaborations of tribal slavery. The astounding appellatives of courtly jargon have supplanted the ruder epithets of primitive speech, but the imperial potentates of modern times are only the masquerading shadows of the barbarous chieftains and champions of savage chivalry. The glittering crown of sovereignty has replaced the coronal tuft of feathers, the supreme scepter typifies the weighty war club, and the imperial purple and fine raiment do duty for the colored pigment and wild boar skin; but the trail of the serpent of slavery and savagery may easily be detected in the clamor of princely prerogative and divine right. Through all the elaborate pomp and circumstance, established by superstition and familiarized by custom, in the parade of imperial dignity are heard the sob of slaughtered humanity and the clanking chains of despotism. But privilege has been resourceful in organizing the preservation of its ancient assumptions and sacred shibboleths.

From the twilight of fable and tradition there emerges a lengthy and probably imaginary assemblage of valiant phantoms, ghastly and grisly in the lurid dawn of recorded history. Speculation and conjecture are active in deciphering the subsequent rise and development of the knightly orders peculiar to European chivalry and crusading Christianity. But while chivalry and the Crusades supplied motives for the creation of orders and decorations, many others doubtless had their origin in the ambition of rulers and the policy of princes. Possession of the seal and symbol of knighthood, in the brave days of old, was accounted the highest of honors with attendant privileges. But the coveted spurs and accolade had to be won by military valor, being generally conferred on mail-clad warriors for bloody encounters and doughty deeds in lists and tented field.

In all probability the most ancient of these knightly decorations was the order of the Holy Sepulcher, created to stimu-

late crusading ardor in the Papal scheme of capturing Jerusalem from the scepter of Saracenic dominion. But the intention failed, and the order declined. Another ancient order, if it ever existed outside the realms of romance, was the mysterious but probably mythical encampment of the Knights of the Round Table, founded by a presumptive King Arthur and surrounded by the imaginative ingenuities of successive analysts. But the rise and progress of the knightly orders of Christendom are especially discernible from the period of crusading ambitions. They were persistently encouraged by events that accompanied and succeeded those military ebullitions in European disorder. Papal supremacy had to be sustained, and the dominion of the pontificate approved by the successful issue of systematically flattering the nobility, gratifying the cupidity, and persistently inflating the vanity of princes.

During the pontifical domination of medieval Christendom the symbol of the Cross was elevated as the incentive to carnage and bloodshed; emblazoned as the badge of chivalry, it became the seal of slavery, and was everywhere regarded as the sacred sign of divine intention in the devastating slaughter. There is the weariness of similarity in the orders of knighthood, although variety was sparingly introduced to humor the national idiosyncrasies, and all bear the generic characteristics of a common object and origin. But the perturbed spirit of chivalry is at rest; the knights are dust, their lances rust, and the fanaticism that afforded them a habitation and a name is dead and departed. Neither hospitaler nor templar now exists to exhibit the proud arrogance of the military monk, do battle for the Holy Sepulcher, and succor a damsel in distress. Modern manners are indifferent and antipathetic to medieval fashions, but the similitude of knighthood has been preserved and perpetuated by adapting the ancient circumstance to modern requirements and usages. But the esoteric vitality of chivalric knighthood is dead, and nothing now remains but the outward vesture and the sounding shibboleth. The ancient obligations are obliterated in ceremonies perfunctorily performed by royal favor for political and financial services. Self-made



men, stout and smirking, are greatly gratified by an exhibition that painfully annunciates the departure of dignified solemnity with the ancient institutions. Desolation and dissolution have wrapt in silence and solitude the knightly orders of the Temple, Rhodes, St. John, or Malta, Alcantara, Calatrava, and St. John of the Sword.

On the ruins of the knightly and chivalric orders many additional titles and decorations have been created since the time when mail-clad knights, for the redemption of the holy sepulcher, were doing battle with the valorous Saracen on the sun-parched plains of Syria, or putting a lance in rest at the behest of beauty. The primary object in the creation of such orders was the stimulation of military fervor and the consolidation of monarchical security. But the composition and character they have attained are well calculated to disturb the romantic spirits of ancient chivalry. The mail-clad phantoms who were wont to perambulate the precincts of ancient houses would certainly disown their putative successors; worthy men, doubtless, in their own esteem, hucksters and brewers, public speculators and place-hunting politicians, sweating, sweltering, and swollen beneath the dignity and decorations of their titled estate.

Many of the higher decorations are entirely reserved for reigning sovereigns, princes of the blood, and scions of the nobility particularly serviceable in military buccaneering and diplomatic deception. Seldom or never are the recipients of any real value to humanity by intellectual achievement or scientific and sociological illumination of the problems of society. That accusation applies in particular to the Court of Great Britain, as certain Continental governments have created special orders for the decoration of those with some preëminence and distinction in the civilizing departments of science, art, and literature. In general, however, these orders are everywhere regarded as the proper ribbon of remuneration for conspicuous activity in the expansion of despotism and imperial usurpation, of human butchery on the battle-field and afterward, and of masterly successes in the masquerade of international trickery

and diplomatic deception. And, in consequence, they are despised by the mind-emancipated minority—sensitive souls, who are attached to ideal virtues and greatly value the unblazoned intellectual victories that expand the horizon of knowledge and add a generous contribution to the general sum of human happiness. But the mitigation of social disorder and human misery seldom troubles the divinity that doth hedge the royal head, and knightly decorations are certainly the sovereign stamp of mendacity, mediocrity, and successful money-mongering.

But the real value of imperial titles and decorations may be duly appraised by the consideration that princes of the blood are eligible for decoration on the day of their birth. That is acquiring "honor" with astonishing facility, and only a pious superstition with the lack of saving humor can prevent the decorative lumber-chest from being swept away with a whirlwind of laughter and derision. But monarchy may not be mocked; and those sheltered by the divine mantle continue the interesting collection of courtly curiosities to the exhibition of imperial antiquities with advancing years and "dignities." The recipient may be born a hopeless imbecile and idiot, with the evil traits of a common mental guttersnipe, but the people may not complain nor rail at the anointed of the lord. Appearances are everything, and the hedging divinity of royalty obscures all minor considerations.

Women are accused of partiality to ornamentation, and they are thought to be in possession of a superfluity of vanity; but the departmental directors of the governmental decoration supply-stores have generally ignored their existence. They are considered ineligible for distinctive decoration, and, although certain featherheads of their sex may offer reproach and accusation of shabby and shameful treatment, all things considered they have ample material for gratitude and even gratulation. Any such restriction and deprivation does not, of course, apply to women who likewise are reigning sovereigns. They have the privilege of fostering female vanity and at the same time gratifying the weakness of the sex. Otherwise the few orders available to the female invasion are generally re-



served for women of regal rank and royal lineage. Queenly dignity, however, may be sustained by an ostentatious accumulation of titles and trinkets, and one worthy lady decorated herself and progeny with becoming vulgarity and all available or procurable dignities—flattering and feeding her vanity by creating, with unprecedented extravagance, additional orders and decorations.

The governmental distribution of titles and decorations constitutes one of the secrets and systems of monarchical influence and power in the European courts and empires. Rulers and sovereigns have sounded the shallows of human gullibility, vanity, and frailty, and are industriously improving the opportunities and increasing their advantages. An extraordinary number of titles are judiciously disposed of, while the annual distribution of decorations and dignities are certainly enormous and correspondingly profitable—to royalty. Each government has a generous variety, and, altogether, the primary divisions and subdivisions of the national orders must total in number a few hundred. Each favored individual of royal pedigree is generally in possession of a majority of the crosses and decorations attached to the various orders, with a corresponding tail of alphabetical letters to their illustrious names. Sovereigns and their offshoots increase their titles and trinkets by the acceptance of foreign decorations—a prerogative denied to the ambitious commoner.

National orders and decorations are infinite in variety and fanciful in appellation. That is evident by the repetition of a few of the more familiar distinctive decorations. Austrian vanity is flattered by the orders of Marie Thérèse, St. Stephen and Leopold, and the Golden Fleece. Teutonic ambition relies for stimulant on the decorations of the Red and Black Eagles, the Iron Cross of St. George, the orders of Merit and of the Crown. Russian ranks St. George among its many orders, while Bavaria relies on that of Maximilian. St. Annunciate stimulates Italian susceptibility, while Leopold lends a luster to Belgian dignity. England ranks the Garter, the Bath, and St. Michael and St. George among the highest and the oldest

of her knightly orders ; while Victorian weakness in the decorative direction was revealed by the creation of such additional orders as the Star of India, the Indian Empire, the Distinguished Service order, and the Victoria and Albert—for ladies only. But the list is far from being exhausted ; Victorian crosses and other military orders swell the catalogue to respectable—or disgraceful—dimensions. Scottish prejudice and poverty and pride of pedigree find supreme salvation in the order of The Thistle, while Irish birth and blood of a thousand kings masquerade under the mantle of Patrick, the saint of the Shamrock. French sentiment discarded all such worthless baubles in the Revolutionary struggle ; but even there the Legion of Honor affords a modicum of satisfaction to bustling ambition, and public opinion in that erratic republic has, with the best intentions, sanctioned the creation of several decorations with the appropriate appellations. Petty States and ducal houses in many instances still retain a remnant of their ancient privileges in the distribution of crosses, but any repetition of the great number and infinite variety would be tedious and an altogether unprofitable excursion in the airy realm of vanity.

Sovereigns and rulers have supplemented the knightly orders by plebeian decorations suitable for the breasts of the humbler instruments of political turpitude, clamorous for recognition but deemed beneath the distinctive dignities that glitter on the vestments of the lineage of a hundred earls. But evil example corrupts even plebeian aspiration, and the decorative fashions of courts have been industriously imitated by less august corporations and humble institutions. Agitated ambition has evolved many contrivances for the decoration of swelling bosoms that coveted the glittering signal, in any shape and substance, of social superiority. These tomfooleries are tolerated but officially ignored even when masquerading under the added dignity of "distinguished patronage." Freemasonry and benevolent societies are brilliant examples of the prevalent craze and craving for unmeaning gew-gaws, sounding appellatives, and strutting vanity. Good Templary valiantly follows with



tinsel ornamentation and an elaborate system of titular magniloquence, embracing a terminology of great pith and movement. But in this direction ingenuity appears to be entirely inexhaustible. Opportunities for securing a decoration in some particular form ranges in variety from the imperial diadem to the magistral chain and badge of a Scottish bailie; from the rosy symbol of Social Democracy to the sulphur-colored emblem of the Primrose League. Valueless and unmeaning they well may be; but the coveted possession of a shred of colored ribbon and a disk of enameled metal has inflated the soul of adult humanity with a satisfaction and self-importance probably equaled but seldom surpassed by the adolescent ardor that struts astraddle a wooden horse in the sublime superiority that accompanies the possession of a toy trumpet, a paper helmet, and a tin-foil sword.

Human gullibility is a healthy growth; and with all the intellectual and progressive influences surrounding society the potency of these decorative delusions still finds great favor with all classes in every community. By virtue of a title, the impecunious offspring of an indigent nobility obtains favor with an aspiring and parvenu society. But titles and decorations exhibited as any indication of personal superiority are absolutely worthless and deceptive. Even the highest are merely the insignia of "gentle birth" or ample wealth. They are obtainable, for a consideration, by miscreants and malefactors who flourish in a society where wealth is sufficient to cover a multitude of sins. In many instances they parade the decaying fortunes of ancient houses and royal roisterers whose extravagance and arrogance were entirely discreditable. They are a temptation to wealthy but plebeian damsels who buy a title with the paternal dowry. They minister to vanity and vulgarity in a generation of parvenus whose ambitions are antipathetic to artistic excellence and intellectual superiority. They pander to every evil passion, satisfy the savagery of ignorance, and afford a fictitious elevation to maudlin sentimentality in the wallow for wealth. Princes and peers are stigmatized as the breath of kings, while "dignitaries" of humbler

but still titled rank are the creatures of party and political necessities: men of modest merits and indifferent parts, but the possessors of ample supplies, whose purse-strings are at the disposal of party peddlers and departmental dictators.

Irreverent and profane observers are inclined to ridicule the "nobility" that titles are imagined to bestow, declaring that any such distinctions are the certain glorification of knavery, dulness, and insufferable vulgarity. A celebrated English politician expressed the conviction that the Order of the Garter was most admirably devised for the purpose intended, because it required no particular merit to obtain it. On the Continent the abuse of the decorative system has been so great and grievous that in republican France there is a current legend whose proverbial wisdom informs all whom it may concern that nobody can escape death and the Legion of Honor.

Everywhere the vanity of man gives advantage and excuse to the scheming aggressiveness of avarice and the tyranny of oppression. The fiction of nobility has become the reality of imperial despotism, offering as the symbol of superiority the degrading badge of abuse. Governments sell their decorations, openly and unashamed, and everywhere the ancient insignia of the knightly orders are amenable to the almighty dollar.

European governments by dangling a decoration and title before the eyes of cupidity bait the trap for especially disreputable services, the solution of financial difficulties, and the maintenance of monarchy. Party politics in particular is responsible for a plethora of bustling baronets in the degrading exhibition. British political trickery is phenomenally active in the decorative direction. One celebrated parliamentarian in particular, improving his opportunities in the desperation of anticipated defeat, distributed the baubles with wholesale generosity in the forlorn hope of consolidating his party and augmenting the sinews of political warfare. During his occupation of the sweets of office, the titles of the Crown at the disposal of the government were squandered with liberal generosity to parvenu politicians—giving occasion for the allegation that he floated his party into power by an extension of titledom that



threatened to transfer the upper chamber into the British *Beerage*. The reward of such liberal generosity was observable in the behavior of the Radical recipients deliberately turning their coats in the gilded chamber, championing hereditary privilege, and out-Torying the Tories in the excess of legislative reaction.

Enormous sums of money are occasionally paid for the possession of these glittering gew-gaws of stars and crosses. Several enterprising States openly advertise their disposal, at varying charges, to all with ambition and cash enough to secure them. Lately there has been a considerable and profitable business done in the article with African monarchs and Asiatic potentates. The general weakness for personal ornamentation provides the supply of willing purchasers. Crosses, from religious considerations, being obnoxious to the rival faiths, ray-pointed stars are supplied for the decoration of the dusky dandies. It may be added that the recipients are not always within the hedge of divine appointment.

These "dignities" have their natural home and habitation in monarchical institutions, but even republicanism is not by any means indifferent to the hankering after these substituted attractions. France has her decorative system; and the spread and screaming Eagle of American emancipation does not appear to despise the "coroneted nobility" of the Eastern world. Heiress-hunting in the United States is an aristocratic enterprise, and suffers nothing by the appearance of a lengthy succession of advance and rearguard combinations of mysterious hieroglyphics to the baptismal appellations. There, as elsewhere, the female heart, flattered and flighty, easily succumbs to the ardor of a baronial breast, broken in fame and fortune but blazing with gem-incrusted decorations that nothing distinguish and many despise.

Several of the Southern republics, seduced by the Old World ambitions, have created and absorbed into the economy of their political and social attractions a system of orders and decorations having a generic resemblance to the "mighty aberrations" of European Christendom. These little attractions serve

the purposes of political corruption and supply a stimulus to evil passions and intentions. They recuperate the royal money-bag, and, as honorarium for shady services, are substituted, when possible, for a subsidy from the national exchequer. They pander to the privileges of the Crown, and multiply the patriotic rabble with the sounding shibboleths of phantom fame and imaginary greatness—fame and greatness that will indeed be undying with the vitality of non-existence.

In legal phraseology these meretricious snares of society are the sovereign symbolism of systematic swindling and wilful imposition. There is room no longer for doubt that the fictitious importance imparted by the title and decoration has become a social nuisance and a public danger. By the advancement of unworthy interests and the elevation of individuals whose only claims to attention are a superabundance of selfishness, the art of skilful imposition, and the possession of public plunder, violence is offered to social integrity and independence, and injustice done to intellectual attainment and that persevering merit whose modesty is abused while its rights are appropriated. The evils attendant upon the system are morally degrading and socially disturbing. A certain princely worthy, it is alleged, pursued a "roaring" traffic, with honor at the stake, in paying his gambling debts and other deficiencies by the indiscriminate distribution of daughters and decorations. To augment his princely patrimony an advertisement might announce: "My daughters for your ducats." Everywhere the scandals associated with the decorative system are disgusting and demoralizing, prejudicial to the general interests of any community, and injurious to the higher idealism of humanity. They pander to class privileges, in the perpetuation of a system always subservient to tyranny enthroned and imperial despotism. Many healthy indications of intelligent opinion are making their appearance to ridicule the pretensions of decorated mediocrity. Titles are beginning to be appraised at their real, and not their apparent, value, with results entirely unfavorable to the continuance of the system. Iconoclastic philosophers are agreed that any such stimulus to inordinate vanity,



with every advantage and for all time, might cease and determine. Privileged society will be shocked and scandalized at any such vulgar and leveling suggestion, but human intelligence in general may surely be expected to outgrow the inclination for tinsel trappings and gruesome absurdities. But, all things considered, Society may be well assured that the end is not yet—nor within the sphere of practical progress; while there is great probability that even now the refining fires may be swamped and swallowed by the impenetrable imbecility that revels in sempiternal darkness. That may well be so; but, nevertheless, we opine that social superstitions may succumb to the ridicule that succeeds where solid argument has failed.

JAMES DOWMAN.

*Aberdeen, Scotland.*

# A CONVERSATION

WITH

PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, B.C.E., PH.D.,

PRESENTING

FURTHER FACTS RELATIVE TO GOVERNMENTAL OWNERSHIP OF  
THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

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Q. Professor Parsons, in your preceding "conversations" you have dwelt most interestingly and suggestively on many phases of the telegraph and telephone question. There are, however, some further questions that are constantly raised and about which I desire your views for our readers. Would the acquiring of these two great natural monopolies by the Federal Government be likely to increase net expenses, and therefore require additional appropriations for their successful operation, or would they be likely to prove a source of profit to the Post Office Department?

A. That would depend on the policy adopted in reference to rates and capitalization, and on whether or not important inventions should be introduced—inventions such, for example, as Delany's new system of rapid telegraphy. France, Belgium, and other countries report a profit on the telegraph and telephone postal system. England reports a deficit for most years. The general minimum rate is lower in France and Belgium than in England, but the British capitalization is abnormal because Great Britain paid the companies over four times the value of their wires. The press rates there are also the lowest in the world (nine cents per 100 words against thirty cents or more per 100 here), and telegraph wages are very high.

Q. In case the Government determined to own and operate these two great monopolies, how would you suggest that it had best proceed?



A. One plan would be for the Government to build or buy a few trunk lines between leading cities as a beginning. Or the Government could exercise its power to regulate rates by law sufficiently to squeeze the water out of Western Union capitalization as a preliminary step. Wireless telegraphy may do that without Government regulation, but it will probably be a long time before that is reduced to a trustworthy commercial basis so as to interfere with existing systems. The Government should take care to own the new method from the start and not repeat the mistake it made in neglecting to buy the Morse patent. On the whole, perhaps the fairest plan in respect to existing companies would be for the Government to offer the Western Union the real value of its system as determined by a board of impartial experts, and pay the amount with funds collected by some sort of progressive taxation upon the monopolies or their owners, thus making monopoly pay for itself with part of the excessive profits it has taken from the people, and giving the Post Office a telegraph plant free from debt. The same plan could be adopted with the telephone trunks.

Q. That would seem an excellent plan if we assume that these great monopolies would agree to such a proposition; but I think that is not at all probable?

A. If the companies would not sell for structural value plus the added value the systems possess as "going concerns" (without allowance for franchises, which rightly belong to the people, nor for "earning capacity," which in the case of monopoly represents in part the power of taxation without representation)—if the companies would not sell for real value, then the Post Office should construct its own lines, beginning with the principal routes between the large cities, and putting the rates down to about cost until such time as the companies came to their senses and agreed to sell at fair value so much of their systems as the Government might then wish to buy. I believe this the fairest plan, but I am not so particular as some about paying something more than actual value for the reason that in buying the monopolies we are buying our governments back

again as well as the monopolies, and we can afford to pay well to get back our governments, which, as I have said, can thus be used to establish land and income and combine taxes, and so take again from the monopolies what they have taken from the people.

Q. What effect do you think government ownership would exert on telegraphic rates?

A. With a good modern system there is no doubt that a ten-cent rate could be made on all business within each State, and Mr. Wanamaker thinks a uniform rate of ten cents all over the country, without regard to distance, would pay all cost of operation and maintenance and interest on actual value. With the automatic telegraph, long letters may be transmitted from New York to Chicago at a cost of fifty cents per 1,000 words, or five cents a hundred.

Q. What is the difference between public and private systems in respect to capitalization?

A. The capitalization of a public plant is apt to be much lower at the start, and in the best public systems it is the definite policy of the management to pay off the capital gradually, so as to free the service of interest charges altogether in the course of time. The policy of a private monopoly, on the contrary, is to pile up both real and fictitious capitalization from year to year. The larger the apparent capital, the more easily big profits can be concealed.

Q. In your recent travels over Great Britain and the Continent were your views in favor of governmental ownership confirmed by what you saw?

A. Yes. I was deeply impressed with the splendid success and rapid growth of municipal ownership in Great Britain, and of national ownership in Germany. The German railways are admittedly the best managed in Europe. A comparison of public institutions in nine countries I have visited, and in five more of which I have read quite fully, has served to add great emphasis to the conclusion I long ago reached: that the degree of success of public ownership is a function of the degree of civilization and public spirit in the community—the quantity



and quality of public ownership possible in any society vary with its civilization, rise as civilization rises, and slope off down grade as we go to the countries of low development.

In one respect my views were decidedly modified by my trip through Great Britain and the Continent. When I went overseas, my program of institutional progress read: "*Objects*—(1) Public Ownership of Public Utilities. (2) Coöperative Industry; and *Methods*—(1) Direct Legislation. (2) Progressive Land, Income, and Combine Taxes, etc." Now I put Coöperative Industry first in the list of institutional objects. The benefits of voluntary coöperation are so vital and fundamental that I believe it is even more important than the public ownership of monopolies. I am not less devoted to public ownership, but realize the value of coöperation more perfectly since I have seen it in countries where it has grown large enough to show what it can do.

Q. Is the sentiment in favor of governmental ownership growing in Europe, or is capitalistic influence succeeding in educating popular sentiment away from governmental ownership, that the enormous profits accruing from the operation of natural monopolies may continue to flow into the already plethoric purses of a few instead of benefiting all the people?

A. The sentiment in favor of public ownership is growing very fast, both in Europe and America. Before 1893 only one municipality in Great Britain owned and operated its street railways; from 1893 to 1895 four more cities and towns were added to the list; from 1896 to 1898, eleven more; and from 1899 to 1901 inclusive, sixteen more;—over thirty municipalities have entered on the ownership and operation of their tramways. Birmingham was arranging for the transfer when I was there, and the London County Council was operating a considerable extent of road.

Switzerland is full to overflowing with belief in the nationalization of railways now going on there; and Italy is boiling and bubbling with the wish of the people for State operation of railways. I think the success of public railways more doubtful in Italy than in any other country I have visited, but there is no

question about the feeling of the people. It is admitted even by the railway people. One of the most prominent of the officials of one of the great railroad systems told me he had no doubt that if the question were submitted to the people three-fourths of them would vote for State operation.

The recent referendum vote in Chicago—five to one for public ownership of the street railways, and six to one for public ownership of gas and electric works—and the great activity in these lines in San Francisco and other cities, show that public sentiment is moving in this country in the same direction as in Europe and Australasia.



## A STRANGE CASE.

### A PSYCHIC STORY.

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BY JULIAN SANFORD.

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The town of Rainbow was the county seat of Angell County, and was a place of about fifteen hundred souls. It had very little going on in a business way, since it lay in an agricultural region, but it was pleasant enough as to its unconventional social life. When I was sent into the neighborhood to superintend the construction of the south branch of the W. & X. Railroad, and made the town my headquarters for a time, I found a culture and charm among its people I little expected in so sequestered a place. They were like a big family, and by virtue of a college acquaintance with Ben Crawford, the son of one of the leading citizens of Rainbow, and a rising young physician, I was welcomed among them as one of their own.

I had had a peep or two while in college at a very charming photograph in the possession of Ben, and I was not surprised to find in Rainbow the fair original. She was of the Southern type,—dark-haired, velvet-lipped, and languorous-eyed,—and I have never met a more gracious woman. She was the daughter of the rector of the parish—for most of the Rainbow people were Episcopalians.

A month or two before I came the town had another acquisition to its society in the person of Mr. Henry Langdon, teller for the National Bank. I found him dignified, easy of manner, and a remarkably fluent and interesting talker. Nevertheless, though one among us, he was not *of* us. While I was assimilated as easily into the life of the village as if I had been born there, Langdon was always in a sense alien.

Before I had been there long I discovered Langdon was deeply interested in Alida, the girl of whom I have spoken. I had understood that an engagement had existed between her

and Ben, and I was astonished to perceive that she in no way discouraged Langdon's advances and that Ben seemed very uneasy. I rather hoped he would unboomer himself to me, and he did.

"Hang it all, Tom," he exclaimed, "I've got to talk to somebody!"

"About Alida?" I suggested.

"Have you noticed anything?" he demanded, eagerly.

"Noticed what?" I said.

"Well," he went on, fixing his eyes on the floor, "I have known Alida since we were in dresses together, and I believed I understood her. I didn't think she had a spark of coquetry in her. But lately—that fellow Langdon——"

"Have you spoken to her about it?"

"Yes, I have; and that's the queer part. She denies that he is agreeable to her, and feels keenly the criticism she is inviting from her friends. She says she makes resolves to treat him with coolness, and then when he is with her she forgets all about it until he is gone! What do you make of that?"

"I don't know. I'll have to take a day off and get up a theory."

There was a hop given in the parlors of the Rainbow Hotel—the place was something of a "resort" in the warmer months—and I took occasion to observe Alida and Langdon. I saw her frown once as she detected him starting toward her to ask for a dance, and before he had reached her she had turned away. He touched her arm and she faced him, still frowning. Her reluctance seemed to last an instant after she met his eyes—then vanished. A moment later they were out on the floor, Ben looking on hungrily from a doorway.

"Ben," I reported, after everybody had gone home and he came up to my room for a smoke, "whether Langdon is conscious of it or not I don't know, but it's a plain case of hypnotic suggestion."

"The deuce!" he ejaculated.

"And," I added, "I am of the opinion that it would be well to make the experiment of a counteracting influence."



At one time during our years together in college Ben and I had been deeply interested in the subject of hypnotism and kindred phenomena. A queer fellow of the name of Hermann Stringer taught us a good deal. We had gone extensively into the theory, and of course attempted experiments. Ben turned his knowledge into a parlor accomplishment, but in time both of us had dropped it entirely. He was deeply impressed by my suggestion, and said that he remembered many little incidents to confirm the suspicion of Langdon's influence over his betrothed.

I did not see him again alone for over a week, and when I did he was in high spirits. He had, without her knowledge, been rendering Alida resistant to Langdon's influence by the force of counter-suggestion; and indeed her manner toward the fellow was undergoing a change. He seemed to me puzzled and chagrined, but I fancied he suspected Ben of being the agent to thwart him. As time went on his intimacy with Alida was entirely broken off.

One beautiful September day—it was the eighth—I was directing work on the grade for the new railroad, and during the noon hour, after eating my cold luncheon, I slung a pair of field glasses over my shoulder and started for a walk. I had expected Ben up at twelve o'clock, as he had to visit a patient at the farm-house beyond the grade; but he had not appeared, and, judging that he might have been detained and would come later by the county road, I shaped my course with some idea of meeting him.

The part of the grade we were just now working upon was about four miles from Rainbow, and of a considerable elevation above it, as it had to cross the low range of hills to the north of the town. By walking to the top of the ridge, which was thinly wooded with alders, I could look down upon the pretty village with its two church spires and the eight-faced tower of the court-house. I raised my glass to look at the time by one of the clock-faces; it was within a few minutes of one. East and west of the town extended farms, with squares of yellow stubble and brown plowed land. In the foreground the county

road wound down among the recesses of the wooded hills to the town; in fact the new railroad had followed its general direction.

As I stood there I saw a man moving among the trees beside the road, far down in the hollow. He got behind a tree and remained motionless. With idle curiosity I raised the glass and looked at his face—and was surprised to recognize Henry Langdon. I should have supposed him at that moment returning from luncheon at the hotel to the bank. I saw his features very clearly, noted the brown suit and soft hat he habitually wore and his dark-red tie, and observed with a start that he held a cocked pistol in his hand pointed down the road in the direction he was looking.

Suddenly some one came into view round the bend. He was leading a bicycle, for the grade was steep. I had time to see that he wore a gray suit and a straw hat; then I saw him stop, stagger, and pitch slowly forward upon his face. I saw the puff of smoke from Langdon's revolver, and a moment later the report came to my ears. Langdon stared in the direction of the fallen man, walked slowly toward him, bent over him, and straightened up again. Then he walked past him—down the toward the town. Just as he disappeared the clock in the court-house chimed once, distinct and clear.

That I had seen murder done was not the thing that overwhelmed me. I had a horrible conviction that the victim was my friend, Ben Crawford. I crashed through the bushes toward the road, and ran at full speed for perhaps a mile, when I came upon the man lying as he had fallen. A pool of blood was soaking into the dust near his breast, and when I raised him, to look at his face, it was covered with dust. He was quite dead; but it was not Ben, thank God!

I mounted the murdered man's wheel and scorched recklessly down the hill toward the town. Langdon I did not overtake. But on the outskirts of the town I met Ben, also riding a wheel, and evidently headed for the Gordon farm. He looked astonished at my appearance, but I did not stop. I hurried into the sheriff's and told my story, and Langdon, who was found



at his desk at the bank, was placed under arrest while a deputation was sent to gather evidence and bring in the body.

The victim proved to be a book agent, a comparative stranger in town. His similarity in build and in dress to Ben Crawford, together with the general belief that there was bad blood between Langdon and the latter, seemed to justify the first theory that the assassin's bullet had been intended for Crawford.

I did not see Ben until evening. Then he asked me all the particulars, which of course he had heard before with variations. "Do you know what time it was when the affair happened?" he asked. "I believe the fellow had the nerve to come into the rectory after he had done it."

"It was less than a minute before one," I said.

"By your watch?"

"No; by the court-house clock. I looked at it through the glasses, and afterward heard it strike."

Ben eyed me strangely. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Perfectly certain."

"But—I was with Alida in the library at one. We heard it strike, for the windows were open. I walked to the window, looked at the clock, and compared it with my watch. They were together precisely. In about half a minute Langdon walked in, without rapping."

I could only stare. "It is impossible that he should have ridden the three miles in that time. There must be some mistake."

"I am positive as to the time," he asserted.

"How did he look and act?"

"Strangely. Alida was terrified, and I was rather uncomfortable myself. His clothes were not disordered, but his face was pale and wild-looking, and he was holding a pistol in his hand!"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He merely looked, first at Alida and then at me, with a glance that was anything but engaging. We were too much taken by surprise to speak, and after a moment he turned and passed between the curtains into the hall. We watched

to see him go down the steps, but he must have left the house by the rear way. Nobody else saw him."

"You could swear that it was Langdon?"

"On a stack of Bibles. So can Alida."

Ben and I frequently discussed the strange circumstances attending the murder. Many were our theories to account for Langdon's appearance in two widely separated places almost simultaneously. If Ben had been the only person to see him at the rectory I should have been disposed to believe him the victim of hallucination; but the fact that *two* had seen him removed such a possibility. It was equally out of the question to suppose that Langdon could actually have crossed the three-mile space between the scene of the murder and the rectory in less than a minute.

It was pretty generally known that Langdon's counsel would try to establish an alibi on the evidence of Ben Crawford and Alida, for their story had somehow got about in spite of their intention to suppress it. I foresaw that an attempt would be made by Langdon's lawyers to break down the force of my testimony by reason of my distance from the scene of the murder. The only other witness of importance against Langdon was a fourteen-year-old boy who had been squirrel-shooting in the woods the day of the murder. He had heard the report of the pistol, and had later come upon a man lying in the grass beside the road, some distance from where the murdered man was found.

As the time drew near for the trial the opinion prevailed that Langdon's chances for being cleared were good. I became restless and dissatisfied. I had seen him shoot down in cold blood a man he doubtless believed to be Ben Crawford, and his intended victim would be the means of clearing him—unless something intervened strongly to corroborate my testimony. It is needless to say that the community was stirred to the core, and the peculiarity of the circumstances even attracted the attention of the city papers.

Langdon had been arraigned for murder in the first degree. He waived the preliminary examination, and the trial was set



for the seventh of the following month, that being the opening date of the next term of court.

One day about a week before the trial there was a letter in my mail that bore the New York post-mark. It was addressed in a hand that stirred strange memories. I tore it open and glanced hastily through it:

"I saw in the *World* this morning an account of a murder supposedly committed by Henry Langdon. I was interested in the story of the conflicting testimony of yourself and Ben Crawford. Think I could throw some light on the simultaneous appearance. I was in business with Langdon a year after leaving college. Wire me if wanted."

It was signed "Hermann Stringer."

The very name was like a flood of light upon a mystery. My first impulse was to tell Ben; but eventually I decided to keep my own counsel until I had seen Stringer. I wired him that night. The following evening he stepped from the stage at the hotel, and I took him up to my room.

"What do you know about this case?" I asked.

"Nothing," he returned. "But I do know something about the prisoner, if you care to hear about it. After I left the university I went to New York and opened up an office as professor of hypnotism. I did a rousing business for a while. The first time I ever saw Langdon he came to me and asked for work, saying that he was out of a job and that he had talents in my line. He was gentlemanly in appearance and I engaged him. He was a cataleptic, peculiarly susceptible to hypnotic influence, and I used him as a 'medium.' He could be made to describe anything that was going on in the city or State, or even distant places. He stayed with me about a year, and then his health began to fail. He grew so susceptible to catalepsy that at last a slight shock of any kind, as of fright or anger, was sufficient to induce it. I became concerned for his sanity, and advised him to get into some other business."

"What did he do then?"

"I don't know. Became a clerk in a wholesale house, I believe. That wasn't the last I saw of him, however. One night

about a year afterward there was a big fire in a hotel a couple of blocks from my office and rooms. It was nearly twelve o'clock when the fire-bell rang, and I had just locked up and started to undress. I opened a window and stuck my head out to see where the trouble was, when something made me draw it in and turn round. There, in the middle of the room, was Langdon, in his night clothes, looking scared to death. 'What's up, Langdon?' I said, sharply. He didn't answer, and as I stared at him he just faded out of sight. It was his astral body, as the Hindu adepts say. Well, you needn't grin. I got myself together and rushed down to the fire. Just as I got there four firemen carried out a man in his night-clothes. It was Langdon, in one of his trances."

"Then you think—what Ben and Miss Sterne saw was——"

"Langdon's *avatar*," he finished, with conviction.

"But how are you going to prove it—before a jury?"

"There's the rub. But I can tell them what I know, and see how far they will be influenced."

The morning of the trial the court-room was crowded, not only with villagers but with strangers from far and near. Langdon had plead not guilty. I was the first witness for the prosecution, and related my story as I have already told it here. The defense in the cross-examination, as I had expected, attempted to weaken my testimony on the ground of my distance from the scene of the occurrence. It brought out the fact with special emphasis that I was deceived in the identity of the murdered man—suggesting the inference that I was also mistaken in the murderer.

The second witness for the prosecution was the boy I have spoken of. He testified to having been in the woods near the county road in the vicinity of the murder on September 8th; that he had heard a pistol-shot, and had come to the road to investigate; that, coming out upon the road a hundred yards from the spot where the body was found, he had come upon a man lying on his back in the grass by the road, with a wheel beside him; that his eyes were open, and looking at the sky; that one hand, thrown out upon the grass, loosely held a re-



volver. He described the man as dark, slightly built, and dressed in brown. He could not positively identify him with the prisoner. He had been frightened, and had run away.

Willis, the other bank clerk, testified that Langdon had come to the bank about fifteen or twenty minutes after one, but he was not certain as to the exact time. He said he noticed that he was pale and that there was dust on his shoes. He testified that Langdon had appeared abstracted and had failed to reply to a question put to him.

After the testimony given by the sheriff and his assistants, and by the physician who had examined the wound that had caused the man's death, the case was open to the defense.

There were several witnesses as to Langdon's character in Rainbow and elsewhere, and then the chief witness, Ben Crawford, was called. Ben told his story substantially as I had heard it. Alida followed him and corroborated his testimony. Rigid cross-examination, continued to wearisome length in each case, failed to shake either in the minutest detail. The case looked hopeful for the prisoner.

It was well along in the afternoon when the defense finished taking testimony and gave way to the rebuttal of the prosecution.

"Hermann Stringer!" was the name called. Audience and jury looked at him curiously. I glanced at the prisoner and was sincerely shocked at the change in him. His face, always pale and till now inscrutable, had become gray and drawn. He gasped a little and sank limply back in his chair. His eyes took on the quick restlessness common to the trapped animal and the endangered criminal. And then, as the witness stood up to be sworn, the prisoner's eyes became fixed and staring, his body stiffened—and Henry Langdon had passed into his final trance and beyond the jurisdiction of any earthly tribunal.

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. FLOWER.

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## THE PRESENT STATUS OF CO-OPERATION IN THE OLD WORLD.

Few people in our country have any conception of the wide extent or of the magnitude of the coöperative movement in the Old World. Like the acorn falling into the soil, slowly germinating and for years unostentatiously pushing its tender shoots upward while its roots spread far and wide in the clay beneath, the present coöperative movement for more than a quarter of a century after it was inaugurated by twelve very poor but very earnest weavers of Rochdale, England, attracted little attention. But all this time it was steadily and healthily growing, proving year by year the fallacy of the repeated declarations of conventionalists that it was impracticable and destined to fail. During the last quarter of a century those who have closely followed the growth and expansion of coöperative experiments clearly saw the gathering together and onward march of a great altruistic movement—a movement that to-day promises to be world-wide in its sweep and grasp, and civilization-molding in its influence.

The papers and editorials in *THE ARENA* from month to month that have dealt with different phases of the coöperative movement have awakened the keenest interest among thoughtful Americans from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and not a few persons have expressed amazement at the magnitude of the fraternal unions in the Old World, while many others have desired further data as to the present status of coöperation.

In this paper I give a brief epitome of the coöperative movement in Europe, reserving for a future article a summary of what has recently been accomplished in our own country, where the union of each for all is assuming commanding proportions in economic life.

Civilization is as yet in the gray dawn of the coöperative age; and we believe that, now that the American mind is com-



ing under the powerful influence of this ennobling and practical ideal, the Republic will not only quickly respond to the higher and wiser expression of the dominant impulse in commercial life but will shortly become the leader of the world in practical coöperation.

At the present time the coöperative movement in Great Britain is one of the most colossal enterprises of the age so pre-eminent for gigantic commercial undertakings. Its recently published report for 1901 gives the following facts, well calculated to astound those who sneer at the practicability of coöperative movements of this character.

There are in England at the present time 1,648 coöperative societies. Of this number, 1,604 furnished full reports to the general secretary, from which it appears that the volume of business which they carried on last year amounted to £81,782,949, or over \$400,000,000, and that the profits distributed in cash dividends to members amounted to £9,099,412, or over \$45,000,000.

These societies own and control the largest two wholesale houses in the world, about 3,000 retail stores, and a great number of factories, some of which are among the largest in Great Britain. They own and operate eight ocean steamers, and are thus enabled to buy and sell in all the great markets of the world. They have (and this is one of the most significant and important facts connected with the great work of the English coöperators) reduced the cost of passing goods from the producer to the consumer from thirty-three and one-sixth per cent. to six and one-half per cent. They also carry on a vast system of banking, building, and fire, life, and accident insurance; and in addition to the commercial labors and pursuits they are doing a splendid work in the way of education, while providing various means for the recreation and social enjoyment of young and old among their vast constituency. This report relates to England, Scotland, and Wales.

Ireland has 232 coöperative dairy or creamery societies, 101 agricultural societies, 52 coöperative banks, and 39 poultry and miscellaneous societies, with a total membership of 40,000.

Nor has the coöperative movement been confined to Great Britain. On the continent of Europe it has grown steadily and prosperously, but owing to a lack of coördination or federation it is extremely difficult to secure full and authoritative figures. And this lack of federation, of course, also hinders the co-operators from reaping anything like the benefits that would accrue if the workers were united as they are in England.

For the facts connected with coöperation in Europe I am chiefly indebted to Professor Frank Parsons, who recently spent several months in England and on the Continent and while there made a painstaking effort to collect the latest authentic data. This work, so far as it related to the Continent, however, was far from satisfactory, owing to the lack of general organization or coördination among the coöperators of the various lands. Two facts connected with the following reports should, however, be borne in mind: First, the figures are minimum, and in many instances it was impossible to obtain anything like full reports; second, though some of the figures are not later than 1898, they are the latest authentic obtainable reports.

Only in Switzerland, the wonderful little government that holds the Shekinah of republicanism in the Old World, do we find the coöperators organized and pushing forward the work with something of the thoroughness that marks the movement in England. In the little Alpine States, according to the report for 1900, there are 3,400 societies, of which 1,400 are co-operative dairies and 370 distributive societies. The latter, doing an annual business of 59,000,000 francs, or about eleven and one-half million dollars, embrace a membership of over 124,000 persons and represent over 500,000 coöperators in a population of 3,000,000. Thus one-sixth of the population of Switzerland are coöperators. The great central association, situated at Basle, has a membership of 22,000. Its land and buildings are worth one and one-half million francs, or about \$300,000. Its annual sales of the produce of dairies and vineyards amount to 5,000,000 francs, or about \$1,000,000.

Germany has, according to the best obtainable data, about 17,000 coöperative societies of all kinds, with a membership of about 2,000,000. A little over one million of these members are in the coöperative union. Of the 17,000 societies 255 are productive, engaged, among other things, in printing, book-binding, lithography, carpentering, building, metal working, and the manufacture of boots and shoes, woven fabrics, clothing, pottery, tobacco, sugar, starch, and chicory. There are 1,527 distributive societies and 11,000 coöperative banks. In Germany, as in Switzerland, the movement is truly coöperative in spirit—something not always the case in France and some other Continental nations.

In Belgium coöperation has made great strides, in spite of the unfortunate fact that the union movement lacks coördination, and there are in the little kingdom two coöperative



bodies or elements, one distinctly individualistic and the other socialistic. If the workers were united here as in England, the progress would of course be incomparably greater. According to the reports made to the French Congress in 1900, there were over 1,000 coöperative societies, of which 227 were dairies, having a membership of 24,519. These dairies do a business of about thirteen million francs a year, or in the neighborhood of \$2,600,000. There are 123 distributive societies and 222 coöperative banks. As the coöperative societies all over Europe are increasing quite rapidly, it is probable that to-day the number in Belgium is largely in excess of the 1,000 given in the report. The leading socialistic coöperative institution of Belgium is the *Maison le Peuple*, of Brussels. The coöperative distributive society of this center operates 25 stores; it has a membership of 20,000, with annual sales of five and one-half million francs, and the annual dividends amount to 500,000 francs, or about \$100,000, this being about 11 per cent. There are in the city of Brussels ten truly coöperative productive societies. At Ghent is situated the great individualistic coöperative society. It includes 7,000 families and owns and operates seven groceries, five pharmacies, clothing stores, shoe stores, coal yards, and bakeries that make 250,000 loaves of bread each week.

Austria has 5,092 societies, of which 4,039 are credit societies and 712 distributive. Of this number, 644 report a membership of 212,268. They are conducting an annual business of 68,000,000 francs, or about \$13,600,000. There are 51 productive unions, with a membership of 95,000, which do an annual business of seventeen and one-half million francs, or about \$3,500,000.

Hungary has 1,002 coöperative banks, 390 coöperative building societies, 56 coöperative stores, and 59 dairies. Among the productive businesses carried on in these countries are printing, lithography, book-binding, watch-making, and the manufacture of scientific instruments, boots and shoes, glucose, starch, sugar, and clothing.

In France, in 1900, there were 2,500 agricultural societies with 800,000 members; 1,489 distributive societies, forty more than at the beginning of 1899; and 250 coöperative workshops. In Paris is found a great coöperative society with 18,000 members. It is growing rapidly and is in a thoroughly healthy condition. The total sales of this largest society for 1901 amounted to 6,166,404 francs, or about \$1,233,280. Among the occupations in which the coöperators of France are engaged

are lithography, color-printing, book-binding, printing, the manufacture of textile fabrics, musical instruments, window and looking glass, carpentering, building, fruit-growing, and dairying.

Italy has 1,200 distributive coöperative societies, with a membership of 320,000. Their annual sales amount to about \$10,000,000. The largest coöperative store owned and operated by middle-class citizens has 15,000 members, and its annual sales amount to one and one-half million dollars. The largest coöperative store operated by the manual laborers is situated at Turin. Its sales amount to \$350,000 a year. There are in Italy 1,737 coöperative banks, with a membership of 476,000; 750 coöperative dairies, with 37,000 members; 192 agricultural supply societies, with 45,000 members; and 30 other agrarian coöperative societies and 513 productive labor coöperative societies, with a membership of 90,000. Among the industries operated by the productive societies are silk manufacture, mosaic work, art work, furniture manufacture, iron-work, printing, the manufacture of boots and shoes, cement and stucco work, gas and coke manufacture, electric lighting, and electric railways.

Even Spain is not so entirely asleep that she has not heard the new economic evangel; as here we find 263 coöperative societies, of which 225 are distributive, 25 productive, 12 credit, and one building. Among the coöperative productive industries are wood-carving, cabinet-making, house building, and cotton and cloth manufacture.

Sweden has 324 distributive societies.

Holland has over 2,000 coöperative societies, over 900 of which are registered. Among these are 416 dairies, 166 agricultural supply societies, and 72 distributive societies. The chief productive coöperative industries are dairying, agriculture, printing, and the manufacture of cloth and clothing.

Denmark has made a phenomenal record, one only second to that of Switzerland on the Continent. Here we have 1,052 coöperative dairies, with a membership of 162,000. These dairies take four-fifths of all milk products of the kingdom, and make \$34,000,000 worth of butter a year. There are 25 coöperative bacon factories, with a membership of 54,000. These factories handle three-fifths of all the pork products of the kingdom and are doing annually a business amounting to \$5,000,000. The coöperative egg society has 400 branches and 2,000 members, and exports about one-half a million dollars' worth of eggs a year. There are 837 distributive societies,



with a membership of 130,331, making 1,915 as the total minimum of coöperative societies, with an aggregate membership of almost 350,000.

These facts give some idea of the nature and extent of the coöperative movement in the Old World.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value to the cause of altruistic coöperation to-day of the brilliant success that came as a legitimate result of the Rochdale coöperative movement—a success very slow and uncertain at first, but which during the last quarter of a century has grown to be one of the most phenomenal triumphs in the business and economic annals of the Old World. It has proved beyond all cavil the wisdom, the practicability, and the importance of the coöperation of the creators and consumers of wealth for their mutual and equitable benefit at a time when the most liberal and progressive nations are confronted by one of the gravest perils that can menace popular sovereignty—a peril such as destroyed the republic of Florence, and which, subtly but inevitably, will transform all popular governments into oligarchies, plutocracies, or aristocracies of wealth, unless met by counter-revolutionary methods originating from the people and appealing at once to both the conscience and the practical judgment of the vast body of the creators and consumers of wealth.

Coöperation is the expression of fraternalism on the economic plane. Its spirit is altruistic. It is in harmony with the teachings of Jesus and those of the nobler philosophers and sages of all ages. It more than any other single movement will quickly meet the dangerous, immoral, and unjust element in modern commercial life and check the deadly influence now being exerted by reason of the enormous and rapidly increasing concentration of wealth in the hands of irresponsible groups of men who are debauching government in all its ramifications, and who, having at their mercy both producers and consumers, are appropriating the lion's share of the wealth created by and extorted from the masses.

The coöperative movement of to-day is but one of the great moral and ethical revolutions whose key-note is *brotherhood* and whose watchword is *union*; but it more than any other agency promises to save the pending conflict from becoming a revolution of force. And herein is another potent reason why every lover of justice, freedom, fraternity, and the supremacy of the spiritual in man should heartily engage in this work. Let there be union. Let there be consecration. Let there be a passion for justice and the spirit of love dwelling in the

hearts of those who already see the dawn breaking over the hills, and the near future will register another splendid upward step for civilization.

All for one and one for all,  
With an endless song and sweep.  
So the billows rise and fall  
On the bosom of the deep;  
Louder in their single speech,  
More resistless in their roll,  
Broader, higher in their reach  
For their union with the whole.

Through all warring seas of life  
One vast current sunward rolls,  
And within all outward strife  
One eternal Right controls,—  
Right, at whose divine command  
Slaves go free and tyrants fall,  
In the might of those who stand  
All for one and one for all.

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### CHRIST IN THE ARMY OF RUSSIA.

An event occurred in Russia a short time ago that should be proclaimed around the world, as it was one of those deeds that arouse the nobler impulses and quicken and stir all the diviner emotions—a deed that speaks to the higher self and tends to call out the true heroism in the humblest life. For never did soldiers exhibit greater heroism or more essential nobility than in their refusal to murder their starving fellow-countrymen at the command of authority. Briefly stated, the facts are as follows:

In Poltava a famine had reduced the peasantry to actual starvation. Men, women, and children were dying for lack of bread and were freezing for lack of fuel. The government, as is the wont of governments that feel secure by reason of large standing armies, was indifferent to the sufferings of these unfortunate ones; while in sight of the hovels of the wretched rose the great barns of the landlords, well stored with grain. Goaded on by the pangs of hunger, the peasants assembled in a turbulent meeting, calling for food and seed with which to sow their land and for the right to fuel from the forests around



them. Armed with pitchforks, reaping hooks, and other rude implements of agriculture, some of their number expressed their determination to help themselves if this demand, born of their terrible need, was longer ignored. Thereupon the landlords, after the manner of the capitalists of the Old World and the trust magnates of the New, called upon the government to silence its starving subjects. A company of five hundred soldiers was despatched to the scene of disorder. Here they were ordered to fire upon their countrymen, who were lawless only because they were starving and freezing in sight of an abundance of food and fuel. But the soldiers refused to obey. They knew full well what it meant to heed the voice of conscience and right and to defy despotism. But the spirit of God in their hearts was greater than the fear of death. They represented the living Christ; they were children of the dawn; they were a glorious incarnation of the Light. But as evil, which is spiritual darkness, ever wars against the light,—as Christ is ever being crucified anew by the high priests and the Pilates of the ages,—so the brutal government of the White Czar, embodying as it does most perfectly the reactionary spirit of militarism and despotism, rewarded these moral heroes, whose crime was greater love for their starving countrymen than love for their own lives, with swift and terrible punishment. The day after the revolt the soldiers were court-martialed, and every tenth man was shot. The rest were condemned to penal servitude.

But their deed of glory has gone forth like the light of dawn, and their punishment has emphasized their heroism. They have become martyrs for humanity. They too, with bleeding feet, have trod the road to Calvary for their fellow-men. They faced death, and penal servitude worse than death, for the weak and unfortunate victims of unjust social conditions, not only for our own age but for the generations yet unborn. And this sublime heroism, this self-immolation, this martyrdom, which marks them as the true flower of the Russian army, has also enrolled them among the servants of civilization and the high priests of progress. Their stand has already thrilled with hope and inspiration millions of other lives.

When Nathan Hale stood on the brink of an ignominious death for the cause of freedom, the brutal Cunningham, regarding him as of no more account than a dog, refused him even the consolations of religion. The patriot died declaring that he had but one regret, and that was that he had but one life to give for his country. From the day of his departure,

the life, death, and example of Nathan Hale have exerted an ever-increasing influence on the conscience of the world—while the name of Cunningham is everywhere execrated. And why? Because one represented the light and the other the darkness. One was leagued with eternal progress and the other with injustice and oppression.

And so it is with these soldiers in barbarous, bloody, but so-called Christian Russia. Their example will awaken the same divine impulses in hundreds of thousands of soldiers and others who are not wholly dead to the Divinity within.

"Nothing," writes Mr. J. Bruce Wallace, the scholarly editor of *Brotherhood*, "has ever happened in Russia of better omen than this. The seed sown by Tolstoy and the Doukhobors is bearing fruit. An army of heroes is rising up."

Yes; these new heroes, while journeying on the road to Damascus, have been overmastered by the light, and they have done more to emancipate the soldiers of the world from the pitiful and degrading condition of being merely unreasoning tools of despotic authority than anything that has happened within the last generation.

The day will come when those who are officially powerful in Russia will be forgotten, or only remembered as examples of the supremacy of the savage in the government of the world. But the influence of this noble band of five hundred will increase with the passing years, and men will come to revere the hour when their heroism lit up the dark night of Russian barbarism and proved to the world that the spirit of the living Christ was present in the rank and file of the army of the White Czar.

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## TWO VOICES AND WHAT THEY REPRESENT.

In Boston, on the morning of May 27, 1902, the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., president of the American Unitarian Association, in his annual address said:

"We ought to insist upon the fundamentally moral character of the issues of the hour. The national issues that to-day most conspicuously agitate public opinion are at the bottom moral questions, and they will never be permanently settled until they are settled according to the requirements of right feeling, brotherly sympathy, and impartial justice."

On the next day, May 28, in the city of Columbus, Ohio, the



theater of the humiliating bribery scandal connected with the securing of the Senatorial seat for Mr. Hanna, the Republican State Convention, dominated by Senator Hanna, fulminated in more or less grandiloquent terms its declarations, among which was the following assertion:

"Our flag is in the Philippines, and there it will remain."

These two utterances furnish the key-notes governing two influences that are to-day engaged in a life-and-death struggle in our Republic. That emanating from Columbus breathes the spirit of modern commercialism, which sneers at the Golden Rule and worships the beast of greed. It is the voice of ancient imperialistic Rome, when, drunken with power, she reeled forward and downward to her ignominious end. It is the voice of the beast, which sees no glory in the sky, the sea, the lily, or the rose; which hears no divine symphony sounding throughout Nature; which is stirred not by the loftier emotions that lift man above the brute; which hears no warning voice of conscience or inspiring call of duty; which is dead to the ideal and possesses no real, living faith in a to-morrow for the human soul.

The message emanating from Boston voices the conscience force of civilized life—the force that not only has exalted and dignified man, society, and nations, but that is the very soul of enduring progress. Every lasting and ennobling victory won by men or nations has been won on the moral plane. This voice represents all that is highest and holiest in our religion no less than in the glorious history of the Republic. Those who insist that impartial justice and brotherly sympathy must take the place of greed and the shallow, ignoble desire to ape Old-World despotisms are merely imitating the life, action, and solemn injunction of Jesus.

On the one side are ranged the Great Nazarene, the early Church before it became corrupted by paganism, the authors of the Declaration of Independence, the leading spirits in the great struggle for popular government, and the noblest statesmen of the Republic from Washington to Lincoln.

On the other side there is the vaunting, self-glorifying, greed-governed, and essentially brutal egoistic element that destroyed Babylon, Rome, and other ancient civilizations. Here also is the spirit of imperialism, strangling the spirit of popular government. Here are the bands of exploiters who are so largely responsible for the shame of our war against the liberty-loving Filipinos—small bands of politicians and promoters, whose cunning and wealth make political machines subservient

to their selfish ends, and who with greedy eyes are already seeking to augment great fortunes at the expense of millions of human beings.

Nor is this all. Never have a people acted with less business foresight, common sense, and practical judgment than have the American wealth-creators who support the present imperialistic program. Leaving out of consideration all moral aspects of the question and the frightful waste of life, and viewing the problem merely from the standpoint of dollars and cents, the balance is heavily against the imperialistic program. In a recent editorial the *Boston Post* succinctly stated the business side of the question in these words:

"It is costing the American workingmen \$150,000,000 a year to keep the flag there, with no return commercially and only scandals and horrors morally."

We believe that the conscience of our nation is awakening and that the voice of God in the soul of our people will at no late date compel a change in our national course; but it devolves upon every man and woman of conviction who loves liberty and justice and who would again see the Republic the great world power it was for nearly a century, when it lit up the path of civilization as the torch-bearer of popular government, bravely to fight for the supremacy of the moral idea over the forces of greed and national degeneracy. Let there be no cessation in the agitation, and victory will crown the cause of true civilization.

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### LET NO GUILTY MAN ESCAPE.

The declaration of the President that no guilty man must escape, made in his Memorial Day address when alluding to the atrocities proved to have been committed by United States army officials in the Philippines, would have been far more reassuring to the friends of the American soldiers and all who have at heart the cause of civilization if the fine-sounding phrase had been uttered before instead of after the accused officers, whose crimes had been self-confessed or clearly proved, had been acquitted by the court-martial.

So long as brutal officers are able to interpose Mr. Root's orders between themselves and the punishment that their crimes call for, and so long as the Secretary of War continues to pigeon-hole the evidences of atrocities and barbarities on the



part of our soldiers, while asserting that the war is being conducted "with marked humanity," thinking people will be forced to conclude that there is far more "sound" than "sense" in the President's valiant declaration.

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## WHO IS THE TRUE FRIEND OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER?

Who is the real friend of the American soldier? He who pigeon-holes and seeks to suppress well-authenticated cases of frightful torture, inhumanity, and barbarism on the part of American officials, and who in the presence of admitted atrocities declares that the present war of criminal aggression being waged in the Philippines is being conducted "with marked humanity," or he who insists not only that the American people shall be acquainted with the horrible inhumanities of American uniformed officers but that every guilty man shall be disgraced and driven from the service he has dishonored? Is the man who would purge the army of men who would disgrace savage tribes, or the one who seeks to make the upholder of national honor and humanity appear as an assailant of the American army, the real defender of our soldiers?

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.\*

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THE BOER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. By Michael Davitt. With illustrations from photographs taken by the author and others. Cloth, 603 pp. Price, \$2 net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Friends of freedom in America will read with keen but melancholy interest the brilliant, graphic, and at times tragic story of as heroic a fight for fatherland as is to be found in the annals of the world's history. At the opening of the Boer conflict, Mr. Davitt resigned his seat in the English Parliament as a protest against a war that he, in common with millions of friends of popular government, believed to be criminal in the extreme. He shortly thereafter repaired to the South African republics, and on the ground studied the situation, learning from authentic sources the past history of the sturdy pioneers who had founded three homes—Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal—only to be successively driven from each by the greed of Great Britain. Here also he became intimately acquainted with the great Boer leaders, and he was present during the early fighting—facts that are evident in the powerful manner in which he presents his story. The atmosphere of the book, its intensity, enthusiasm, and earnestness, are born of contact with the scenes and men pictured and of a deep and sincere interest in the cause championed.

The opening chapters form a fitting prelude to the story of the war. These depict the pathetic history of how the English came to Cape Colony under the guise of friends or allies of the Boers at a time when France was engaged in war with Holland and England; how later the English took possession of the land of the Boers, practically driving the sturdy pioneer spirits from their new fatherland into the northern country of Natal, where for a second time, after undergoing all the privations, hardships, and perils encountered by the founders of a State surrounded by hostile savages in a land naturally sterile rather than otherwise, they were again driven forth by the rapacity of England; and how finally, pushing into the arid veldts beyond the Vaal River, they founded the Transvaal Republic, only to be constantly hectoring and threatened by the British until Gladstone championed their cause and succeeded in obtaining for them fifteen years of real liberty. This story, told in a simple, touching, and eloquent manner, brings the reader to the opening scenes of the recent conflict.

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\*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.



Mr. Davitt has given the world the first authentic history of the struggle of the Boers for freedom, written from the viewpoint of a friend of the dead republics. The subject, though tragic, is colossal. It is a passage of history that no intelligent person can afford to ignore, and in the hands of our author it becomes far more than history. It is instinct with moral stimulus—it is a message.

Mr. Davitt is an advocate as well as a historian. This fact, of course, militates against the value of his work as history; for the annalist should ever be impartial and judicial—something quite impossible for the partizan. In this respect Dr. Conan Doyle's pro-British history and Mr. Davitt's book are both defective; but the time has not yet arrived to write a judicial history of the South African republics. In Mr. Davitt's work, however, we have something far more important for civilization at the present time than a mere judicial history, and that is a masterly marshaling of facts that cannot fail to bring home to the conscience of the world in a concrete and striking manner a story of unexampled heroism, courage, and loyalty to duty.

The author's style is very pleasing. Frequently it suggests the eloquence of the orator, but more often we recognize the vivid word-painting and clear-cut descriptions of the trained journalist, while at all times there is the enthusiasm and earnestness born of the conviction of the righteousness of the cause about which he writes.

The work has a moral value very important at the present time, and I do not think any one can read this story of true heroism without having all that is truest and finest in his nature stimulated. It is a book calculated to make patriots; to make men love freedom, justice, and humanity, and hate oppression, greed, and injustice. It is a volume that should be widely read, for its influence cannot fail to be as helpful as the deliverances of writers like Mr. Kipling on this subject are demoralizing.

### *THREE EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY MIRRORED IN FICTION.*

THE COLONIALS. By Allen French. Cloth, 504 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE BATTLEGROUND. By Ellen Glasgow. Illustrated, cloth, 512 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated, cloth, 466 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

I have recently read three novels from the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., which by the way is bringing out some of the best romances now being published in America. The first of these, "The Colonials," deals with the early days of the American Revolution. The second, "The Battleground," deals with the war of the Rebellion;

and the third, "The Leopard's Spots," is a Southern story of the reconstruction days. These books are all well written and have a special value quite apart from their interest as fiction, in that they give vivid glimpses of momentous passages and periods in the history of our Republic and are well calculated further to stimulate the reader's taste for the history of our great nation.

#### I. THE COLONIALS.

This work, from the pen of Mr. Allen French, possesses much of the wealth of imagination and invention that characterizes the romances of Bulwer Lytton, while being also true to the facts of history, which is one of the greatest merits of the novels of the elder Dumas. Like the latter's works, "The Colonials" also abounds in highly dramatic and melodramatic situations. It is constructed on conventional lines, with the hero, the beautiful but defenseless maiden, the arch-villain, the faithful old family servant, and the usual coterie of satellites who revolve round these well-known figures in the well-regulated melodrama.

The story opens in the wilds of Michigan, some years prior to the outbreak of the American Revolution. Here the heroine, a beautiful English girl who has been bought from a neighboring tribe of Indians, is introduced, and with her an old Pottawattamie who has adopted her into his family. Here, too, appear the hero, one Frank Ellery of Boston, and the villain, a young British officer, who with his troop is returning to his native land. After a thrilling scene, in which the girl is rescued from the lust and ferocity of the English officer, a number of chapters are devoted to a vivid and beautiful description of Indian life, with its toils, hardships, and perils. These chapters also contain some highly dramatic and tragic happenings, resulting ultimately in the liberation of the girl and her escape to Detroit, where, however, her protector, the young hero, is overcome by fatigue and starvation and left by the girl, who supposes him to be dead.

The scene next shifts to Boston, where the rising tide of revolutionary sentiment is admirably depicted. I know of no work of fiction in which the spirit and temper of the age are better reflected than in the chapters of this romance that deal with the happenings in Boston and its vicinity. The Boston Tea-Party is excellently portrayed, while the descriptions of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill and of the Evacuation of Boston are vivid, thrilling, and realistic. It is during this period that the chief actors in the story pass through a series of exciting experiences in which plots and counterplots tread upon each other's heels with a rapidity that would do credit to the elder Dumas or to Dr. Conan Doyle. At last, however, true to the melodrama so dear to the hearts of the people, the clouds break, the sun shines forth, and all ends happily.

Perhaps the chief value of "The Colonials" lies in the influence that it will exert in riveting the attention of the reader upon the noble ideals which actuated the founders of our Government, the passion for



freedom, justice, and those great eternal verities which form the soul of the Declaration of Independence, and which for one hundred years gave our Republic a unique place in the world. It also shows in a striking and startling manner how, with slight changes in terminology, the same arguments, pleas, and attempts at justification are to-day being made by imperialists who defend the war in the Philippines that a hundred years ago were made by the American Tories and the soldiers of King George III.

## II. THE BATTLEGROUND.

This novel deals with the period of the Civil War. The scenes of the story are laid in Virginia, and the leading characters are all Southerners. The descriptions of life in Virginia prior to the war are among the finest pictures of American life found in our literature; while the portrayal of the desolation to the land wrought by war is only excelled by the wonderfully vivid pictures of the privations, sufferings, suspense, and toil that were borne by the private soldiers in the field and by the mothers, sisters, daughters, and wives in the homes. The story is not so dramatic as "The Colonials," though it is a far greater piece of literature. The former is a typical romantic or melodramatic story, while "The Battleground" is a heart romance in which the reader is brought into the most sympathetic relations with one of the greatest epochs in our history and is made to see and feel as the Virginians saw and felt during those dark and terrible times. The work is free from bitterness, prejudice, and the harsh and unhappy spirit that frequently marks "The Leopard's Spots," and that is usually characteristic of stories of the Civil War and the reconstruction period.

In this story we have a fine picture of the evolution of a character, wild, wayward, headstrong, and wilful in the beginning, but who, coming under the influence of a pure, strong girl's affection, is started on the upward path, while the long and terrible schooling of the war serves to strengthen and develop the best in his nature. Yet Dan and Betty are but two of a number of excellently drawn characters, among whom the Major and Pine-Top are especially worthy of mention. I have seldom read a more delightful romance than this pure and beautiful heart story of old Virginia.

## III. THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS.

The author of this novel is a Southern clergyman who has lived for many years in Boston and New York; but absence from North Carolina has not lessened his love for the South or his admiration for the old white families of his native State, nor—let it be said with regret—has it served greatly to broaden his vision or soften his prejudices.

The story deals with the reconstruction period, and its chief interest and value lie in the vivid pictures of the South after the war and during the dark night-time of reconstruction, with its carpet-bag and negro rule, with the shameful abuses of government, with the outrages

perpetrated upon the conquered by the recently emancipated population, led and influenced by unscrupulous characters, and followed by the rise of the Ku-Klux Klan. The author's viewpoint is that of a Southerner. In this respect his position is similar to that of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in his extremely able novel dealing with this period. "The Leopard's Spots" is not so well written as the other two romances, yet as a work of fiction it is not devoid of interest. Indeed, there are many strong passages and some excellent character drawing, and one greatly regrets that the prejudice of the author should at times flame out in the utterances of his favorite characters. The sneering remark of Gen. Worth in reference to Charles Sumner is as unhappy as it is unjust, while the closing part of the volume is marred by the injection of a spread-eagle stump speech from the hero that is at once turgid and full of cheap political clap-trap, the antipodes of the thought and eloquence of a true statesman. This speech uttered by the hero, whom the author seeks to make an almost incomparable youth, doubtless voices the sentiments of the reverend author. It is filled with the poison virus of imperialism and reflects that pitiful spirit of pride and vainglory that exalts one race, nation, or State to the plane of superiority over all others, and that paves the way for the justification of wars of subjugation and the nullification of the great fundamental truths taught by Jesus and luminously expounded in the Declaration of Independence. In this speech the young hero, who is about to be nominated for governor on the strength of his spread-eagleism, says:

"Yes, I confess it, I am in a sense narrow and provincial. . . . I hate the dishwater of modern world-citizenship. A shallow cosmopolitanism is the mask of death for the individual. It is the froth of civilization, as crime is its dregs. Race and race pride are the ordinances of life."

This lack of the sense of moral proportion, this failure to grasp the importance and implications of the underlying verities upon which free government rests, is always present when men seek to evade or push aside the doctrine of a common Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, with its august obligations and demands, which was the foundation upon which Jesus builded his code of ethics.

LEWIS G. JANES: Philosopher, Patriot, Lover of Man. Memorial Volume. Illustrated, cloth, 216 pp. Price, \$1.00. Boston: James H. West Company.

This volume should be owned and carefully perused by all the thousands of persons who have derived inspiration and help from the valuable work of the Brooklyn Ethical Society, the Cambridge Conferences, and the Monsalvat School of Comparative Religion, at Greenacre, Eliot, Maine; for Dr. Janes was not only the author but the guiding spirit and shaping influence of each. He was a broad and sweetly



reasonable man. He endeavored to humanize and ennoble life and to exalt a reverence for justice and love. He ever strove, to use the beautiful words of Tennyson—

"To hunt the tiger of oppression out  
From office; and to spread the Divine Faith  
Like calming oil on all the stormy creeds,  
And fill the hollows between wave and wave;  
To nurse my children on the milk of Truth,  
And alchemize old hates into the gold of Love."

It would be difficult even approximately to estimate the influence for good that flows from such a life as that of the simple, unpretentious, yet scholarly man who suddenly received the marching orders from within the vale a few days after the close of the Summer School at Greenacre last year.

Shortly before his death Dr. Janes wrote a little volume, entitled "Health and a Day," which is one of the finest, sanest, and most helpful idealistic volumes that have appeared in years—a book that should be read by every American.

The present volume is a loving tribute to his life, and to the good work accomplished by Dr. Janes, by those who are best able to estimate their worth. Among the contributors are Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Edna D. Cheney, Charles Malloy, Frank B. Sanborn, Rabbi Charles Fleischer, James H. West, Shehadi Abd-Allah Shehadi, the Rev. James T. Bixby, Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, Edwin D. Mead, Swâmi Sâradânanda, William Lloyd Garrison, and others.

It is a book full of inspiration and calculated to make every reader aspire to live a finer, truer, and juster life. The world for centuries has been fed upon the lives of the men of blood, and all nations are reaping the deadly fruits. Let the twentieth century order the slayers of men to the rear, and insist that hereafter moral and intellectual heroes and leaders shall hold the highest places in the pantheon of civilization and the halls of progress.

The book is handsomely gotten up; and in this connection I wish to say a word in regard to Mr. West as a publisher. No volume comes from his house that is not a model of fine book-making—a delight to the eye and the refined taste of book-lovers.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Herbert E. Cushman, Ph.D. Cloth, 60 pp. Price, 60 cents. Boston: James H. West Company.

This is the fairest, ablest, and most judicial criticism of Christian Science that has appeared from the pen of a thinker who does not accept the mystical philosophy or the major premises upon which this faith rests. The author is professor of philosophy in Tufts' College. He has made a profound study of metaphysics throughout the

ages from the remote past, and, without accepting the philosophic deductions of the master minds who from the morning time of civilization in India, Egypt, and Greece down to the present time have taught metaphysics, idealism, and mystic philosophy, he is nevertheless deeply in sympathy with their noble attempts to solve the riddle of the ages. He also appreciates the immense good arising from the lofty ideals that permeate this thought.

In the present brochure he considers Christian Science, first in its social aspect, second as a healing agency, and third as a philosophy. He finds much in its practical ideals that is helpful and important in the present materialistic age. He finds that it is a valuable factor also in the cure of disease; though his investigations convince him that Christian Science, Divine healing, mental healing, and hypnotism all alike cure the same diseases, and he further concludes that the same scientific explanation lies at the bottom of each and all these modes of cure—namely, mental suggestion. He fails, however, to note one important fact that differentiates Christian healing and metaphysical treatments, which primarily arouse the ethical or spiritual side of life, from hypnotism or mere mental suggestive therapeutics; and that is that in the former treatments the entire thought-world and environment is changed, and the patient is brought *en rapport* with new and more wholesome conditions than those which have hitherto surrounded him.

Professor Cushman does not find that the healing phase of Christian Science is new, nor yet that the central idea of the philosophy is novel. He even holds that far abler and more lucid presentations of the philosophy may be found in the writings of the great master mystics of the past. Yet he believes that it is an important and in many ways a helpful reactionary influence in present-day life. His criticism, though fearless, is fair, and the work is one that should be read by all thoughtful persons, whether friends or foes of the philosophy discussed.

A BOOK OF SECRETS. By Horatio W. Dresser. Cloth, 138 pp.  
Price, \$1.00 net. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Dresser's latest volume, "A Book of Secrets," is in many respects the best thing that has appeared from his pen. It is clear, concise, and epigrammatic in style and contains much thought that is of practical value. The work is especially free from the involved arguments and abstruse theories that characterize so many metaphysical essays.

Among the "secrets" revealed are the following: "The Secret of Success," "A Secret of Evolution," "The Secret of Adjustment," "The Secret of Work," "The Secret of Self-Help," "The Secret of Action," and "The Secret of Character."

The book will doubtless enjoy a wide circulation among the many admirers of Mr. Dresser's writings.



POEMS OF FRANCES GUIGNARD GIBBES. Cloth, 72 pp.  
Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.

It is with a feeling of trepidation that we take up each new volume of poems by unknown writers; but Miss Gibbes's little book comes as a pleasant surprise. Her work is of an order far superior to that of most occasional verse-makers, both in form and in the thought expressed. All of her poems give evidence of sincere feeling and depth of character, and many of them possess a charming musical quality. The following stanzas, entitled "Waning Lights," are a good example of Miss Gibbes's work:

The light is waning into shadowy night;  
The gleaming answers of the earth are still;  
The shimmering flowers and the glittering rill  
Alike have furled their signals since no light  
Aloft is calling in bright fellowship;  
The songs of eve are silenced, and the earth,  
Awaiting morning with its quickened birth,  
Has sunk into that sweet, deep rest of sleep.

The light is waning from beloved eyes;  
Those mirrors of the myriad sights of life,  
Outworn and weary, seek a sweet relief  
And wait until the last faint glimmer dies  
Of earth, their biding place; the flickering breath  
Grows fainter as grow dim the tired eyes,  
And to the murmur of half-uttered sighs  
They sink into that sweet, deep rest of death.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Infans Amoris." By T. Everett Harry. Cloth, 335 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

"A Slave-holder's Daughter." By Belle Kearney. Illustrated, cloth, 260 pp. Price, \$1. New York: The Abbey Press.

"Funk & Wagnalls Standard Reader Series: First Reader." Illustrated in colors. Cloth, 112 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"Teacher's Manual for First Reader." Cloth, 238 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"The Will to be Well." By Charles Brodie Patterson. Cloth, 205 pp. Price, \$1. New York: The Alliance Pub. Co.

"Armageddon." Poem by Valentine Brown. Cloth, 151 pp. Published by the author at Portland, Ore.

"Ragtime Philosophy." By Fred. W. Stowell. Cloth, 108 pp. Price, \$1. San Francisco News Co.

"American Communities." By Wm. Alfred Hinds, Ph. B. Revised edition, cloth, 433 pp. Price, \$1. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr.

"Love's Coming-of-Age." By Edward Carpenter. Cloth, 162 pp. Price, \$1. Chicago: Stockham Pub. Co.

"The Resurrection of Adam." By Mabel Gifford. Paper, 14 pp. Price, 15 cents. Boston: Occult Pub. Co.

"Railroading in the United States." Socialist Library Series. Paper, 24 pp. Price, 5 cents. New York: Socialist Coöperative Pub. Co.

"The Smouldering War." By John Coleman Kenworthy. Paper, 16 pp. Price, one penny. London: Simpkins, Marshall & Co.

"Aesus." By H. L. Paper, 44 pp. Paris: Vigot Frères, Editeurs.

"The Initiative and the Referendum." By Herman Lieb. Cloth, 178 pp. Chicago: H. Lieb, Jr., & Co.

"The Cosmic Ether and Its Problems." By B. B. Lewis. Cloth, 160 pp. Bridgeport, Conn.: The Evening Post Print.

"What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know." By Emma F. Angell Drake, M.D. Cloth, 211 pp. Price, \$1 net. Philadelphia: Vir Pub. Co.

"The Unsealed Bible." By the Rev. George Chainey. Vol. I.: Genesis. Cloth, 388 pp. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.



## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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THE leading article in this month's ARENA—"Why I Oppose our Philippine Policy," by the Rev. R. E. Bisbee—may be regarded as supplementary to the symposium on "Imperialism" with which our last issue opened. Although this paper was in type at the time of President Roosevelt's spectacular proclamation of peace and amnesty in our Eastern "possessions" on the Fourth of July, yet its arguments lose none of their cogency and its truth is not less pointed by reason of that declaration. The shameful facts remain that we are assuming to govern the Filipinos, an alien race, without their consent; that while taxing them we are denying them citizenship and even representation in Congress; that all information as to our ultimate intentions concerning them is withheld even from the American people, and that the recent substitution of civil for military government in the archipelago is but an incident of the change in foreign masters forced upon the inhabitants. Mr. Bisbee has a keenly judicial mind, illumined by an active conscience, and his sentiments will doubtless have a trumpet-toned echo among freedom and justice loving hearts everywhere.

The important question of our fitness to govern subject or dependent peoples, raised by Mr. Bisbee, receives additional force from Mr. Pomeroy's article, which follows in this number. There is something pathetic in the indifference of the masses to our wide departure from the principles, methods, and ideals of democratic government right here in the United States. If the American experiment is to be regarded as the criterion, it would seem that "democracy" is destined to fail—as a device for the securing of liberty, justice, and happiness and the promoting of progress among men. Mr. Pomeroy is well known for his devotion to the cause of Direct Legislation, and his contrast of the popular initiative and referendum of Switzerland with the decreasing weight of the people's voice in the national councils of this country should give food for reflection to every American voter.

That the reactionary tendencies deplored by these writers have their adequate remedy in the will of the people, whenever they care to exercise it, is ably pointed out by the Hon. Boyd Winchester, who discusses in this issue "The Citizen's Debt to

His Country." Neglect to fulfil the obligations of freedom and to avail one's self of the prerogatives of citizenship in a republic is an abuse of liberty that in the United States is bringing its penalty in the dual form of corrupt local government and a sordid commercialism in national affairs. In this "strenuous" era, the glorification of brute force and the mania for material gain have perverted the word *patriotism* from its original meaning, and to the discussion of the politico-ethical ideals that should form its base Mr. Winchester's paper is an important contribution.

Prof. Bixby's lengthy but highly instructive article on "Count Tolstoy and the New Quakerism" will interest thinkers and reformers of almost every shade of conviction. As a critical analysis of the life and teachings of the Russian sage, we doubt if it has been surpassed in clearness of grasp, in accuracy of interpretation, or in the justice of its conclusions by any American essayist. A careful perusal of it, however, suggests that both author and critic have misapprehended the true signification of the remedy for poverty proposed by the late Henry George. The Single Tax does not mean "free land": it means free *men*. It does not contemplate the common ownership and use of the soil, but rather the joint utilization of its *rental value*. Under this system of taxation land would still be "owned in severalty," but the value imparted to it by the community would be enjoyed in common. It would render no easier the lot of those whose poverty is voluntary and invited—and this is one of its strongest recommendations.

In presenting an article this month by the son of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, we are convinced that it will be regarded as a piece of interesting news by almost every reader of THE ARENA. The fact seems conclusive that polygamy was originally no part of the doctrine or practise of the Mormon Church. Its introduction in later years was apparently without the sanction of its founders, and the establishing of this truth should go far to remove the present odium from the institution and to relieve our Government from the stigma of religious persecution.

Our September number will be found more than usually attractive. Among the papers now in preparation are the following: "Our Duty in the Danish West Indies," by Hrolf Wisby; "Newspaper Criticisms of Public Men," by Duane Mowry; "Anarchism at Close Range," by Dr. R. Warren Conant; "The Philosophy of Genius," by Merwin-Marie Snell, president of Albertus Magnus College; "The Criminal Classes," by Adelle W. Wright; "Humanity's Part in the Labor Problem," by George F. Spinney; "The Mask of Charity," by Joseph Dana Miller, and many other features of contemporaneous human interest.

J. E. M.



*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.  
They master us and force us into the arena,  
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

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# THE ARENA

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THE ARENA FOR THE COMING YEAR.

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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

B. O. FLOWER.

JOHN EMERY McLEAN.

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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

UNDER the present management the circulation of THE ARENA has steadily increased, largely owing to the efforts of earnest, sincere, and thoughtful men and women who appreciate the vital importance in the present crucial period of having a great, fearless, progressive, and authoritative magazine of opinion, which in the truest sense is a conscience force in the nation. Our arrangements for the coming year are such that we believe THE ARENA for 1903 will be absolutely indispensable to every man and woman of conviction who dares to think

and who desires to keep in touch with the great altruistic movements of the time and the progressive and reform thought in the social, economic, political, educational, theological, esthetic, scientific, and philosophic domains of research.

The most vital issues will be ably discussed by thoroughly authoritative thinkers, with special reference to fundamental principles and human elevation and progress. In addition to our present editorial staff, we take great pleasure in announcing a Board of Associates, or Contributing Editors, embracing men preëminent in various fields of research who represent in a large and vital way the conscience force that is even now profoundly stirring society and that promises the early advent of a moral or spiritual renaissance. While many of these names are familiar to the thousands of thoughtful Americans who have for years followed *THE ARENA* and other leading publications, for the benefit of new subscribers and those who are not yet numbered among our regular readers we give below a brief descriptive characterization of the personnel of this Board of Associates:

I. THE REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.—This eminent Episcopalian divine has long held a foremost place among the most liberal and deeply religious leaders of America. His long service as rector of All Souls' Church, in New York City, and his numerous and extremely able volumes, have contributed in an important degree to the higher development of all who have come under the influence of his luminous thought and noble life.

II. EDWIN MARKHAM.—No American poet of recent years has done so much distinctly fine work as Edwin Markham. His verse is true poetry, rich in elevated imagination, perfect in rhythmic requirements, noble in conception, and instinct with spiritual fervor born of a passion for justice, an all-consuming love for his kind, and an exalted faith in an overruling Power who is at once the supreme incarnation of Light, Love, Truth, and Beauty.

III. PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS, PH.D.—Professor Parsons has for many years held an important chair in the law department of Boston University. He is the author of numerous



legal text-books and is recognized as one of the most careful statisticians and authorities in America. His greatest service to the public, however, is found in his luminous and extremely valuable discussions of the telegraph, telephone, and railroad problems, municipal ownership, and coöperation. His volume on "The City for the People" is recognized by the leading progressive economists as the most important and exhaustive contribution that has appeared on the subject of municipal ownership and allied issues. His discussions of the telegraph question and governmental ownership of railways that appeared in THE ARENA have probably done more than anything else to arouse thinking Americans to the importance of these great problems. Professor Parsons has recently returned from Europe, where he spent five months studying the railroad problem and the wonderful coöperative movements of the Old World. On the great live issues of popular ownership of public utilities, and on the subject of coöperation, Professor Parsons is an authority of the first rank.

IV. ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.—Mr. Pomeroy has for many years been the president of the National Direct Legislation League and the editor of the *Direct Legislation Record*. He has done far more to create a public interest in the referendum, the initiative, and proportional representation than any other American thinker. To-day several States have the referendum, and no fundamental problem has grown more rapidly in popular favor among the more thoughtful Americans in recent years than the beneficent Swiss innovations, by which the genius of free government may be preserved in its purity under the changed conditions of the present. These measures have made Switzerland the truest republic in the world. On Direct Legislation Mr. Pomeroy is the highest authority in America.

V. PROFESSOR JOHN WARD STIMSON.—Professor Stimson, author of "The Gate Beautiful," was graduated from Yale College in 1872, after which he went to Paris to perfect his art education, as he determined to devote his life to the furtherance of vital art in the New World. He entered the National French Academy of Art, from which, after his graduation, he jour-

neyed over Europe, visiting all the great art centers and making a careful study of the masterpieces of the ages. On his return to America he was called to the head of the art education work in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, and later he founded the Artist-Artisan Institute of New York City. After thirteen years of constant work his health broke down, and he was compelled to retire to the Adirondack Mountains, where during a period of perfect rest he formulated his great work, "The Gate Beautiful," which has just been published. In the realm of vital art education Professor Stimson has no peer among American educators.

VI. PRESIDENT GEORGE MCA. MILLER, PH.D.—President Miller, at the head of Ruskin College of Trenton, Missouri, is achieving great success in building up an important educational institution, in which industrial training, ethical teaching, and the highest new social ideals are taught in connection with the regular college curriculum. He is a strong, able, fearless thinker with twentieth century ideals, and his papers cannot fail to be of exceptional value to our readers.

VII. ERNEST CROSBY.—The talented author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," and "Captain Jinks, Hero," is well known to all friends of social progress and high civic ideals. He is one of the strongest and most brilliant of a coterie of fearless young American scholars who have deliberately turned their backs upon avenues open to them, which offered fame and emolument, to battle for righteousness in government, justice, and brotherhood. Mr. Crosby's father was the eminent Rev. Howard Crosby, who until his death was one of the most distinguished clergymen in the Presbyterian body.

VIII. BOLTON HALL.—Like Mr. Crosby, Mr. Hall is the son of a distinguished clergyman, his father being the eminent Dr. John Hall, long pastor of one of the leading churches of New York City. Bolton Hall early broke with the conventionalism and dilettanteism that surrounded his youth. Like Mr. Crosby, he had enjoyed the best obtainable educational advantages; but when Henry George's great works appeared they appealed to him as a trumpet blast from Duty's throne. They



came as marching orders from above, and he straightway enlisted. Since then he has been one of the ablest social reformers in America, who, in addition to a large and exacting law practice in New York City, finds time to further the ends of social justice and righteousness.

IX. THE REV. ROBERT E. BISBEE.—Mr. Bisbee is one of the clearest thinkers in the Methodist Episcopal pulpit of New England. He is a man of broad vision, liberal in spirit yet deeply religious, and a fearless and faithful friend of social justice and human brotherhood. For many years he has been a valued contributor to THE ARENA.

X. MR. GEORGE F. WASHBURN.—Mr. Washburn, the president of the Commonwealth Club of Boston, has for many years been prominently identified with social and economic progressive movements. He long ago introduced profit-sharing into his large business establishment; and, becoming deeply interested in the coöperative movements of the Old World, he recently made two trips to Europe to study their actual workings. He is now perfecting a plan for a large coöperative movement in New England.

XI. F. EDWIN ELWELL.—Mr. Elwell, though comparatively a young man, has achieved an eminent position among the leading sculptors of America. His "Intelligence Subduing Brute Force," his Dickens group, which was awarded the gold medal by the Art Club of Philadelphia and was later purchased by the Fairmount Art Association of that city, his Hancock statue on the field of Gettysburg, and his "Egypt Awakening" are but a few distinctly great works in sculpture that have given him an international reputation. Believing as we do that a noble art is one of the most powerful allies of progress and human upliftment, we have secured Mr. Elwell as a representative thinker who will discuss live problems relating to art in her nobler manifestations.

XII. RALPH WALDO TRINE.—Mr. Trine is another member of a coterie of young American thinkers who represent in a large and real way the conscience force at work in society to-day. His works, "What All the World's a-Seeking," "In

Tune with the Infinite," and the "Life Booklets," have enjoyed enormous sales and are strong, fine, wholesome books, instinct with that spirit of love and brotherhood which is the supreme lever for lifting the world.

XIII. PROFESSOR THOMAS E. WILL, A.M. (*Harvard.*)—Professor Will is one of the ablest educators and one of the most scholarly and careful writers on social and economic problems in America. After graduating from Harvard he became professor of political economy in Kansas Agricultural College. Later he was president of that institution, and during his incumbency not only was the college largely increased in membership but the character and standing of the institution was so raised that it gained a national reputation as the foremost agricultural college in the land. A spirit of narrow partizan politics finally led to his displacement. He then accepted a chair in Ruskin College, of Trenton, Missouri, where he has greatly aided in building up that college. On several occasions Professor Will has contributed important papers to THE ARENA, and all the old friends of this review will rejoice to see his name among the Board of Associates.

No pains will be spared to make THE ARENA for the ensuing year a greater conscience force than ever before; and we appeal to all friends of progressive, reformatory, and altruistic thought to unite with us in an effort to double our circulation within the next sixty days. This can easily be done with a little effort on the part of our friends. A large number of the present subscribers will be able to secure new readers among their acquaintances by showing the magazine and calling attention to the work it is doing and what it stands for in American life to-day. Others are amply able to send the magazine to one or two friends. In this manner they will be doing a double service for progress—by increasing the influence of THE ARENA over thoughtful minds and by aiding in sustaining a great, free, and untrammelled magazine of opinion. In view of the importance of the work being carried forward, we urgently ask every reader to secure for us at least one new name during the next sixty days.

THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



## THE SCHOOL IN THE PROMOTION OF PROGRESS.

**N**EITHER the school nor what goes on in it is education. Neither the factory nor the market nor what goes on in them is industry. Neither the capitol nor what goes on in it is government. Neither the Church nor what goes on in it is religion.

These concrete institutions and their activities may be important factors in the abstract forces which they, in their normal functions, in part represent. But industry, government, religion, and education consist of infinite relationships, influences, causes and effects that permeate one another, act and react upon one another, and, like the prismatic colors in a ray of light, produce varying effects: now blackness, as they may be absorbed by the egoism that gives nothing back; now brightness, as they may be reflected from an altruism that gives all back; now beauty, as they may half separate, half blend in rainbow variety—but reaching their highest effect in the perfect blending that gives the world the white light of social harmony.

It may some time come to pass that religion will be the correction of government; that government will be the direction of industry; that industry will be the perfection of education. If this is not a dream to be forgotten, but a vision to be realized, the relations of these expressions of collective life should in some degree be recognized while we reach toward the ideal.

Do we too much exalt education? Humboldt says: "The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is man. To educate man is the first duty. Trade, law, science, and religion are only the scaffolding wherewith to build man."

Education, then, is not the "handmaid of religion." Luther sought to make the school the handmaid of Protestantism. But, if the school is to be a servant only, it can be made to serve one master as well as another. Loyola taught Luther this lesson

when he made the school the handmaid of Jesuitism and brought the Reformation almost to a dead halt. Had Luther exalted education to the position of the means of development of the whole man and the whole social order, instead of making it the servile handmaid of a restricted theology, Protestantism would have been placed beyond the reach of Jesuitism. If Jesuitism had been compelled to rise to such a height in order to meet the Reformation on its own ground, it would by that act have ceased to be Jesuitism.

If education should not be the handmaid of religion, neither should it be the handmaid of government, nor industry, nor any other institution. Just to the extent to which it goes into the handmaid business, by so much it falls short of its duty and destiny. May not this account for such failures of education as history has been compelled to record?

The school is not a machine that turns out complete educations, all stamped, labeled, and ready for the market. This is only a superstition of those who cannot distinguish between education and a scrap of sheepskin. The fatuous attempt to make it such and to achieve the impossible, however, accounts for the "magnificent distance" between what it is and what it ought to be. The school is not and never can be made a machine for producing a complete education. Indeed, so imperfect an instrument is it that the time may come when it will become wholly obsolete. John saw no temple in the new social order that he called the New Jerusalem. Religion was taught and lived without machinery. It is quite probable also that he saw no school-house, although he does not record the fact. That the "former things were passed away," however, justifies the conclusion. But learning and knowing and developing were conceived to belong to the new order, as Isaiah in a similar vision says, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," indicating an educational process without the cumbersome educational machinery known to our day.

Whether these ancient visions have any value or not, they are in accordance with a growing modern belief that in the New Time physical, mental, and spiritual development will



come through life's ordinary activities and not at all by gymnastic, ecclesiastic, or pedagogic machinery.

If this belief is rational, the pedagogic machine, so long as it remains a necessity, should be a prophecy of the new order, as each ascending form of life in evolution prophesied a higher.

The purpose of education, therefore, should determine the program of the school. If education, in the ideal, is to include and be served by religion and government and industry, religion and government becoming only methods of directing industry, or the doing of things, and that all of these issue at last in education, or the highest development and expression of life, these things should, as far as possible, here and now be made to constitute the school. That this has not heretofore been done to any marked degree is due to the difficulty of harmonizing these forces. Government has been jealous of religion because the Church has often usurped the alleged functions of the State. Religion has been jealous of government because the State has often usurped the alleged functions of the Church. Industry has hated both because the shop and the market have for ages been but the slave of the Church and the capitol. Education, whose mission it is to harmonize all of these for the perfection of the race, has languished because the school has in all the ages been made the liveried flunky or peripatetic policeman of the Church and the capitol and in more recent times of the market.

With this heritage of worse than Highland feud to deal with, what hope is there of harmony? The chief hope is found in the fact that industry is asserting its supremacy—that doing is taking precedence of both praying and ruling. The doer at last comes to his own. The only fault to be found is with the manner of his coming. In the mail of the market he comes too much as his predecessors, the representatives of religion and government, have come—not to reign but to rule. He has felt the lash of priest and king in all the ages, and, like the slave-overseer of fellow-slaves, he in turn uses the lash with the less mercy. The market is to-day supreme. The Church and the capitol are chained to its chariot. The school, enjoying some-

what more freedom, is still but a contraband of war, snatched from the Church and the capitol and set, like Vulcan, to forging and riveting bonds for the new slavery instituted by the market. To change the figure for greater clearness, yonder towers the market mounted with a Maxim. Its right wing is the capitol mounted with a flag. Its left wing is the Church mounted with a cross. In the rear rise the smoke-piercing chimneys of the factory. Yonder on the heights, overlooking all, and growing yearly in splendor of equipment by appropriations from the market, frowns the school. Why is the school there? Because each generation must be taught to protect the market and its adjuncts in its present status or it cannot stand.

If education as represented by the school thus commands the situation for the maintenance of the present order, why may it not, without change of position, be made to command the situation for a new order? It has only to train its guns upon the market instead of upon the factory to remove forever the Maxim that crowns it and to call industry as represented in the factory into the market and its wings and to place over all in the place where the Maxim rests the flag and the cross, making "government" spell equality, religion, brotherhood, and industry development. Then may it vacate the fort on the heights and, with the capitol, the Church, the market, and the factory, lose its machine identity in the harmonized life of the world. Then may it appear that there never was any real conflict between religion and government, or between either of these and industry, but only between the selfish, ambitious mechanisms misrepresenting these forces.

But to do this the school, if possible, must demonstrate within itself the essential unity of these things. Is this possible? The question can be answered better by action than by argument.

At Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo., such action is going on. A few of the things that have been and are being done are here given for what they may be worth by way of answer. Industry is represented by an 1,800-acre farm in charge of Prof. H. M. Cottrell, who holds the chair of agricultural science in the College. He developed the Levi P. Morton farm at Rhinecliff-on-



the-Hudson, and was afterward for five years professor of agriculture in the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas, being also in charge of the college farm and government experiment station. Dairying, horticulture, and intensive as well as general farming have been going on in an experimental way for two years as one of the College departments. Prof. Cottrell took charge July first, with a program and a bank account sufficient to make the farm equal to any in America, both for furnishing students scientific, remunerative employment for self-help toward a general education and as a demonstration of the possibilities of rural outdoor industry.

The factory comes next. It is represented by a plant for canning fruit and vegetables raised on the College farm and by neighboring farmers and a woodwork establishment for turning the matured native timber into such market products as it will make, such as handles, boxes, house finishings, and furniture. About \$25,000 has already been invested in the plants and product of these two factories. The employing capacity of the cannery is about sixty, and that of the woodwork factory about twenty.

Chemical works lately established in Trenton by the Western Coöperative Association are in the same line of development, and the minor industries of carpentry, laundry, sewing, and cooking carried on in the College building go in with the foregoing to make up a little industrial system that, though imperfect in many particulars as yet, is serving a purpose greater than its size suggests.

Not only have the affiliated farm and the factory thus donned the cap and gown, but the market, too, comes forth in College toggery. Five stores in Trenton, including three more that were absorbed, to be reduced to one as soon as may be, and representing a capital of \$75,000, come next as representing the conquest of industry, including farm, factory, and market, by the school. These stores, together with others to the value of about \$100,000 more at other points in Missouri and Kansas—with Kansas City, where several of the larger stores are located, as the center—are owned and operated by the Western

Coöperative Association and its auxiliary companies, which are all under the general control of the College. They are intended not only to contribute a generous percentage of their profits to the College and the general educational work it represents, but to be used largely for furnishing self-help for students who are working for an education, and permanent positions for them after they have acquired a satisfactory degree of fitness.

Twenty-five dollars per year in advance paid into the equipment fund guarantees to the student 25 hours of employment per week at 10 cents per hour. These wages cover board and tuition, but not room rent. As the latter is but 50 cents per week, however, it requires but a small additional sum to cover all necessary expenses, and this may be earned during the summer vacation by working full time at current wages when the demand for labor in the college industries is greatest. The three chief items of expense—board, room, and tuition—require only \$120 for 40 weeks. Surplus labor, after the guaranteed industrials are fully employed, is divided among the non-guaranteed industrials who enroll in the department without paying the industrial fee. They receive 10 cents per hour in term time, but none of them are employed beyond 12½ hours per week until all the non-guaranteed industrials are employed, preference of employment being given in the order of enrolment in the department. Higher wages are paid to both classes of workers where special skill or responsibility is required.

Industry is further represented by Ruskin Business College, which has an equipment equal to that of any other business college in America. It sells unlimited scholarships for \$40 and pays railroad fare to Trenton within the limit of \$10, and finds positions for its graduates with the Western Coöperative Association, which does business on the basis of brotherhood.

As to government, a student republic has been established and works well. As long as the school is monarchic or oligarchic, so will be the State, no matter what theories of government there may be or what tag the State wears.

The next feature is the teaching in social science classes and



the maintenance of clubs and societies in which scientific government, as being merely the direction of the complex activities of man and relating chiefly to the production and distribution of wealth, is taught and discussed regardless of the criticism that the College must not meddle with politics, and the fact that the market forces ninety-nine-hundredths of our colleges to teach market and military politics at the point of the pen that writes the checks.

As to religion, the college preaches and practises religion as but the correction of the errors into which government is likely to fall in dealing so largely with material things in its direction of industry, by calling attention to the larger relationships among men and the larger destiny of the race. It lets medieval theology rest in the grave it has dugged for itself. Among the five hundred or more students from fourteen States, three Territories, and five foreign countries that have been enrolled in the last two years are all shades of faith, from the agnostic to the Christian Scientist, including the Jew, the Catholic, and the Theosophist; yet religious controversy is almost unknown.

In all the foregoing, Ruskin College seeks to exemplify the definition of Ruskin, "Education is leading human souls to what is best and getting what is best out of them," and is thus to some extent defining the place of the school in promoting the progress of the race.

GEORGE MCA. MILLER.

*Ruskin College, Trenton, Mo.*

## NEWSPAPER CRITICISMS OF PUBLIC MEN.

THE ruthlessness of newspaper criticisms of public men is one of the unfortunate conditions that attach to the supremacy of our free American institutions. And the tendency seems to be to intensify and increase, rather than lessen, this situation. So solicitous has been the average citizen to have the right of free speech and a free press kept inviolate that this very solicitude has had an undoubted effect in allowing the fullest and freest discussion of public men and public measures to drift into the lowest and most reprehensible license. It is a national shame that this is so.

So many considerations enter into this regrettable condition of affairs that it is impossible to recount them all. It tends to prevent an entry into the political arena of a really meritorious class of our citizens, a class greatly needed and wanted there. Public servants and those seeking political preferment are so mercilessly handled by the average partizan newspaper—sometimes, it is true, with justice, but far oftener without any regard to justice—that the average citizen turns away with disappointment and disgust, and refuses to take a lively interest in public affairs. In both instances the public service sustains a distinct loss.

It is not unusual to hear the remark made by many self-respecting and admittedly good citizens that they "cannot afford to enter the race for political honors." "For," say they, "such entry would be sufficient excuse to provoke at once the most pitiless and unjust, often the most insignificant and senseless, criticisms from the opposition press. They would magnify into unseemly proportions unimportant and impertinent matters, and they would minimize, if not actually deplore, really meritorious services heretofore rendered, public or private. They would do more. They would attempt to besmirch the good name and fame that it has taken a life-time of upright living and doing to secure."



It is easily conceivable that for such a class of our citizens the ruthlessness of criticisms from the partizan press exerts an unfortunate influence. It is doubtless true that these successful business or professional men have a laudable ambition to round out a busy career with a few years' service for the State. Our form of government invites it. Conditions should be such as to welcome the advent of such men into the political arena. The public service would be the gainer thereby. These men have had enough of other honors. If the public should choose to select them for official distinction it would be well; but they flatly refuse to be crucified on a cross designed for criminals and their associates. They will not consent to be sacrificed on the polluted altar of an unfeeling, probably a subsidized, partizan press. They are incontestably right in their conclusion that "they cannot afford it." So it is that many very capable and worthy citizens are unwillingly eliminated from the lists of eligible candidates for political distinction, and thus is also wrought a dark spot on our national escutcheon.

An eminent divine, who has been a public servant and has had his share of political honors, has these ringing words to offer on the general subject: "The indiscriminate criticism and abuse of public men cannot be too severely reprehended. It lowers the tone of the press, and is destructive of public morals. Many good men are deterred from entering the political life out of personal, family, social, and business considerations, which have arisen from a justifiable fear of the reckless attacks that may be made upon them. Sensitive natures, although conscious of high moral rectitude, will thus shrink from serving the people. Freedom of speech does not mean lawlessness of the tongue, nor freedom of the press calumny of the pen."

It is interesting to note with what uniform reluctance public men decline to go on record in denunciation of this patent and growing evil. They admit its existence, and deplore the fact most heartily, but refuse to be quoted. One gentleman, who has been eminent in the counsels of his party, and who was a Cabinet minister, says: "I have no doubt of the pernicious

influence of a great deal of a certain kind of current newspaper criticism upon public men." He then significantly adds: "I do not feel that I can authorize the use of my name to sustain the position, for the reason that the very newspapers that are the chief offenders in this line would resent any criticism of their course as inspired by resentment at just criticism." Thus it will be readily seen that any attempt at the criticism of newspaper methods, from the viewpoint of the above quoted gentleman, no matter how honest or just, would react on the defenseless head of the critic.

A public man who has won an international reputation refuses to allow his name to be used in connection with the subject. He was himself the object of the most cruel, indecent, and malicious attacks by partizan newspapers, and it is quite natural that he would choose to shrink from any reference to the matter. He expresses the hope, however, that the article "will have influence in recalling those who had it among our people to ways of decency." But he does not care to contribute to the subject. "In my own case," he adds, "I am, I confess, a little curious to see how far indecency can go without further stimulation in reference to it on my part." Here is a public man of great moral courage and independence who shrinks from reference to a subject the ways of which have made him its victim.

A prominent member of Congress assures us that he is "very much engrossed just now with other work." He has no time to take up the matter with a view of making a communication about it.

Another Senator is "very much occupied;" but he is frank to say that he "dislikes to express an opinion on the subject." An ex-Speaker of Congress says a presentation of his views would take rather "too much time."

It is not difficult to form conclusions from these replies. In substance, it is that any public man who would undertake to criticize the newspapers may as well publicly announce his withdrawal from public life. The late Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, saw fit to curb the audacity and rapacity of news-



paper men at Washington not very many years ago. The fact gave the impetus to the opposition to him that was able to defeat his reelection to the United States Senate. How cruel and libelous were the newspaper assaults upon him and his character at the time are now matters of history.

The vehement and malignant attacks upon the life and character of the late James G. Blaine afford another illustration of the heartlessness of the attitude of the newspapers toward an able man and patriot. Undoubtedly, much was said of Mr. Blaine by the newspapers that was strictly just and true; and for this no word of condemnation is implied or intended to be conveyed in this article. Just criticisms of public men and measures should be the ever-welcome condition of every truly great and free people. All patriots should receive, cordially, such a condition. The plea of this article is for the erection of a line between just and unjust criticism, and for the emphasis of a marked difference between the rights of free speech and unbridled license.

It is not claimed that the newspapers are alone to blame for this condition of affairs. A too lethargic public opinion has a share in the burden for which it is accountable. It is not intended to consider that. It is enough to know that the currency and publicity that a careless, reckless, often criminal press gives to the merest rumors, of slight consequence to the public, but so manipulated as to be unduly and unreasonably magnified—rumors, however, of great significance to the individual—stamp such newspaper methods as inimical to the best administration of public affairs, and opposed to the advancement of democratic ideas in the best sense.

The right to *discuss* public men and public measures is not for a moment questioned. It is the abuse of this right that is challenged. A public servant is, properly enough, a legitimate subject for public consideration and examination; but because of that fact he is not, as this article has attempted to show, necessarily the object for stinging vituperation and abuse. Intelligent criticism of public men and public questions is one thing; senseless condemnation, or fulsome praise bestowed for

sinister purposes, is quite another—a serious and dangerous matter.

We cannot attract too many of the better class of our citizens into the political arena. The number there is now too few. Let not the newspapers make the entrance into this arena too thorny lest all of the desirable citizens will ultimately be silent spectators of unfortunate public conditions.

DUANE MOWRY.

*Milwaukee, Wis.*



## OUR DUTY IN THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

THE Danish West Indian Antilles are not quite so worthless as some people would have us believe. The fact that Denmark has been unable to do anything with them is a poor argument, for Denmark has never been able to do much with any of her colonies. The United States is now buying these islands ostensibly for strategic reasons, but, if within a decade we should discover that we have made a bargain, it will surprise no one familiar with the opportunities for successful development awaiting American enterprise in these islands.

The prosperity of the Antilles can be insured in but one way, namely, by throwing open the country to the colored native population, and thus inducing them to become plantation owners on a small scale. None but negroes can stand the climate in the long run, and therefore the participation of the white man must be limited to the work of supervising and governing through constantly relieved officials. It is most decidedly a "black man's" proposition.

In a nutshell, the main historical events of the Antilles leading to their present sale may be summed up as follows: Up to about 1760 the chief product of St. Thomas was tobacco, but ten years later King Christian V. decided to cultivate sugar, and with this end in view he bought a strip of the Guinea coast in Africa and populated St. Thomas with such negro slaves as he managed to acquire in this way. In 1716 and 1733 St. John and St. Croiz were respectively colonized from St. Thomas with the descendants of the imported Guinea slaves. In 1734 the Danish Government empowered the West Indian-Guinean Trading Company with a concession that enabled this concern completely to monopolize the sugar-refining industry. This privilege remained in force barely twenty-one years, when in 1755 King Frederick V. bought it back for the Danish Crown. By decree of the latter the trading of slaves was forbidden in 1792, following immediately upon the liberation of the bond-

aged peasants in Denmark; but not until 1848 was the personal freedom of the negroes established in the Antilles.

In 1807 a general setback was noticeable in the volume of trade as well as in the sugar-refining industry; and, as the cultivation of the sugar beet progressed in other countries, the West Indian cane found it ever harder to compete with the beet in the world's market. A means of relief was tried by the establishment of the Mutual Sugar Refinery, which gathered the sap from the various cane districts by an extended pipeline system. This scheme was only partly successful, as many of the largest cane owners refused to sell sap in this way.

In the meantime the debt of the islands was constantly increasing, having in 1898 reached a total of eleven million kroner (\$2,970,000) in favor of the Danish Crown, and with no immediate prospects of a settlement.

Almost as rapid as the increase of the debt was the decrease in population. All three islands numbered a total of 41,000 inhabitants in 1841, while in 1890 it had shrunk to 32,800, being still decreasing. By the time this census was taken, St. John had ceased entirely to produce sugar, and her population dropped from 2,600 to 984.

It will be readily admitted that, if we are to reap any commercial benefits by the acquisition of these islands, we must insure the economic future of their natural resources and induce immigration by the colored population of our Southern sea-coast States. If we simply leave the islands alone to work out their own salvation,—a desirable point in religious expansion but fatal in politics,—we will have them on our hands as a source of expense and trouble in continuity of Denmark's experience. If, on the other hand, we lose no time in instituting a sensible and practical policy suited to alleviate quickly the trouble at hand, including disinterested and fair legislation, a revision of the tariff with the view of revising the economic resources of the islands, and a colonial government calculated to attract colored immigration and help the lot of the petty planter, the prosperity of the Antilles is only a matter of time and opportunity.



In view of the tardiness of the United States Government in dealing with the Cuban question, it is not warrantable to suppose that the necessary measures will be adopted in favor of the West Indies for a long time to come; but, even if the United States insisted on doing its "official" duties toward the islands at once, there are many other issues of insular moment that crave intelligent and appreciative attention in order to insure a satisfactory working out of the whole plan looking toward the ultimate prosperity and permanent welfare of the islands.

The problem of cultivation furnishes a characteristic example of what remains to be done, and should be done without delay.

For several years the Danish Government has maintained an agricultural experiment station on St. Thomas with the view of determining the adaptability of the soil and the climate to the cultivation of tropical plants of commercial importance, in addition to sugar and tobacco. The result of this opportune investigation, which has been successfully conducted by a Danish expert, demonstrates that the soil of St. Thomas is well adapted for the cultivation of various textile plants of commercial value. Under the direction of Professor Eugene Warming, several acres of formerly useless moor-land, overgrown with scrub and thistle, have been cleared and converted into hemp-fields, producing crops in every way equal to the well-known quality of Mexico and Venezuela. This single achievement, if properly followed up and developed into a permanent insular resource, may safely be regarded as the foundation of a new era in the economic future of the Antilles.

In fact there is every reason to think that hemp-growing would be more congenial and profitable to the West Indian people than cane-growing, though both industries could very well be pursued at a profit if present conditions were remedied. Besides, hemp is a product especially well suited to attract the small planter, and its systematic cultivation on an extended scale would convert the plantation negroes into self-owning, independent petty planters, which in turn would furnish the

safe basis for an economic success generally. Hemp and similar textile plants, moreover, will grow and thrive in soil that is now considered waste for want of proper employment. It would be possible for the petty planter to acquire such land for a very small price, or it might even be advisable to throw open the "waste" tracts and moor-lands on the Antilles to the colored population, and offer inducements to growers of hemp and other textiles that would insure the rapid acquisition and settlement of such lands, and possibly encourage immigration from our Southern ports.

Nothing could be simpler or more primeval than the cultivation of hemp. There is practically nothing to be learned about it, for once the seed is sown the plants will take care of themselves—another point that recommends textile cultivation among the West Indian negroes, who are not particularly intelligent nor adaptable to new industries. No expensive tools or mechanical appliances are required for harvesting the leaves of the plant, and the harvest is not confined to a single period of the year, as in sugar planting, requiring a large force of hands at a fixed time. On the other hand, hemp-harvesting goes on all the year round, necessitating but a few hands for taking care of a very large acreage, and then careful and uniform cutting of the ripe leaves is all there is to it. If the cutting is done in a slovenly and uneven manner the value of the plants will decrease correspondingly, but as the harvesting process is a leisurely affair this depreciating factor need not be taken into consideration with natives used to the tobacco weed and the sugar cane. The cultivation of textiles in the Antilles is, therefore, in every way a "black man's" proposition, like the urgent revival of the cane-growing and the tobacco-planting interests.

Any longer to continue the system of large plantations worked by natives, whose position is virtually that of poorly-paid slaves, would be to concentrate the money interests and national sources of general welfare in the hands of a few rich planters to the detriment of the native population. By encouraging the plantation negroes to take hold and acquire land



and homesteads of their own, an insular state of general independence and individual welfare may be ultimately reached that the old-fashioned, inert, and stupid government by the Danes has so far prevented.

The Agricultural Department of the United States Government is an institution well adapted and equipped to continue the useful work of the Danish agricultural experiment station on St. Thomas. But why stop here, when the necessary appropriation would enable the Department to better the present conditions and stimulate progress? The free distribution of textile seeds to natives taking out homestead papers might be worth trying, and such that acquire cane lots that are in need of artificial fertilization might also very well be accommodated. The establishment of a bank especially catering to rural interests, able to make loans to the native planter on a small margin of percentage, would still further stimulate the zeal of the "black man," the descendant of the Guinea slave, on whom the future of the Danish West Indian Antilles depends.

The soil and climate invite a profitable cultivation of sugar, tobacco, and textiles. It is our national duty to give the native worker an opportunity to share in the production as an independent, though petty, planter. And as it happens that duty, in this instance, is synonymous with our own interests, there is really not the slightest reason for delay in the matter.

HROLF WISBY.

*New York.*

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF GENIUS.

A GREAT many wise and unwise things have been written upon the subject of genius, that essential quality of the truly great man. The genius plays in human history very much the same part that the mythical being of the same name played in the Arabian wonder-tales. He solves in a moment the problem with which lesser men have wrestled for generations. He founds and reorganizes nations, changes the political aspect of continents, and achieves new and startling conquests over the forces of Nature. He creates new ideals, and embodies those of his age in immortal masterpieces. He invents arts and sciences and remodels ancient ones. With the same materials as other men, or even less efficient and abundant ones, he achieves results of which they scarcely dared to dream. He is not only a doer of great deeds and a thinker of great thoughts, but a true seer—resuscitating the forgotten past and peering far into the vista of futurity, like an inspired prophet.

The hero is the genius of action; the lawgiver is the genius of providence; the great statesman is the administrative genius. The great masters in pictographic, euphonic, architectonic, and rhetorical art owe their triumphs to the quality of genius, as do the great philosophers, discoverers, inventors, organizers, and in short all to whom greatness can be justly ascribed.

As important as is the part that genius has played in human history, much difficulty has been experienced in determining its real nature. Those who have attempted to define it have usually gone to one or the other of two opposite extremes. They either have tried to reduce it to some simple rule of conduct applicable to all members of the human race, or else have represented it as a mysterious and quasi-divine power infused into certain favored souls at their creation, in order to equip them for the lofty vocation for which they have been set apart by a higher power. Intermediate between these opinions, but



closely affiliated to them, are those which look upon genius as a certain happy combination of inherited qualities, on the one hand, or, on the other, the outcome of the collective experiences of previous states of existence in this or other worlds.

The ordinary Philistine view that genius consists in hard work, or in perseverance, or in exactitude, or in some analogous virtue, may be promptly dismissed. Industry, patient application, scrupulous precision, frugality, the habit of observation, careful conformity to the best models—such conduct as this may make one eminent in learning or successful in business, or give one an honorable standing in politics, or in society, or in any art, trade, or profession; but, even though they be all united in a maximum degree in one person, he may still fall far short of the dignity of true genius. To reduce genius to such terms is tantamount to denying its existence, which, indeed, the “fanaticism of the commonplace” in its extremest forms does not hesitate to do.

No special combination of qualities such as above enumerated, and no mere accumulation of experiences, however vast, would suffice to constitute genius. The man who is a model of industry and carefulness, or who is rich in manifold experience, may be utterly destitute of that quality; while a callow, untrustworthy youth may display it in a striking degree. Is it, then, a strange gift of the gods that defies all analysis, mocks all endeavor, allows no explanation? Must we worship blindly at its shrine, without profaning it by too close an inspection? There are two questions involved here—its essence and its origin. To assert that the nature of genius cannot be determined is to play into the hands of those who altogether deny its existence. What is called genius is one of the most striking phenomena of human history. Unless it be altogether an illusion, and the word a mere arbitrary designation for extraordinary success, it must be possible to ascertain just what mental characteristics those who possess it have in common, to the exclusion of those who do not; and these characteristics, when ascertained, will constitute its metaphysical essence, or what in common parlance we call its “nature.”

A collocation of all accessible examples of undoubted genius leads to the conclusion that genius signifies an extraordinary degree of mental and volitional power. It implies *pene-tration* of mind—a capacity for “seeing into things,” and for recognizing all that is contained or implied or signified by any given fact or idea. It implies a wide *mental* reach, an interior far-sightedness, a capacity for recognizing the unities that bind together the most diverse things. It implies firmness of mind, a volitional *grasp*—a capacity for seizing and retaining the truth beheld and holding it ready for use when occasion arises.

The philosopher who is a genius looks into the heart of things; the fact that is commonplace and opaque to others is to him a stone of vision, a revelation of new worlds of wonder, the window to a vast perspective of truth.

The poet who is a genius finds in common words and things an unexpected depth of meaning; he surprises the world by delightful harmonies of sound and sense and by the proclamation of wonderful relationships, analogies, and symbolisms.

The musician who is a genius brings rare treasures of melody out of the old mines of euphonic beauty; he dares to unite hitherto irreconcilable musical elements and succeeds in making discord itself minister to harmonic perfection; he expresses that which has before seemed unexpressible, and mayhap brings into the service of Euterpe or Melpomene, of Terpsichore or Erato, things that have hitherto resisted their sweet dominion.

The dramatist who is a genius illuminates hidden abysses or viewless summits of human passion; or, in lighter vein, he surprises and delights the laughter-loving by setting before them in novel abundance and startling vividness those broken relationships that are the essence of the comic and the humorous.

The novelist who is a genius reveals to his readers the human nature that they have seen but have lacked the power of vision truly to behold; he succeeds in laying bare the hidden springs of life and action, and in raising us to the level of that moral order which is too vast for us to perceive in ordinary life, lost as we are amid the intricacies of its machinery.



The critic who is a genius does for the works of other geniuses what they have done for the world of man and Nature; and it is no reproach to him, though often meant as such, that he sees in the great masterpieces more than their own creators dreamed of.

The historian who is a genius is able to thread the labyrinth of history and interpret its enigmas; where workers of lesser caliber find only a succession of dynasties and wars, a mutoscope of dress and armor and buildings and institutions and codes, his eye perceives the movement of the cosmic process, the stately march of an idea, the outworking of a life-germ, or the fermentation of a principle of decay.

The statesman who is a genius recognizes the source of the public ill and the remedy that is needed, and he adopts the most effective means of applying it; he sets in motion agencies that will enhance the national glory; and, if not checked by a spirit of justice, he may become a world-conqueror—an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Tamerlane, a Napoleon.

The business man who is a genius appreciates and seizes opportunities that others failed to notice; he foresees the circumstances that will fecundate his gold; he knows when and where to spend and when and where to practise economy; and he is able to build himself up a financial empire ramifying perhaps over many nations and into remote corners of the earth.

The inventive genius in the material order is quick at perceiving the possibility of new applications of old principles; he recognizes some great practical utility in facts hitherto supposed to have had only a scientific interest; and he sees how to accomplish a given end with the greatest economy of materials and energy and effort and time.

The genius sees many things with a few ideas; he brings unity out of multiplicity, order out of confusion, harmony out of discord, light out of darkness, the word out of silences that can be felt. He reduces potentiality into act. He is the parent-thinker and the parent-doer; he is the ruler of the world, under God or under Satan. One might almost say that the history of genius is the history of mankind.

But is he, then, a sort of *deus ex machinâ*, who appears in the nick of time at the beck of some superior being, or by a happy or fatal chance, his advent subject to no ascertainable laws? Surely no, for as a man he is a part of Nature, and we know that Nature is under the reign of Law. Free will can render genius impotent or direct it to great uses, good or evil; but it can neither create nor destroy it.

A horrible theory enjoys a wide popularity at the present time among a certain class of psychologists, according to which genius is only a form of insanity. Some of the "criminal anthropologists" take a special delight in bringing into juxtaposition these antipodal phenomena in the sphere of psychology. Nordau, in his work on "Degeneracy," undertook to show that genius was allied to insanity. But his master Lombroso, to whom the lugubrious volume had been dedicated in a most adulatory strain, rebuked him for the blunder. "Genius is not 'allied to insanity,'" he explained; "for genius *is* insanity!" The average man is not a genius; therefore, according to these gentlemen, genius is abnormal—a form of mental aberration. This thesis is sustained by a vast collection of instances in which great genius has been found in families with a neurotic taint. A hereditary disorder of the nervous system tends to manifest itself in a great variety of forms, among which are alleged to be dipsomania, epilepsy, kleptomania, melancholia, idiocy, acute mania, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, general shiftlessness, *piety*, and *genius*.

—This deification of the commonplace is a shrewd piece of strategy on the part of a class of materialists who wish to get rid of genius and greatness at all hazards. By thus depriving the world of its heroes, saints, and masters, the corypheï of empiricism would have an open field and could monopolize the ferule of the pedagogue with none to say them nay.

But the evidence so laboriously collected to confirm the *a priori* assumption of the pathological character of genius has no substantial value. Nothing is said of those cases in which no signs of neurosis have been manifested by any of the near relatives or known ancestors of a man of genius. To give the alle-



gation any semblance of plausibility it would be necessary in the first place to show that the proportion of neurotic to non-neurotic families was greater in the lineage of genius than in the community at large. Even if genius could be thus demonstrated to be of more frequent occurrence in families with a tendency to nervous disorder than in others, it would not necessarily follow that genius is a symptom of neurosis or in any way implies a deficiency in mental or physical health. The relations of the nervous system to the higher soul-life are still very far from being fully understood, and it is not impossible that a certain refinement of neural organization may constitute a necessary condition of genius and at the same time render its possessor an easier prey to disease. Even in the purely mechanical order the most delicate organism is the one most easily deranged.

As a matter of fact, genius, far from implying or constituting an abnormal condition, presupposes an exceptional degree of mental and physical perfection. All the researches of the modern "physiological psychologists" have not revealed any participation of the material brain in the highest grades of intellectual operation. But in every kind of intellectual activity some part is played by the memory and the imagination; and these faculties are certainly to some extent physiological processes. Even Aristotle observes that great penetration of mind is usually associated with a certain type of bodily structure. "It is the soft-skinned men who are the greatest thinkers," as the medieval schoolmen, following the great master of the Lyceum, were fond of repeating. It is only natural that delicacy of touch and delicacy of discernment should go together; for as the old philosophy and the new science agree in teaching, in opposition to the dualism of Descartes, the soul and body constitute but one single substance.

Genius, therefore, must be considered as dependent on heredity, modified, of course, by circumstances and environment, especially those of prenatal life and early childhood. It is true that genius itself is not usually inherited, in the popular sense of the word, because, although in a certain sense a very simple

thing, the necessary conditions of its presence are so numerous and complicated that they are not likely to be all present save in rare instances. The laws of heredity are still obscure, and at each generation there is a new physiological combination, determined by the history of both parents and of their ancestors; while each conception and gestation takes place under conditions sufficiently dissimilar to produce, in many cases, a very great diversity among the offspring of a single union.

There can be little doubt that long-continued mental effort of a high order and kindred direction on the part of both parents, repeated through several generations, prudently guarded from excess and accompanied by a sufficiently healthful mode of life to prevent physical degeneracy, would give great promise for the production of genius of no small caliber. This would be perfectly analogous to the remarkable physical development attained under equally favorable conditions, as, for example,

- among the race of professional wrestlers to be found in Japan.

It is obvious that the conditions just specified are rarely, if ever, realized; but the fact that such a law of heredity exists in the intellectual as well as the physical order is sufficiently demonstrated by the history of the Brahmin caste of India, which displays a remarkable aptitude for metaphysics, and by that of the ministerial stock in some Protestant lands. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the opening chapters of "Elsie Venner," went so far as to claim that, up to the time he wrote, all the thinkers and writers of New England, and all the exceptionally bright students in the colleges of that section, had been furnished by the old hieratic class. If they did not bear the name of Chauncy or of Edwards, or of some other of the old ministerial families, they were always found, on investigation, he said, to inherit the blood of these through the female line.

It may be laid down as a general rule that those who excel in philosophical and theological speculation are most apt to arise in families with a hereditary interest in philosophy and theology; literary geniuses from literary families; artistic geniuses from artistic families; administrative geniuses from families that have had much to do with public affairs; and men of



remarkable business sagacity from a long line of ancestors engaged in mercantile pursuits.

The difference between the prodigious genius and the man of exceptional capacity in any particular direction bringing into special exercise the higher faculties of the soul is only one of degree; and it is so difficult to draw the line between men and women who possess this crowning attribute and those who possess it not that it is impossible for an agreement to be reached in the estimate of a man or woman seemingly great until posterity has given its verdict.

One who is very far from possessing true genius may, by patient and painstaking effort, attain to a share of its reward; and a true genius may, by his moral defects, waste or sterilize his powers and make shipwreck of his life. It is by observation of such facts as these that some have been led, as we have seen, to confuse genius itself with the ordinary conditions of its fruitfulness.

But that which can be accomplished by sheer effort is never a sure evidence of genius. Vast learning can be accumulated, an excellent literary style cultivated, or proficiency in any science or art or business or accomplishment attained, by any one who will devote sufficient effort to the task for a sufficient length of time. But to be a powerful and original thinker, a luminous interpreter of the thoughts of others, a creator or renovator of a whole department of thought or activity, a brilliant inventor, the possessor in any extraordinary degree of any sort of inherent mastery over ideas or men or things, one must be endowed by Nature with that most precious of all gifts, which we call genius.

If success is not an evidence of genius, it is equally true that genius is very far from being an earnest of success. A man or woman might be one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived, and yet lack the capacity for money-making and fail of attaining fame, or producing a masterpiece, or accomplishing any great work. This may result from a deliberate sacrifice, constituting an act of moral heroism no less glorious because recorded only in the honor-roll of eternity. More frequently

the cause of the infecundity of genius is some untoward combination of exterior circumstances, or the lack of some quality necessary for the overcoming of these, or subjection to vices or tastes that divert the energies into absolutely or relatively unfruitful channels.

There is a type of genius that partakes of a certain heroic quality that seems to gather from the very obstacles thrown in its path the strength and subtlety to overcome them. But there is another type that has the delicacy of a forest flower, and may be choked in the sprout or withered in the bud or broken in the bloom by agencies that would have made no impression on a less dainty plant.

All genius deserves homage, and that genius which is neither fortified by heroism nor protected by good fortune is entitled to something more—to breathing-room, to patronage, to kindness, to encouragement. There are many talents, virtues, and oddities that ape it, and it is difficult to distinguish it with certainty till it has borne its perfect fruit; but its very semblance should receive all possible favor and regard. If we delay our recognition until its genuineness is verified, we may learn only when too late, or not at all, of the glorious opportunity we have let slip. Such an opportunity is indeed glorious, for the service of genius—well-directed genius, it should of course be understood—is the highest worldly privilege vouchsafed to any mortal outside the favored circle of those whom Nature herself has called to kingship or seership or creatorhood.

The service of genius not only saves it in many cases from sterility and oblivion, but, what is of far greater moment, it increases the number of those who profit by its achievements, and contributes just so far to the progress of the race. "We need not fear excessive influence," writes Emerson, in his essay on "The Uses of Great Men." "A more generous trust is permitted. Serve the great. Stick at no humiliation. Grudge no offices thou canst render. Be the limb of their body, the breath of their mouth. Compromise thy egotism. Who cares for that, so thou gain aught wider and nobler? Never mind the taunt of Boswellism: the devotion may easily be greater than



the wretched pride which is guarding its own secrets." He who himself partakes of the prerogatives of greatness will not be held back by such service, but forwarded on his way. "The wheels of tendency will not stop, nor will all the forces of inertia, fear, or love itself hold thee there. On and forever onward. . . . Great men exist that there may be greater men. The destiny of organized Nature is amelioration, and who can set its limits? It is for man to tame the chaos; on every side whilst he lives to scatter the seeds of science and of song, that climate, corn, animals, men may be milder and the charms of love and benefit may be multiplied."

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## THE MASK OF CHARITY.

THERE are certain grave considerations with respect to charity, organized and unorganized, that need to be brought home to the minds and consciences of men. These considerations are rarely if ever given the attention they deserve. It is only the superficial aspects of the question that, in public addresses on the subject, in the publications of organized charities, and in popular appeals for subscriptions, seem to call for treatment. Political economy indeed has long recognized much of the futility of the entire program of charity; but political economy, handicapped as it is by medieval theories and irreconcilable dogmas of its own, is in no position to meet the claims of the protagonists of organized philanthropy.

Of course, charity's fundamental error is the idea that poverty can be cured or permanently alleviated by the giving of alms. The second error—which has included a partial abandonment of the first, and is in consequence a step in advance—is that habits of industry and frugality can or need to be taught by agencies organized in the name of charity, and poverty be thus relieved. There is, of course, a superficial sense in which both of these doctrines may be true, but considered apart from their relation to broader and more general truths one is as false as the other. For the answer to the first is that the giving of money tends on the whole to the perpetuation of poverty, and to the second that poverty does not spring from habits of indigence, from the inclination of the individual to embrace pauperism, nor from personal incapacity, but from the overwhelming circumstances in the world of industry.

A great deal of the effort put forth by charitable societies is expended in finding work for those out of employment. But how is it that men are out of work? Is there not work requiring to be done as long as people want the things that work provides? In a primitive community the man who fells logs builds houses for the man who catches fish, and the work, or its



fruits, is exchanged, or there is exchange of service. But observe that in such a primitive community one may go freely into the forest with his axe and the other cast his line in the stream with none to forbid them.

As communities develop from the primitive to the complex, the relations of the workers are changed in two ways: First, in the enormous increase in the relative productivity of labor. This is shown in the infinitely greater per capita wealth of the large as compared with the small community. The share going back to each of the workers should therefore be vastly greater. But the second change is that the wealth of the workers is now diverted to the coffers of the few—for it is the few who as communities increase take an ever-increasing share of the wealth. It is clear that there must be a kind of mysterious legerdemain at work, for it is the many, not the few, who make the wealth that flows into the lap of the few.

Now, the indictment against the professional charity worker is that he is deceiving himself, or, worse still, deceiving others, by assuming that charity is a remedy—that it is even a palliative. To ask contributions from the rich for the relief of poverty is, so far as such contributors are uninformed and the heads of charity organizations enlightened, to levy blackmail upon the unsuspecting.

An evidence of the futility of charity is the number and variety of the forms it takes. How multifarious and curious they are!—wood-yards, soup depots, free-milk stands, rummage sales, grab-bags, lotteries (in which the chances of getting anything for the investment are less than those favoring betting on the shadiest race-track in the country), one-cent coffee stands, slumming parties, bazaars, and so on *ad infinitum*. Generations of experiment, and experiments ever beginning anew! Ingenuity taxed to its uttermost in the invention of devices to aid the needy without doing them or others some injury! Is it not time that charity indulged in some self-questioning?

The Associated Charities are doing a work, let us frankly admit, that seems to call imperatively for the doing. And yet—suppose it were left undone? We need not adopt that carica-

turing of the evolutionary philosophy which demands that the unfit be left to perish and the fit alone to survive. For it is a hazardous question as to who *are* the fit; independence of all charitable aid does not make a man fit to survive. The Associated Charities do not put the question in that form; yet it is not doubted that the ministrations of these organizations tend to the perpetuation of the mendicant and the impostor.

Why should mendicancy and imposture be preferred to a life of honest toil? I think I hear some one say, because these methods afford an easier living. It will seem strange to many to reply that such methods are arduous only to men of inferior capacity. For the world of imposture—all but the very lowest and meanest, and some even of that (of all imposture that is legally outlawed, I mean)—requires far higher intellectual, I had almost said moral, capacity for success than many departments of activity essentially respectable. Your successful impostor is a man of rare natural gifts, and of rarer acquirements. Immeasurably above the ordinary plodder must be the intellect capable of success in the world of imposture.

How comes it, then, that such men who could contribute to the store or service of society prefer these methods to those less criminal, or if not less criminal at least less perilous? We are told that their instincts are criminal; frequently the other class of rogues not outlawed tell us this. But the men whose instincts are criminal are rare indeed. Doubtless criminal heredity exists. The Jukes family is an instance in point; yet we have got to make enormous allowances for environment even when thinking of the Jukeses.

But such order of intellect presupposes the possession by the successful impostor of ordinary common sense, sufficient for the perception of the moral laws,—the consciousness of something abandoned,—which, at least at the outset, makes a man less in his own eyes. Now, some tremendous social fact—something outside of the individual himself—must induce to this sacrifice of principle; and it is to be found in the conditions that strew obstacles in the path of the producer and make relatively smooth and easy of travel the way of the criminal. The charity organ-



izations, with the problem forever pressing in upon them in a thousand forms, do not, for the sake of the interests with which their members are identified, seek a solution. So they content themselves with their diversions—playing at long-distance charity and seldom taking any chances at short range.

It is true, they talk of the “problems of charity.” What do they mean by “problems”? How comes it that that most exalted impulse—

“The sense of earnest will  
To help the lowly living,  
And a terrible heart thrill  
If you have no power of giving,”

—should be associated with “problems”? Few charity workers ever stop to inquire. They do not mean the problem of poverty—poverty in a world of plenty—that is a problem indeed; not even the “*solution*” of charity for the *problem* of poverty—but actually the problem of how to give without injury. These are problems of charity and nothing else. But their constant presence never seems to teach anything to the people engaged in organized relief. Yet the phenomenon of increasing poverty with increasing charity should carry with it an apparent paradox to the thoughtful. Should not your charity worker, acquainted as he is with the hopelessness of his own task, be the one who more than all others should be in a position to proclaim the futility of his creed?

I had almost said that the main purpose of charity is to furnish a harmless vent for the innocent impulses of the thoughtlessly benevolent; but I could not write thus when I reflect that charity is often a deliberate refuge for the conscience-stricken. Other good people there are, too, who imagine that the poor exist that the rich by their ministrations may secure salvation. God, being especially careful of the souls of the well-to-do, has provided the poor to stir them to pity, and to keep alive within them the higher Christian graces. I quote from the Rev. Washington Gladden, writing in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for January, 1900. His language is a little guarded, but I think he means that—“The poor whose poverty is due to unpreventable sickness and unavoidable calamity will be with us to the end of

time; we may lessen the causes which produce such poverty, but we shall not be able to abolish it altogether. We must relieve its distress, and this beautiful ministry to those in want and suffering will call forth the sympathy and kindness of the human heart so long as men live in the world." And he adds, almost joyfully, "The number of chronic dependents is increasing in all parts of the world."

*Charity* is the most beautiful word in the English tongue. Charity in its best exemplification is the highest exercise of a loving impulse—it is love in action. But charity without love, like faith without works, is dead. He gives nothing who gives according to formula. One cannot only practise charity—he must live it. "Charity saves from death," says Solomon; but organized charity is the very body of death.

Social conditions rob charity of its beauty and make it loveless; for charity is made to take the place of justice—a higher and more imperative and more exacting master of the social relations of men. Justice will not be denied. Let its claims be ignored and it will set Sisyphus-like tasks for those who refuse to heed its mandates. We deny justice, and that jealous taskmaster says to charity, "Then ye must do my work as well as the work that is more truly yours," and society turns to the fearful task only to find how impotent all its efforts are.

When there is real, pressing need of relief, organized charity finds itself helpless. When in the great industrial depression of a few years ago an agonized cry went up from New York's poor, the estimable rich who had played at charity organization found themselves powerless in the face of a great emergency. They did not know how to reach the poor. How indeed should they? Charity organization is a fad, just like society's dog shows and pink teas. Thus it was that the means of relief had to be turned over to the Salvation Army, which knew the poor by intimate contact—knew, therefore, whom to relieve and how to relieve them. It was a confession of utter failure—a revelation of how little of good even in normal times such organizations accomplish: how little of good, indeed; but one hesitates to think how much of unsuspected evil!



Do we ever stop to think that charity has no place in the social relations of men—that it is not a public but a private virtue? There is no distress that society can be called upon to relieve as a matter of charity; it owes such relief everywhere and at all times as a matter of *justice*. Every cripple, every imbecile, the halt, the sightless, have a claim upon society far removed from any considerations of charity. The great fund that arises with the growth of a community, and is represented in the value of land, is due also to *their* presence. Their actual or potential powers of production contribute to this value. The relief of these unfortunates is therefore one of the functions of government; and for all the needs of government there is provided a natural fund, growing with its growth and responding to its every necessity. This raises all means for the relief of the unfortunate to the high plane of a providential dispensation. It would almost seem as if God had made this law for society, that society might not shirk its duty, nor—to put it somewhat coarsely—consider itself anything out of pocket by the operation.

In the blood-stirring conflict of the day, charity is a cowardly neutral. Organized charity is not even a Red Cross angel, since its ministrations are not personal, intimate, communicative. Where in the great industrial world brother strives with brother because he must, charity steps in with alms indeed, but with no words of condemnation for the system—only with infinite preachments at its annual meetings and in its annual reports; with its rules and formulas for giving; with formidable arrays of sponsors and contributors, presidents and secretaries; its deft appeals, first to the sentiment of the kindly disposed, and secondly to the fears of the well-to-do.

Intellectually and morally deteriorating is this playing at charity. Better far the hard, calculating bent of mind, urged and animated by a sense of un pitying justice, than this toying with a great problem, this skimming the social surface for novelty, this wetting of dainty feet in idle dalliance in the great deep.

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## HUMANITY'S PART IN THE LABOR PROBLEM.

IT was not so very many years ago that President H. H. Vreeland, of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York, was doing the odds and ends that fell to the lot of an employee of the old Long Island Railroad: shoveler, switchman, brakeman, flagman, ticket agent, baggage-master, freight agent, express agent—all in one, and that one necessarily a very busy man, whose faculties sharpened and developed wonderfully through the long days and longer nights of rail-roading between the periods of Poppenhusen and Austin Corbin. But this son of a clergyman was bent on becoming a railroad man, and he digged and delved till he had accumulated some stock of experience and self-confidence. He possessed the happy faculty of getting on with his associates. He gained knowledge of the traffic of a truly rural railroad, its origin, and the methods of handling and even multiplying it in a land of sand dunes. These acquirements constituted his capital when he migrated across the Sound to try his fortunes with the New York and Northern Railroad among the farmer folk of Westchester and Putnam Counties, New York.

There was a field offering opportunities to a young and ambitious railroad man not afraid of hard work. Indeed, Commodore Vanderbilt had once occupied it, "but," as young Vreeland jocosely defined it, "had never fully filled it." This was true literally, for, up through the ravines on its eastern side ran the cars of the Harlem road, while down at the foot of the bluffs on the western edge raced the Central's trains on their transcontinental mission. But in its center rested the rails of the one-horse rival of the Vanderbilts' two systems, a rival to which young Vreeland's energies were henceforth devoted. Like the Cape Ann railroad, it was indeed crooked—

"Winding in and winding out  
And leaving the people much in doubt  
Whether the snake that made the track  
Was going east or coming back."



But in this case the road wandered, generally, North and South through a region fertile in grazing farms and lowing kine. It was noted that soon after Vreeland's appearance the farmers' cans gravitated more and more toward his road, till presently the breadth and strength of the milky stream flowing Manhattanward *via* the N. Y. & N. aroused serious apprehensions in the Central & Harlem's home offices.

One day William C. Whitney bought the N. Y. & N. When he began to look over the purchase he found, next to an enormous number of milk cans traveling back and forth, an almost infinite number of duties and responsibilities resting calmly upon "somebody named Vreeland," a man who, in the Westchester vernacular, seemed to be "the whole thing."

Vreeland was summoned to headquarters and catechized. He seemed to have the whole 50-odd miles of the line at his fingers' ends. He had the operating department by heart. He knew all about the traffic. He knew every man in the company's employ and every farmer and milkman along the line. He was a walking encyclopedia, 38 years old, standing six feet one inch in his stockings, and wearing a No. 7½ hat. He had a pair of keen, gray eyes, and a tongue that could talk intelligently about everything connected with the road. His manner was manly, and it was easy to see how and why he had won the confidence of all who had dealings with him up and down the road. His face beamed with good nature. Indeed, the railroad men said "his tank is filled with the milk of human kindness." They meant that he had a human side to his nature that was developed beyond the ordinary. The events of succeeding years seem to have proved that their analysis of the man's character was correct.

It is said that a man who once buys a railroad hungers for more. At any rate, Mr. Whitney acquired the various properties constituting the Metropolitan Street Railway system and persuaded Mr. Vreeland to abandon steam railroading. Half a dozen years have passed and each twelve months has contributed something toward the solution of the great problem that Mr. Vreeland began to ponder when he found himself at

the head of troops of men engaged in handling armies of human beings, to wit: The Street Railroad Labor Problem.

"Where do all the men on these street railroads come from, and where do they disappear so suddenly?" was one of the earliest questions asked by the new man from the liberty-laden hills of Westchester County. Nobody knew.

"I see new faces every hour of the day."

"They come and go," was the answer.

"Why?"

Then the president summoned all the resources of a naturally inquisitive mind, and energetically bent himself to answering his own question. The records would tell, of course. Records? There were none among the archives of the consolidated companies—nothing but some pay-roll sheets. But even from these were exhumed, after some weeks of labor by an army of clerks, statistics that served as a starter. For instance: it appeared that the number of men discharged every month averaged more than 300! Out of a working force of 3,000 men, only about 150 had been retained in the company's service for so short a period as twenty-four months! At this rate, the president realized, little short of an Aryan stream would supply the labor for the rapidly developing system. Something in the nature of permanency of employment was absolutely necessary, if stability was to be secured for the business of the system, now involving millions of capital.

One day a driver came in to complain about having been unjustly discharged.

"What were you discharged for?" asked the president.

"Nothing, sir."

"What did they say you were discharged for?"

"For bein' late. Fact was, I was some minutes early."

"How did you get to work here in the first place?"

"Through Alderman Blank, who keeps the saloon on the corner. He's a friend of the superintendent. I think he's a bit down on me."

"What for?"

"Well, I'm tired when I get through work and I go home to



bed, and don't hang around the alderman's bar as much as he likes. He said I didn't come round no more and he wasn't in politics for his health, and he'd use his pull for some feller as was more appreciative. And he gimme an ugly look and said he'd tend to my case."

The man was sent back to his car. The president peered into the opening through which this faint streak of light had struggled and this was what he saw: A railroad force of 3,000 men, almost every one of whom had received his appointment from an outsider!

Aldermen constituted by far the longest list of sponsors for drivers and conductors and stablemen. Of Senators with "pulls" there was no scarcity, and of State officers by no means a few. The "country statesman," as the New Yorker dubs the rural citizen who plays the game of politics north of Spuyten Duyvil, was as numerous as flies on poisoned paper in a populous kitchen during dog-days. Next to the "uniformed police force," the street-car lines of Gotham have from time immemorial been the asylum for the helpful constituent of the politician—and President Vreeland found his particular asylum well-nigh full.

"The power that appoints does not hesitate to remove," mused the president.

Then he proceeded to despoil the Philistines of their privileges and to vest them within the company itself. As fast as the men with "pulls" showed their incompetency they were discharged, and their places were filled as far as possible with men from the country. So it happened that strong and hardy young men, whose faces suggested hopeful intelligence, began "railroading" in the great town. But whether he be a countryman or not, any man, to-day, physically able to do the work may obtain employment under President Vreeland. His only sponsor must be one freeholder in good standing who will certify that the applicant's habits and character are good. Once identified with the company, the man becomes his own certificate, eligible for promotion, and nobody with a "pull" can come in from the outside world and disturb him.

As the little fishes are the prey of the bigger ones, so the rank and file,—the drivers, conductors, stablemen,—in the old days of street railroading, were the victims of the starters and time-keepers and spotters and what-not. A ten-dollar bill would send the name of an applicant well along toward the top of the waiting list. A personal difference with an outraged subordinate would lay the man off, or let him out altogether, according to the whim of his superior. The unfortunate's wife might be in a delicate condition; the children might have multiplied at a rate to provoke the wrath of Malthus; the weather might be freezing cold; starvation might stare the family full in the face; death might be lurking under the very eaves—Brutality, all the same, briskly did its business, swelling the tide of mourning millions, the heart-broken victims of that inhumanity which man practises so readily toward his fellow-man.

Twenty-seven division superintendents and any number of starters and time-keepers and lesser fishes were discharged by the president before his idea took root—that the men of the Metropolitan Street Railway system were to be treated like human beings; that is to say, that Humanity was to receive full recognition in the relationship existing between the men and the company.

It was not many months before it began to be noised about that here was a real, live, genuine man at the head of affairs; a man who saw, and was his own interpreter of things seen; who listened, and was his own jury and judge; who erred, if at all, on the side of Humanity, and was lenient as well as just. The door of his office was ever wide open to the men, and to their complaints he listened with the patience of a Job.

"I used to receive a bushel of anonymous complaints a week," he said not long ago with a laugh. "I don't receive any now. The men bring their complaints right along with them."

"Don't they take up a great deal of your time?" was asked.

"Not now; they used to, but these things always regulate themselves after a time. A frank statement of reasons for this



thing or that goes a long way when furnished even to a single person. After he has analyzed the situation and digested what he has been told, he gives the results of his observations to his associates; and so, like the sayings of the Druids, they travel along the course of time, remembered and fully understood."

The new president was blandly told one day that he was losing a lot of good time in listening to the men's complaints. He laughed, said he guessed not, and added that one way to save time was to lessen complaints by cutting down the list of things of which the men complained.

His arrival at any one of the company's stables was the signal for the men to gather about and give him greeting. A knocking on floor or stanchion or stall was a sound repeated all over the building. It meant that every man was notifying his neighbor that the president was on the premises, and, if anybody had business with him, no better time for transacting it would ever occur. A minute with this man, a few words with that one, a "How are you, John?" "All over your sickness, Tom?" "Family all right again, William?" and the president would nod "good-day." The men would return to their labors and "court was over" for that day; but, while the president remained, court was in active session, and freedom of speech and liberty of suggestion or criticism were always tolerated. Life's burden always seemed a little easier to bear after the president had come, said good-by, and gone—so thought the stablemen.

So the number of complaints lessened, and the long line of complainants vanished altogether from the corridor at the big office in the Broadway Cable Building.

There came a time, at last, when the president received positive distinction from other than a subordinate source. He was characterized as a *crank*. It was an apotheosis unconsciously bestowed by a stockholder who thought too much attention was paid to the welfare of the men. It was true that he had weathered two strikes successfully; that his men were contented as on no other known road in Christendom; that they lived and moved and were treated like the white men they

were; that they watched with satisfaction the operation of a system that promised them promotion, more agreeable duties, shorter hours, better pay, so long as they discharged their present duties loyally and well. The president's new characterization was discussed by a board of directors on the broad grin. It revived the anecdote of Lincoln and Grant and the wicker-covered jug in the tent corner. Thereupon the members of the Whitney-Widener-Elkins syndicate felicitated themselves and unanimously agreed to enlarge their president's powers and give him the absolute management of the road. Less fortunate syndicates in other cities have looked on, and maybe wished that Nature had fashioned more and similar "cranks" for grafting upon street railway systems.

The "Brown System," old railroad men wagged their heads and said, might perhaps do for steam roads, but it would not "go" on street lines. The Brown system is no more nor less than the application, in practical form, of the spirit and letter of Humanity in dealings between the rank and file of a railroad's operating force and the railroad company itself. It takes careful note of merit and demerit among the men. These marks count. They make a man's career, moving him upward and onward—and sometimes out—according as he regulates his own conduct and skill. Best of all, its book-keeping is done in public, in plain view of all men, thereby robbing favoritism and spite of their opportunity for harm and causing suspicion to hide its mischievous head.

The black-boards at the Metropolitan's stables, telling the story of men's services and worth, are proofs that the system is in successful operation on at least one street-car line, probably the only one in the world. In full fellowship with this plan for procuring a maximum of contentment and satisfactory results at a minimum of expense is the pay-promotion plan, by which increases in wages, from 25 cents a day and upward, are guaranteed in return for faithful services rendered for a certain number of months. Men with growing families, possessing the ambitions of the average American citizen, now have something tangible to look forward to. A wage ranging



from \$12 to \$20 a week, whose certainty is conditioned solely upon faithfulness of service, commends itself highly to the seven or eight thousand men now employed upon this particular street-car system.

Then, again, there is the scheme of promotion, worked out under the president's supervision, that has borne surprising fruit. In railroading there are some "runs" less laborious than others—some that afford men opportunities of seeing their children in their wakeful hours. Some positions around the stables and in the offices are more desirable than others, especially to the married men. These are the "plums" of the street railroad business, not large or juicy, perhaps, but from Labor's point of view pleasing and within reach of the last man in the long line of toilers. Sixty-seven men have moved onward and upward who began on the front or rear platform (in two or three instances in the manure pit) and now are filling positions on the clerical staffs in the accounting, paying, and other departments in the big home office.

There are other instructive details associated with Humanity's method of managing the muscles and minds of men, and the money of investors, whose recapitulation would materially lengthen this schedule. It is sufficient to know that they all make for the elevation of the standard of Labor.

Not all of the employees under President Vreeland were railroad men originally. They are a surprisingly miscellaneous lot. There are bank clerks and even cashiers. There are men who began the race for life with an M. D. or an A. B. as a part of their equipment; "busted business men," a few "journalists" (no newspaper men, however), and several who wasted their substance and their strength on the road to the living of a bishop: "broken down," as the world coldly describes them, but still strong enough to wind a brake—living pictures of "where life's left, hope lives," dimly remembering, faintly believing, perhaps, that there's a space still left somewhere for them at the top. Then, again, there are a few before whom the wide world opens with every promise of success. You may have noticed them on the little, old-fashioned cars

still drawn by horses over a certain other line—two young conductors wearing white lawn ties: two pinks of neatness and outward perfection. They are students working their way through theological institutes, and some day they may be heard thundering the rights of man.

This impulse communicated in Humanity's behalf has had its natural effect. The men have organized "sick" and "death" benefits, which have softened somewhat the seriousness of the inescapable hardships of life. The instinct of sociability has been cultivated. The president of the Metropolitan Company is the president of the organization formed for the promotion of social entertainment and intercourse. He is the one company officer who has entrée to all the gatherings of the men and their families. He is "one of them"—never an invited guest. He is their guide, counselor, friend. When their association recently accumulated a surplus of \$7,000, a committee waited on him to secure his good offices in investing the entire amount in the stock of the Metropolitan Company!

On three separate occasions Labor's "leaders" flourished their firebrands and signaled for a strike. The president laughed. The public frowned at his lack of seriousness and said he was "over-confident." But Labor that had summered and wintered with Humanity just gripped the controller and the brake, scowled at the police as being the only disturbers of the peace, and literally demanded, as its right, the privilege of taking the cars, unattended by uniformed guardians, up and down the line and through—and over, if need be—the riotous mob! This was in the summer of 1899.

There was no strike. And then, after the agitation had subsided, the man at the top thought out a plan that would please, and, in a way, recompense the men for their loyalty to the company. It was not exactly his plan, either, for he had gone about and taken soundings among them. It was, as he explained to the writer, "the best thoughts of the men, boiled down." It was a three-days leave of absence with pay—an unheard-of thing in a calling where leave of absence means loss of



money and beef and bread. And it was ordered by the directors to be carried out.

Did Humanity lead rather than follow, Labor's legions would never have bivouacked by its Boulangers. Martin Irons? Debs? Connolly? Best? Parsons? Pines?—how far would they ever have ridden on horseback before they lost their mounts? Indeed, would they ever have mounted at all?

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## THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

THE idea of retributive justice can have no place in the creeds of enlightened Christian nations. The old law, which called for "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is utterly at variance with the teachings of Christ, and the fact that capital punishments are still common in any country should be sufficient to brand it as unchristian, no matter how numerous its churches or how extensive its educational system. No punishment can be consistently sanctioned by Christian people except such as may be properly denominated *reformatory*.

For many years philanthropists, sociologists, and political economists have been asking, "What shall we do with the criminal classes?" and each group has tried to solve the problem in its own way. Millions of dollars have been expended in the hope of bettering the conditions of existence and removing some of the temptations that surround these people; noble men and women have devoted their lives and fortunes to the work, while our courts of law are constantly endeavoring, in their mistaken way, to administer justice and diminish crime. And still we have ever with us the weak, the degraded, the vicious. There is no apparent diminution in the number or violence of offenses against life and property, as a glance at any of our great metropolitan dailies will show. We can scarcely wonder that some have come to the despairing conclusion that it is the "will of God" that the criminal classes should remain criminal; that in some mysterious way they work for good to the race, and, being but instruments in the hands of Providence, their destiny and ultimate salvation are provided for and need give us no concern.

Now, however true this may be with regard to the criminals themselves, its conclusion is certainly erroneous. For our own sakes, if for no other, we must try to discover in what way we can best assist Providence in caring for these people. We



cannot forget—or we must not forget—that they are not in reality different or separate from ourselves, but are in very truth our brethren and one with us, even as all are one with God.

It is perhaps because this thought has not been the foundation upon which they have worked that the best endeavors of so many earnest and devoted laborers have seemed to be fruitless. We know that they have not actually been so, for no earnest effort was ever put forth in vain, no matter how small the apparent result. Yet it cannot be denied that, in practical results, the good accomplished has been disappointing and not at all what might have been expected in view of the energy expended. Therefore, we must conclude that this energy, though we cannot call it wasted, has been misapplied; and, while those who labored have themselves been benefited, in many cases actual harm has been done to the objects of their solicitude.

We cannot give serious attention to this subject without realizing at once that prevention is far better and more important than cure. If we can prevent the making of criminals, we shall soon find the species extinct. In point of fact, we have not one class, but three to deal with: (1) the hardened criminals; (2) those who by environment are fast becoming such; and (3) the children.

Although it would be going too far, perhaps, to say that any cases are really hopeless, yet the fact is plainly evident that there are many whom we cannot help so long as the present methods of dealing with them prevail. The possibility of their reformation depends upon radical changes in the policy of our judicial affairs. In the first place, we must have no pardoning of those who are proved to be hardened criminals; by this we mean that they must not be set at liberty to continue in their old ways. In the second place, fines should never be imposed in lieu of restraint where actual crime has been committed, for by this method the idea is conveyed that the offense is one that can be atoned for by the payment of money—that justice can have a financial basis, as it were. Again, we must make the fact distinctly understood that the one who commits the crime

injures himself more than any other person, and that in dealing with him we have his best interests at heart.

We should treat crime as we would disease. We do not hang a man because he has consumption, even if we believe his companionship is a constant source of danger to those with whom he comes in contact. If it is proper to establish homes for consumptives, where they will be surrounded by such conditions as will either prolong life or restore health, is it not just as important that we should have homes for criminals where they will have only such influences thrown around them as shall conduce to their reform? Every State and large city should establish such institutions. To them should be sent all persons convicted of serious offenses, but the policy governing their conduct should differ widely from that employed in our present penal institutions. It should rather resemble that of our best hospitals. The inmates, from the very moment of their admission, should be surrounded by an atmosphere of sympathy and encouragement. They should, of course, be required to spend a portion of their time in work, thus rendering the institution in a measure self-supporting. But they should also be allowed leisure for reading and study. The books furnished should be carefully selected and suited to the development of individuals. Fiction should largely predominate for the first course, as there is danger of awakening suspicion and disgust by attempting to force anything like moral homilies or distinctly religious works upon those who have not yet awakened to the need for such things. Just as we disguise a child's medicine in sweets, we may impart the very best lessons in the guise of good fiction. Lectures also of the right sort should be provided, and other entertainments. In short, every means should be employed for awakening and developing the real selfhood of the individual. They must be made to feel that whatever is done for them is done through love, instead of fear or hate; that they are looked upon as worth reclaiming because of their own intrinsic worth—not because if left as they have been they are a menace to public peace or avaricious pride.



While it is quite possible that there would be some—perhaps many—who would never give any evidence that they had received help from such treatment, or respond to it in any way, yet there can be no doubt that very many would be reached who would otherwise be unreclaimed. And these, knowing by experience the peculiar temptations to which they had themselves been subjected, would be especially fitted to assist the work of reform, should they be so disposed. At any rate they would go out into the world again as workers and useful citizens ready to do battle for the right instead of against it. The old saying, "There are better uses to which we can put a man than to hang him," contains a truth that should be taught and reiterated in every school in our land. To every right-minded person the execution of a murderer is even more revolting than the crime that precedes it.

But it is not chiefly with those whom we have called "hardened criminals" that we have to do. It is with those who, although not yet actually within reach of the law, are yet leading such lives as will cause them sooner or later to become criminals that our greatest work lies.

The slums of our large cities are no doubt the chief breeding-places of vice and iniquity, and the first step taken should be the abolishment of slums. It should be made illegal for any landlord to tolerate such places upon his property. All tenements unfit for habitation should be pulled down, rooted out, utterly destroyed, and comfortable places of abode should be erected in their stead. While this work was going on a large outlay of money would be necessary—and here philanthropy would find a wide scope for employment. More land would be required, and the money for its purchase would have to be raised partly by subscriptions and partly by appropriation of public funds. For many reasons suburban villages would furnish more desirable homes than could be found in cities, and would largely replace the present tenements. With more suitable places of abode many of the temptations to vice that result from the present crowded condition of these tenements would disappear, and doubtless many wealthy persons would give largely for such a

purpose if convinced that it was in the interest of law and order. Places of amusement should be provided where only such performances shall be presented as will have an elevating effect upon those who witness them. The work of erecting buildings, the laying out of parks, as well as the demolition of old rookeries, would furnish employment for a large number of those in need. Charity of the old-fashioned sort should be extended only to the helpless. Pauperism must not be tolerated.

Next in importance to providing comfortable dwelling-places for these people is their education. Every State should pass compulsory education laws and provide for their enforcement. By education we do not refer simply to the development of the mind. Our great educational system will continue to be sadly defective until the needs of the *soul* are more fully recognized and provided for. Many young men preparing for the work of the ministry to-day would find a greater work awaiting them if they would take for their motto, "The world is my parish"—studying the unadulterated teachings of Christ, with a view to becoming instructors along this line, and bearing in mind the especial needs of the unfortunate. But they should not clothe themselves in clerical garb or think to help them by singing, praying, and reading the Scriptures, except as occasion seemed to demand it. They must enter into the lives of their people and come *en rapport* with them if they would teach them. Perhaps the demand for women who can do this work is even greater than for men, and to a certain extent we may all be missionaries of this sort, and may often drop a word in season that may help to turn the current of a life. It should always be borne in mind by those having in charge the education of the young that the principal object to be attained is the awakening of the individual to a realization of his own divine selfhood. When this is accomplished there is no danger that he will either develop or relapse into viciousness.

But not all who are in danger of becoming criminals come from the so-called lower classes. It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization and culture that many recruits are drawn from homes of luxury and refinement; and for this state



of things we must admit, however reluctantly, that the mothers of the present day are principally responsible. So long as women look upon their social position as of more importance than the rearing of their children, so long will children continue to go astray. A good deal might be done, however, in the way of preventing this, if the curfew bell or its equivalent were again brought into universal use. For it is at night and upon the streets that the most contaminating influences are encountered.

In addition to these measures many others would naturally be suggested and acted upon as occasion demanded. The sale of intoxicating liquors being one of the chief factors in the production of crime, until it is abolished we cannot hope for exemption from its effects.

Passing on to the third class, which includes the smaller children, those whose parents belonged to the first class would naturally become wards of the State, and as such would be cared for in institutions provided for them, until such time as their parents were deemed fit to resume their charge. Those whose parents belonged to the second class would, through education and the changed conditions indicated above, naturally develop into better men and women than their parents, and thus the result aimed at would be largely brought about by a natural evolutionary process.

The most important steps, therefore, necessary for the extermination of the criminal classes are as follows:

First—The establishment of homes for convicts.

Second—The education of the young.

Third—The providing of proper dwellings for the poor.

Fourth—The prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Fifth—The establishment of the curfew, or its equivalent.

If it is objected that these measures would call for more money than we can afford to devote to this purpose, we can only ask the objector to consider the vast sums now expended under a system that, instead of reducing crime, actually fosters it. Think of the expense necessary to maintain our jails, our penitentiaries, our alms-houses, and our police force, to say

nothing of the amount distributed in private charity! Add to these the value of property destroyed, not to mention the lives sacrificed each year, under the present system, and it will hardly be maintained that if all these can be done away with and a reign of peace and virtue established it would not be worth while to bring about this change, even if expenses should be somewhat increased for a few years. As soon as better conditions obtain there will be a wonderful diminution in the amount necessary for carrying on municipal affairs.

It is not claimed that these things can be brought about all at once. Old ideas and prejudices must first be overcome or gradually give way to nobler Christian sentiments. Class distinctions having their foundations in inherited wealth or aristocratic lineage must give place to considerations of universal brotherhood, and we must learn to look upon the evil that we see all about us as the result of misapplied energy, which if properly directed would have resulted in good. This will be brought about slowly, through the persistent efforts of those who have an abiding faith that "what is best will come to pass," and that the more earnestly they hope for, believe in, and work for it the sooner shall the right prevail. To talk of a redistribution of money—of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, leaving other conditions unchanged—is folly. Such a course would be followed by an increase of crime and debauchery and would only ameliorate the condition of the poor to a very limited extent.

We must educate our children in the principles of Christian Socialism, and whatever influence we may possess must be exerted to induce those who have the privilege of voting to cast their votes for such persons as are known to believe in those principles. For it is the ballot-box, after all, that is the most powerful instrument of the present day; and only after many radical changes have been effected in our political affairs can we expect such improvement in the condition of the poor and unfortunate as shall foreshadow the extermination of the criminal classes.

ADELLE WILLIAMS WRIGHT.

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## EXTREME UTILITARIANISM.

NO reasonable objection to the utilitarian can be made, if his teaching is non-invasive and non-corruptive. We generally exploit theories of application and use, so far as they are true. The world into which we are born, of whose laws we are learning, seems from one viewpoint prominent with facts supporting some sort of utilitarianism, while from another it does not support it at all. It is a brushing away of a hard problem merely to look at things as they are in Nature and to declaim aloud their nice adaptations and definite ends; but it is quite another thing to account rationally for their being, and to say with equal reason where they are going. The former will lead one to utilitarianism—the latter will lead one to heaven knows where; the former will lead into a theory that, in the dim perception of the unwitted, is never invested with the dignity of philosophy, is merely an expedient, an excuse for sordidness, and is swamped in the ooze of human life. Very much, it is true, that is flaunted as utilitarianism is but the want of love and kindness in human natures; and from this very abuse, if from no other reason, we are inclined not to forget utilitarianism as a part in a philosophic system in our following brief consideration of the desires of men.

It was recently advocated, in one of our Northern cities, that all those who attained the age of forty-five years without having secured a competence should be shot to death. By thus systematically killing us, two definite objects, it was said, would be gained: first, we would not burden a rising, competing generation with keeping us; second, we would not interfere with the matter of wage scales in factories. It was shown at the meeting of these advocates that at forty-five most of us cannot perform the labor of the younger men, and that this fact hinders the agreement of employers to pay the time wage that the young men are physically able to earn. This, in brief,

is looked upon by the extreme utilitarian as the complete solution of the problem of how they shall care for us in our age and protect themselves in their youth. And it is supposed to be a solution in unswerving coincidence with the law of utility.

Undoubtedly there is a thought of utility about it somewhere: one that suggests such a picture as that of the natives of Tierra del Fuego, who, when pressed by famine for food, eat the weaker ones of their environment with business-like voracity. There is in it too a suggestion of our descent; the law of physical numbers and strength; the utility either of intelligence to thwart or long legs to run away with; the application of either wit or muscle to the critical moment; and the outgrowth of what, and in one sense correctly so, has been termed the fittest.

One other fact emphasizing this extreme utilitarian tendency is that savage desire of a class of men to vivisection human criminals. The same indelicate, immoral, criminal sense of utility is herein expressed with staggering precision. And though the arguments for it come ostensibly from a sympathy with humanity—though it is claimed we are to live longer in ease and immunity from disease, if we permit criminals to be cut up alive—no argument can make crime a virtue or lessen the responsibility of man to his highest sense of duty.

Reduced to its bare truth, this modern utilitarianism, as manifested in these two expressions, is purely physical greed. Among those workingmen whose constant thought appears to be simply envy of the ease of the rich, and among those rich whose want of any thought would indorse the severest ends in order to obtain a little longer period of quiescence, the whole fabric of human life is worn threadbare with greed. We ought therefore to be prepared for such an application of whatever might be really true in the utilitarian conception.

If the theory of evolution is true, no one can deny that the utilitarian principle was at one time a prominent factor in animal development, and at present a prominent factor in the development of intellectual and moral humanity. Every one who has cared enough about the matter to study it is familiar with



its *rationale*. Every one, too, who is hopeful of future growth will recognize the utilitarian principle as no longer limited to the bodily development of man. He will recognize that it is a senseless parody on life, if life is something more than what we see and eat, to deny the law of utility working in nerves and morals where it labors as steadily for man as in bones and muscles. Yet this is the denial made by a class who cannot understand that it is of the highest moment to be generous with sympathy, kind and honest, and to stand with head and shoulders above the cruelty and crime advocated in the name of "practicality."

There is such a thing as an unawakened soul in a human body. There is a stolidity that looks dully at the Future. And these are wrapped in the lives that would deny the foregoing advanced conditions, which are the essence of moral life, and which in their turn prove by appearance that human life is capable of morality. In the present stage of development, too, no man may hope either to swing the world around to its former physical travails or to bring morality to his own uninviting dead level. If the one inspiring thought of these men whom we have mentioned as advocates is the shooting of the dependent and the vivisection of the bad, thank fortune the stimulus of moral society is the caring for its aged and the punishment and reformation of its bad! And, by a curious logic, moral society, ever alert, would conclude these extreme "utilitarians" among its bad.

The desires whence these and other moral perversions come are desires for personal ease and power at any cost. The desire to live well without work, to be feared if not worshiped, to call and we come, to command and we obey: these come from selfishness. There is no apparent sense of responsibility in that young man who would rob the future of all men to feed the present of himself; no sympathy with the unfortunate; no feeling the world's needs and forgetting his own; no thought of what he is here for, of what others are here for, of whence he came or whither he is going; no care for it all; no capacity for it all. Ruining his own present possibilities and tearing

at the curtains that shield the world's naked, immoral past, he is fit only for the guerdon of his small material world, where pennies have voice and dollars the souls of gods.

How it is possible for one to look out over these millions of human heads, observing the little ebullitions of good here and there puffing like geysers from the seething life below—and, seeing, cannot feel one's own life screaming forth its keenest sympathy—must be a problem only of capacity. That must be the answer. No man is so much the rogue that he is utterly destitute of conscience. And when the half-illiterate and half-vicious fail correctly to measure the motives of the intelligent and virtuous, and for that reason to conclude there is no morality and no duty here beyond the satisfaction of personal greed at the cost of human suffering and human life, it behooves Society to wake in her interests every ally of education.

There is no calamity coming, and we have marked none. Murder and vivisection are not popular, and somehow, somewhere, always have been punished. Yet the world needs none the less criticism of its persistent faults, and a large part of humanity lamentably want to be turned in the right direction. Men need to be scourged, if they are wrong; and, by some law of society, when they get to thinking exclusively of self-interest, they *are* wrong. This latter is the sordidness that has been dignified as "utilitarianism"; little thinking, indeed little knowing, that the principles that have developed man are principles still developing him, still at work in him, leading him "from his stomach into his head," and from his head into a mortal stature of the Ideal.

W. H. DILWORTH.

*Moline, Ill.*



## ART FOR AMERICA.

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*A Conversation with* PROFESSOR JOHN WARD STIMSON, *author*  
of "*The Gate Beautiful.*"

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Q. Professor Stimson, the advance pages of your new work, "*The Gate Beautiful*," convince me that its advent will greatly stimulate interest in vital art education among the more thoughtful of our people who are fortunate enough to peruse its pages and enjoy its splendid wealth of illustration. It has occurred to me that an outline of your views and the story of how you came to prepare this momentous work would be of special interest to our readers. Will you therefore tell us something of the experiences that led up to the preparation of "*The Gate Beautiful*"?

A. Thirty years ago, Art, in its deep meaning and power, had not dawned on the country at large, and was little known or sought, save by the few; although certain good foundations had been laid in colonial times by the sincere and genuine workmanship of many of the early hand-wrought utensils.

The Civil War struck back and injured the victor almost as much as the victim (as it so often does—for reforms by violence generally need reforming); and the false fever and excitement for speculation, as well as the recklessness of bravado and inflation, demanded a sudden access of material wealth for display, and also rapid mechanical processes to multiply material objects and to meet the craze—which militated against genuine national art growth, or fine art in personality, or good art taste in workmanship. It tended to flood the land with flashy meretriciousness and foreign affectations. That was an epoch when the children of many old families hastened to dispose of fine old-fashioned domestic pieces of noble dignity and good workmanship for any catchy piece of French veneer.

Q. Was this mania for pseudo-art, in place of a passion for true and noble art, confined to America?

A. By no means. Much the same disaster in taste had befallen England after Waterloo; and, as an able critic says of the state of English arts during the first half of the nineteenth century, "it was deplorable to witness to what desperate conditions of vulgarity and philistinism the arts of England had come before the great crusades of Ruskin and Morris checked the decline and reawakened English culture, character, and self-expression in labor."

The first Crystal Palace Exhibition demonstrated to England her artistic humiliation, inferiority, and danger, just as the first Philadelphia Centennial did the same service for Americans. The first impulse in both was to try to remedy defects by the public school "copy-book" systems (of very puerile, mechanical, and mimetic origin, under Walter Smith and his successors) and by promiscuous commercial copying and stealing. Then came the rush of travel and the borrowed plumes brought back by the well-to-do; then the starting of art schools by more or less clever technicians merely, who relied on manual dexterities picked up in foreign ateliers; then, finally and tentatively, the genuine effort of a few pioneers to arouse native art conscience, organic national genius and self-respect, and to "hark back" to eternal, vital, and universal art principles and applications.

Q. In this great work of arousing the American imagination to the importance of vital art education, and in creating worthy and original art work in the New World, you were a foremost apostle and prophet. Will you tell us something of the steps in your crusade that led up to "The Gate Beautiful"?

A. I have done what I could, for a quarter of a century—while organizing, directing, and instructing Art courses at Princeton College, the New York Metropolitan Museum, the New York "Artist-Artisan" Institute, and the New Jersey State "Art and Science" Institute—to awaken public sentiment by illustrated lectures and exhibits and to kindle by practical training the sympathy, observation, and skill of students for Beauty everywhere, in its essence and applications, and especially for



its living spirit, principles, and inspiration in our native land and national media.

I am glad to say that the best art firms and editors of New York stood well beside me during the long years, till the points involved became practically demonstrated and popularized, and hosts of successful graduates, exhibits, prize contests, and chapter schools in other States had inducted the spirit into other alert centers.

This drove me somehow to take an urgent and somewhat successful part in this public effort for a national American Artist-Artisanship, and to push its educational help somewhat vigorously and widely for a quarter of a century, from New York and other leading centers—not in any vain conception of my special ability or qualifications, but probably from an old national strain in my blood that made me love my native land and sympathize intimately with the young and with labor. University education, with foreign investigation and comparison, compelled my professional research to look rather more deeply and broadly into bed-rock elements and underlying scientific causes on which to build a genuine and progressive art educational movement. I can see no genuine and lasting social peace or prosperity till Labor is intrinsically ennobled by intelligence, taste, personal and public self-respect, and inspiration; till mankind has both joy and honor in its work; till our educational systems prepare the young nobly to develop themselves and others by production rather than to prey upon one another by chicane and shirking.

Perhaps I could not better state my point of view on this great theme, or better illustrate the ideal that has guided my work, than by quoting the following words, which I penned a short time ago when offering a little advice to the young people of my country, based on practical experience and observation:

“If one goes too early abroad, the immature nature of the student’s character and judgment, added to the embarrassments of strange languages and conditions, almost inevitably waste much strength in friction and deflection; expose to every passing fad or ‘nine days’ furor’; fill the head and hand with super-

ficial mimicries and studio mannerisms; and too often subject the innocent student to being exploited by cunning and clever foreigners who have their eye on our American market.

"How is it that the Japanese nation, as a nation, has evinced such a marvelous and universal skill and taste for so many centuries, and has responded with such marvelous vitality and resource to the highest modern demands of civilization, when we foolish Westerners thought her 'barbaric' and 'antiquated'? She had never even heard of Greece, Rome, or Italy, and never thought it necessary to study in Paris. She was a remote and isolated island, far away from the rest of the world, and yet look at her superb independent development of taste and skill. If we look to her best artists and philosophers we shall see the great secret and key to her brilliant, historic, and artistic virility. She has had, first of all, a patriotic people, loving and admiring her own little gem of an island. They have been democratic, cleanly and industrious, full of humane courtesies and politenesses. They loved their own soil—their own first gift from God—and in spite of certain feudal class categories (which came only in the order of medieval evolution) they have preserved, in public fetes, functions, and feelings the simplest and sincerest democratic life and sympathies.

"This made them share outdoor joys, beauties, and amenities together, and called out the generous development and decoration of public parks, pleasure grounds, sports of elegance and taste, groves and natural vistas, sacred and suggestive ceremonies and temple courts (where all were hourly welcome), and where the help of beauty and art was lent to the imagination and to the soul of humanity, that it might not fall into a deadening materialism or craze for mere external wealth, but keep and cultivate the *perceptive* vision, the *poetic* instinct, the divine spark of *inspiration*, revery, reflection, taste, and feeling for the over-world, with all its mysteries, glories, perpetual immanence, and wonder. Hence, instead of becoming sterilized and atrophied by the mere shell or rind of the fruit of life, they have fed deep and richly on its spiritual juices—aided and fostered admirably by a serene, thoughtful, and noble Buddhism.

"They did not make our fatal American mistake of 'filling the belly with the husks the swine do eat' (like the foolish prodigal in Scripture), but spiritualized, deepened, and democratized their national art culture *from within*; and then daily and hourly applied its essence, good taste, judgment, and creative imagination upon everything they did. This gave elegance,



charm, amenity, and spontaneity to all they created, and, of course, joy in production and wealth in the selling.

"They sought for and found the living and eternal elements and principles of beauty in the wonder-life of Nature around them. They did not borrow foreign plumes nor run amuck for alien fads and gods; but slowly, nobly, *inherently* developed divine art principles that they found constant and universal in Nature. The very hints, suggestions, and importations that assailed them from outside they only slowly, cautiously, and organically assimilated after they had carefully tested them and approved them by practise.

"Now this, I think, should become a great and vital object-lesson to our American art students and schools. Let them look into some of the sketch books or school notes of the great Japanese art leader, Hokusai, and see him intimately and lovingly looking into and spiritually analyzing the marvelous geometric and anatomical structure, with the symbolic significance of Nature forms, before he overlaid their surfaces or ornamental features. This is like Michael Angelo's carefully putting up a model of his masterpiece first, from inner bone to outer button, in order to know it thoroughly before he broadly clove the marble into mighty planes and finished it to delicate tissues.

"This is also the spirit of Raphael, drawing a running soldier, where you can see (in his preparatory sketch) how he has drawn the arm of the soldier right through a shield hiding it, in order the better to know the placement and portage of the shield. This is the glorious 'classic' and 'vital' method, by which all great national art must ever perfect itself, working 'from within outward' and 'from underneath upward.' It can never come from affectation, imitation, mimicries, poses, or superficial fads, exploited too often by the alien or insincere, and fatally deluding, discouraging, or perverting the purest, holiest, and most sacred spontaneity and native intuitions of a people.

"We do not need art instructors to teach us little technical tricks and 'stunts' so much as we need inspiring and quickening guides to put us on the track of our best selves and our best nationality. We do not half so much need 'swell' private galleries, in which a flippant Four Hundred may pose or flirt, as we need real philanthropists who would endow and sustain a living, organic effort to encourage sincere native genius, to open up national beauty and poetry, and to apply practically and visibly great art principles upon a broad American 'artist-

artisanship.' Which of our great men, women, or cities will awake and do this?"

These convictions I have long entertained, and these have guided and sustained me in all my work.

Q. How did you come to write "The Gate Beautiful"?

A. When over-work and illness necessitated my withdrawing for a few years of exile in the North woods, I resolved that the intellectual and esthetic elements that had been the inspiration for this successful movement should not lack expression and accessibility through any accident to myself. So, during hours of convalescence, I compiled and amply illustrated this serious volume of over four hundred quarto pages and many hundreds of costly pictures. The first half of the work is adapted to the more scientific and scholarly side of this important theme—the second half to the more professionally artistic and practical phases. The whole is my humble effort to present symmetrically these two essential and inseparable sides of this marvelous phenomenon we call Cosmic Beauty and Natural Art—through Form-Reasoning in morphology and natural history, out into the fascinating evolutions of Art history and the practical embodiments, methods, and principles of the best modern workmanship.



# THE GREAT CONJUNCTION.

AN ASTROLOGICAL STORY.

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BY FLORENCE PELTIER PERRY.

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"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

It seemed to me that I, Thomas Johnson, had reached that point in life when all I needed was to be sure of the exact spot where the flood would sweep me along on the top crest of the wave of success instead of swamping me in the waters of defeat.

Just turned thirty-nine, an inventor of some prominence, yet, somehow, so far in life, although my scientific discoveries and inventions had been pronounced by the press, far and near, as of inestimable value to humanity, they had put but few of humanity's dollars into my pocket. I was determined that my latest creation should bring to me the fortune for which I had toiled so long and unremittingly. Into my new invention—an automobile—I had put about all the money I possessed, not to mention months of constant concentration of thought. The president of that enormous concern, The New England Automobile Syndicate, had been deeply interested in my work from the start; and now the company offered to pay me twenty thousand dollars down, manufacture my machine, and give me a large royalty, if—and a very large *if* it was—my automobile could successfully demonstrate my claim of its ability to cross the Desert of Sahara.

However, all this is now well known to the great reading public, and what I am about to write is in response to thousands of queries received from every quarter of the civilized world; also, to give due credit to the valuable assistance rendered me by a certain, much-maligned science.

First, I will give a brief description of my invention; but this is not the place to go into minute details. A late issue of *The Inventor's Friend* has an exhaustive, profusely illustrated article upon it. Some parts of my invention—the process by which certain qualities are given to copper and to the rubber of my pneumatic tires—are a profound secret that I jealously guard from the public.

I had long pondered the inconveniences attending both the electric and the steam carriage. In neither could one go far from town because of the necessity of recharging and replenishing. For months I had studied over the feasibility of manufacturing a vehicle that could be propelled by springs. Of course, we all have seen toys that are made to run about by means of clockwork and a spring. The difficulty of applying the same principle to a carriage to be used for practical purposes has been that in order to propel it the spring would of necessity be so large that its size and weight would render it useless. Finally, my intense application was rewarded by the discovery of a way of rendering copper so tenacious that with it a spring could be made of such dimensions and weight as to be entirely practicable in propelling a carriage. So thin can copper be beaten out, after it is treated by my new process, that a spring can be made of it that, though only one foot in diameter, is long enough and tense enough to propel a vehicle of ordinary size and weight fifty miles. Two of these springs are placed directly under the carriage-box, together with two horizontal iron bars of light weight that can be connected or disconnected with the axle of the back wheels, by the mere pressing down or the lifting up of buttons placed near the winders of the springs, and all conveniently near the steering-gear, together with a gauge and a cyclometer. The springs are wound up exactly on the principle of a stem-winding watch, and through a series of mechanical contrivances it is possible to have a spring entirely wound up in fifteen minutes. Each spring revolves one of the iron bars, and of course the one in action is connected with the axle. Both springs can be made ready for action before starting on a ride, so that as soon as



one is run down the other can begin to operate. And while the second spring is in use the first one may be wound up at one's leisure, and so be ready for instant use. The machine is readily stopped and started, and the speed may be easily regulated.

I flatter myself that I have come about as near to perpetual motion as man will ever get.

With my machine it is obvious how independent one is of populous centers, for there are no supplies that cannot be carried with one all the time. All that is needed are two or more extra springs and a tire or two to be in readiness in case of accident.

I had discovered how to render the rubber of a pneumatic tire so impervious to sand or mud that a heavy automobile can skim over very sandy or muddy ground with ease. I was confident that in this alone I had that which would bring me an assured competence.

For the first time in my life I wished I might peer into the future, and see what was in store for me—to see which to take of the two ways that lay before me: to try to prove that my invention would stand the test required by The New England Automobile Syndicate, and receive a small fortune at once that would quickly become a large one; or throw over the offer and wait for years, perhaps, for the wealth that must eventually be mine. Should I go on what many would consider a "wild-goose chase," and risk life to gain fortune and fame at once?

As I pondered these things, one morning, when out for an early walk, I became so engrossed in my musings that I was entirely oblivious of my whereabouts, and found, on suddenly coming to my senses, that I had turned into a street on which I had never been before. It was very quiet, lined with old houses of an architecture that showed that this once had been the aristocratic center of the town, but now, in almost every window, was to be found a placard on which was either the announcement, "Furnished Rooms to Let," or "Table-board by the Day or Week"—from such high to such low estate had the street fallen.

I was about to retrace my steps when a small brass sign caught my eye. It happened that the sun was shining directly upon it; otherwise it is not likely I would have noticed it. It read:

ZODIACELLA,

ASTROLOGER.

On the sudden impulse of the instant I walked directly up to the front door of the house upon which the notice appeared and rang the bell. Immediately I felt inclined to fly before it was too late to extricate myself from what might prove, perhaps, an unpleasant dilemma; but there was no opportunity, for the door was opened at once by a trim maid. Feeling very foolish, I summoned up voice enough to ask for the astrologer.

I was shown into a tiny parlor, which, to my surprise, was filled with evidences that the one to whom the room belonged was highly cultivated and refined. I had but a moment to observe this when in walked a woman, neither young nor pretty, but with an inexpressible charm of manner that would make the average pretty girl seem ordinary and uninteresting in comparison. Being a close observer, I noticed at once her soft brown hair was plentifully streaked with gray in such a manner that it had the appearance of being powdered. It was wonderfully becoming to the sweet face it surmounted, setting off to their fullest advantage the dark eyebrows and eyelashes and the brilliant blue eyes. The mouth—well, it would be better for a man's peace of mind not to dwell in thought upon its sweetness! She was rather tall and willowy, and had very small hands that, somehow, seemed to express strength in spite of their being so diminutive.

"I understand," said she, "that you wish to consult the astrologer. That is myself," with a bit of a smile.

I was dumfounded. I expected to find either an old, musty, dusty man, or an equally old, musty, dusty woman. In my confusion I stammered something about having reached a point in my life when I felt that a peep into the future might aid me, and then, not wishing to appear ridiculously gullible, I added:



"I know nothing about astrology and am inclined to be skeptical in regard to its claims."

"It is an uncertain science," was her answer, "but that it was exact in days gone by we have many reasons for believing; and, even in the imperfect state in which it has been handed down, still we can depend upon it to a considerable degree."

She then asked me my time of birth, went to a small desk in a corner of the room, and seating herself there made some calculations, occasionally consulting a book or writing down something. I felt that I could look at her unreservedly, she was so absorbed in her work; and I made the most of my opportunity.

After about twenty minutes she arose, and coming over to the chair beside me seated herself therein and handed me a paper on which was a circle divided into twelve parts and containing various hieroglyphics. I inhaled approvingly the delicious, subtle suggestion of perfume that lingered about her.

"This is your horoscope," said she. "You have the sign Gemini ruling you. In it is the planet Uranus. Gemini is an airy sign, and so you are closely affiliated with the element air, and attracted to anything in the line of invention, especially when it is concerned with air. The erratic planet Uranus gives you advanced ideas and makes you impatient with conventionalities. Therefore, you will not be satisfied to plod along in old ruts, but must strike out for yourself in new lines. The general aspect of the heavens at the time of your birth shows that you must be very inventive."

I was positively startled. I was sure that I was a total stranger to her, and yet she told me exactly what I was without hesitation; but I was destined to be still more dumfounded.

"You have," she continued, "Mars on the midheaven. This is bad, because he is afflicted, and brings you misfortune in the shape of serious accidents, and you will be injured by falls, and fire, and by members of the cat family—which includes, as you undoubtedly know, the tiger and the lion. It's a curious thing that Mars is in the sign Pisces. Pisces, you know, rules the feet. Any farmer's almanac will tell you that. I should judge

that you have had and will have many serious accidents; but, figuratively and literally speaking, you will always alight, eventually, on your feet—for, you see, we have here Mars (cats) and Pisces (feet): a remarkable testimony, considering that cats always land on their feet.”

It is true that I have had many accidents. When still an infant I was accidentally dropped into the oven—and a very hot oven it was—where my upper lip was so cut and burned that loud were the lamentations over the supposed ruin of my good looks. No disfigurement, however, resulted. A cat attacked me when I was a small child and nearly put out my right eye, which, not only healed quickly but left me unscarred. At thirteen I fell down stairs and broke the bone in my nose. This simply gave it a slight hump that adds much to the comeliness of my appearance. At fourteen I stepped firmly upon a large needle. Part of it is still embedded in my foot, but causes me no trouble. At another time I ran a pair of surgeon-scissors through my cheek, and I have done many other equally foolish things, always escaping comparatively unscathed. I began to look upon the astrologer with considerable awe.

“In case of danger,” she continued, “you should always remember to act upon impulse; for, with you, first impulses are your best guide.”

I decided at once that I would follow my latest impulse and confide my present difficulty to this sensible, clever woman. So I explained the situation, and once more she retired to her desk, and, on returning to seat herself near me again, said:

“This is indeed a most eventful year for you. You must be constantly in a state of readiness for the unexpected, and both disaster and success are promised you. I think you will come safely through all dangerous situations, for Jupiter will soon be in the ascendancy in your chart, and, as he is well aspected, he will protect you. Unfortunately, Saturn, the planet of death, is strong, too, in your horoscope this year. Then, on the twenty-eighth of November the great conjunction will take place between Jupiter and Saturn. It is many years since they have crossed each other’s paths. Mars will be near these two



planets in November, and Uranus not far away. Serious accidents and resulting death are shown, but Uranus, who brings about the unexpected, is in friendly aspect with Jupiter, and these two are quite likely to bring you through the crisis. It will be a very close call, however. After the great conjunction, Jupiter will be rapidly approaching your midheaven and bring you success—if the twenty-eighth of November does not prove fatal to you. On the whole, I feel sure that you will, as usual, land on your feet,” she concluded, with a charming smile; and then added, as a sudden afterthought, “Venus will be close by, too, and I think she will be of some help to you.”

“Venus is feminine,” I observed; “what does that mean?”

This part she dismissed rather abruptly. I hoped she would say that Venus would bring me a wife. I always had wished for a wife, but poverty and devotion to scientific interests had kept me pretty far from even chance darts of Cupid, though a more affectionate man never drew breath on this old earth. The astrologer went back to the importance of always acting on impulse, and referred again to my good fortune in always coming down feet first. I wanted more talk about the heart and less about the feet, but the latter seemed to absorb her attention. Finally I asked her pointblank:

“Madam, I am a bachelor; but if I succeed in this latest venture I will be in a position to become a benedick, and that is my desire. What are the prospects in this direction?”

“If you get safely through the crisis brought about by the conjunction, I see for you both money and a wife.”

“What sort of a woman will she be?” I asked.

“Let me see,” murmured this fascinating astrologer, scanning the diagram. “She is ruled by Jupiter in Mercury’s sign. That will make her rather clever, and as Saturn is near by she will not be very young—and—and——”

She broke off with a vivid blush.

“And what?” I asked, in some surprise.

“Oh, there’s nothing more to say!” she replied, hastily; but she did not look up as she spoke.

I was loath to go, and stayed and chatted with Mrs. Van

Dusen—as I found her true name to be—for a half-hour that seemed but a moment. I found out that she was a widow, and dependent upon her own exertions for a living. She had taken up this unusual method of earning her daily bread because for years she had been more or less interested in astrology, and because she found her constitution was rapidly breaking down from her work of proof-reading, in which she had been engaged, until the last six months, ever since her husband's death five years before.

I reluctantly departed after obtaining permission to call on her socially, promising to give her credentials that would entitle me to the honor of claiming friendship with so lovely a woman as herself.

Well, I went to the president of the automobile concern and told him I would accept the offer of the company, and proceeded at once with preparations for my long journey. I had a sheet-iron cover made, of very light weight, that could be drawn over the top of the automobile, when lying in it asleep at night, thus giving me some protection from attacks of wild beasts. I stored away extra springs and tires to be in readiness in case any of those in use should be damaged. I supplied myself with plenty of food for the journey. This was put up in concentrated form—powders that by the addition of hot water made delicious soups, and tablets, each one of which contained as much nourishment as a pound of beefsteak. My cooking utensils consisted of two agate-ware basins, and over each I had adjusted a powerful burning-glass. I calculated to the minute how long it would take the sun's rays to bring water to a boil in these vessels.

As I looked about my laboratory, wondering what else it would be wise to carry with me, my glance fell on a small box that held several pieces of solidified air. I also stored away this in my carriage, remembering my astrologer had told me that the latest, most advanced things were always in friendly relation to me, and that air was my element.

At this late day it is hardly necessary to state what liquid air is, for all the world knows how air is now reduced to a liquid,



hundreds of degrees colder than ice, and of a tremendously expansive nature. Thus, it must have a vent all the time to avoid the tremendous explosion that would surely take place were it confined in an air-tight place. Several hundred times its bulk does it expand, and so a small amount of it will fill a fair-sized balloon and cause it to sail readily skyward. By many it is believed that the time is not far distant when liquid air will be made to propel ocean steamers, thus doing away with coal and the painful labor of stokers. How man is being liberated by science! What a jump from the time when ships were rowed by wretched galley slaves—going mad from work in the awful darkness in the lower tier of the galley—to liquid air that needs only to be placed in the ship, in proper conditions, to lighten humanity from the burden of sordid toil!

It may not have come to the notice of many that liquid air is now being solidified and turned out in pieces about as large as ordinary lead pencils, and can be kept for an indefinite time by being hermetically sealed in a receptacle from which air is entirely exhausted, leaving a vacuum. Each piece is put in an airless, glass tube, and when needed for use the tube is broken. At once the solidified air begins to return to the gaseous state, expanding tremendously and lowering the temperature of a large room many degrees. It occurred to me that I might escape the heat of the desert, when it became too intense, by using this solidified air.

During the several days occupied in making preparations for my journey I had found leisure to spend a good many hours with Mrs. Van Dusen; and my interest in her became so great that it was with deep emotion I bade her farewell.

It is needless to dwell upon my trip to the Azores and thence to the western coast of Africa, for it was a perfectly uneventful passage. My plan was to follow the best caravan route from the coast as far into the interior as it went before turning northward, and then to continue across the desert, knowing that at intervals I would intercept the caravan routes running north and south, and by them be guided somewhat across the trackless waste.

Not a man would consent to go with me—a native I mean—and I did not care to go with one of my own race, unless I found exactly the right sort of a man, which I did not. My machine was looked upon with superstitious terror, which proved to be my safety later on; for more than once, during my wild ride across the desert, I came upon roving bands of savages who fled in horror from my approaching carriage as if it were the incarnation of the worst devil of their belief. Thus I was undoubtedly saved from being murdered, or at least tortured and robbed.

I began my perilous trip across the desert on the eighteenth of November. On the afternoon of the twenty-eighth I was far away from even a sight of mountains, and a limitless sea of sand stretched away on all sides. I had managed to keep well to the line of direction I had mapped out, with the assistance of a caravan leader, and therefore had not lost time nor wanted for water. That I had escaped death on several occasions had been due to the rapidity with which my machine traveled and the terror it inspired in both man and beast. At first I had kept my revolver loaded and where it could be reached at once; but realizing how well I was protected from attacks of any sort I no longer looked upon my revolver as necessary and had unloaded it.

Physically I was in a fair condition, and upon this tenth day in the desert I was spinning over the burning sands with my pneumatic tires in as good condition as when I had left Connecticut. After all, no one can quite come up to the Connecticut Yankee, I thought exultingly. He has had the benefit of generations of inheritance; for was it not nearly two hundred years ago that the settlers invented, even with their crude implements, the wooden nutmeg, and deceived the more pious portion of the commonwealth? So successful were they, fable saith, that, encouraged by the results of their inventive faculty, they manufactured wooden hams that were eaten with relish by many an unsuspecting, hard-working family.

While in the midst of this sort of self-glorification, I perceived an object approaching me, dirty yellow in appearance.



My machine was going at a tremendously rapid rate—at least a mile a minute—and the wheels seemed fairly to disdain the hot shining sands beneath them. Thus I was hardly aware of this moving object ere I was almost upon it. It was an enormous lion. He gazed at me in a state of petrification, I should judge, though the speed at which I was traveling did not allow accurate observation. Suddenly, without warning of any sort, my automobile came to a standstill, and I was thrown violently over the front of it. Had I struck the sand head first, I would have been buried so deep that before I could have extricated my head and removed the sand from my eyes the lion would have had ample opportunity to make a leisurely meal of me. Fortunately I fell in the natural way of sitting down, and so was able to jump to my feet at once. Even in that perilous moment I thought of Pisces!

The lion was about fifty yards away and was gazing at me with his big yellow eyes full of curiosity. Had he been a circus or menagerie lion he would not have allowed the grass to grow under his feet, or rather the sand to accumulate, but would have been on me in a twinkling. Being, however, a greenhorn of the desert, he lost valuable time standing staring at me with open mouth; in fact, keeping his mouth open was the only sensible thing he did, for it was thus prepared for action when he finally concluded to make mince-meat of me.

In the meantime I had jumped into my carriage, and found, to my consternation, that the spring that had been in action, when the unexpected halt came, was broken—and I had forgotten to wind up the other one! Here was a pretty howdy-do! It would take fully fifteen minutes to wind up the undamaged spring. I had not even time to load my revolver, for the open-mouthed beast was making tremendous leaps in my direction, with pleasurable, anticipatory gleams in his eyes. There was a strong prospect of my being forced to furnish the lion with a few juicy mouthfuls.

A thousand ideas chased themselves through my mind, proving how utterly oblivious of the thing we call *time* is the inner, mental part of us. I remember that, among other thoughts,

I hoped the lion would find me tough—there was a time in my more youthful days that I had been so called in my native town.

Suddenly an inspiration seized me. The box of solidified air was within arm's reach. Opening it and seizing a half-dozen tubes I crushed them in my hands. Already the lion was rearing his mighty hulk over the side of the machine. In desperation I hurled down the cavernous mouth the pieces of solidified air. The brute paused, apparently experiencing a peculiar sensation as these struck his throat, gave a gulp to swallow the offending particles, and made a lunge at me, cowering in the bottom of the automobile; but instantly he sprang up, and, with a dolorous howl, disappeared from view. Hearing the sound of his great body rolling on the ground, I ventured to rise and look over the side of the carriage-box. There lay the lion writhing and howling, suffering evidently from a violent attack of colic. He had swallowed air enough to expand a balloon of large proportions. I watched for the end of this experiment. I did not have long to wait, for, in the words of Mrs. Hemans, in her immortal poem, "Casabianca," the lion—

"—oh! where was he?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the"—

sand!

The air had certainly got in its innings with the lion, and for despatch and celerity of "expansion" the performance was away ahead of anything yet accomplished by the United States.

As for me, I believe I fainted. When I recovered enough to grope for my box of nitro-glycerine tablets, I revived my palpitating heart by swallowing one, and, after loading my revolver, set about renewing the spring.

It was within a few minutes of darkness when my job was completed, and I drew the sheet-iron cover over the top of the automobile and lay down for a much-needed rest. Before starting on my journey I had thought how poetic it would be to gaze up at the stars as I lay in the vast desert, but I had been well content when night came, and never more so than on this



particular night, to leave open overhead only a small ventilator. As I lay there, smoking my pipe and trying to compose myself, a thought suddenly came to me, and, forgetful of my close quarters, with an ejaculation I quickly sat up, thereby bringing my head in violent contact with the sheet-iron roof. As I applied arnica to the bruised spot, I said, over and over: "Great Scott! this is the twenty-eighth day of November!"

How well had the astrologer's prediction come true! First, there was death—Saturn—in conjunction with my protector—Jupiter. Then there was Mars, bringing the lion; and Uranus, planet of invention and ruling the unexpected, gave me the inspiration to defend myself with air, the element with which I affiliated, and which came to the rescue just in the nick of time. Indeed the escape had been narrow!

The remainder of my journey was uneventful. Upon reaching the Libyan Desert, I directed my course northeast and reached Cairo eventually. Here I rested a few days, and then proceeded to Alexandria, and embarking upon the Mediterranean, with my precious automobile, I hastened homeward by the fastest, nearest route.

On reaching New York I had my machine unpacked, and left there in it for home. For miles along my way, crowds cheered me as I sped rapidly toward Connecticut. I realized I had become famous.

On reaching my native city I went at once to the office of the president of The New England Automobile Syndicate, where I received the congratulations of the officers of the company, and, what was more to the point, twenty thousand dollars. My machine I left at the workshop for a model; orders were made out for the manufacture of others like it, and a contract was drawn up, agreed upon, and signed, which gave me a large royalty on all sales.

My fortune was made!

After getting my check cashed, the bulk of the money properly disposed of, I went at once to the best shops in town and bought all the things that go to make a man presentable and attractive. These I had sent to the luxurious apartment I had

engaged in a fashionable hotel; and thence I issued forth the next morning, arrayed not exactly like Solomon, as his style of costume is now somewhat passé, but in all the glory that the most modern and approved tailors and haberdashers could bestow upon me at short notice.

I ordered a cab and drove at once to Mrs. Van Dusen's, where I waited impatiently in the little parlor until she entered. I am not a man of many words, and I always make it a point to go directly at the matter in hand.

"Mrs. Van Dusen," said I, after the customary greetings of reunited friends were over, "you told me that Venus was coming into my life. Now, she hasn't, unless *you* are Venus—anyway, I guess Venus brought you to me. What do you, as an astrologer, think about it?"

Mrs. Van Dusen hid her face in her hands, and I heard a smothered—"You mean thing!"

I clasped her pliant form in my arms, and whispered, "Zodiacella, what is a conjunction?"

"Why!" said she, in surprise, lifting a blushing face from its hiding-place on my shoulder, "it's the meeting of two heavenly bodies."

I seized the opportunity to kiss those lips that had of late so frequently disturbed my dreams, and exclaimed:

"*You* are surely a heavenly little body, and I'm feeling pretty heavenly myself just now; and *this*," holding her tightly to me, "is the *real* conjunction. The one of November twenty-eighth isn't in it with it!"



# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. FLOWER.

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## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—  
And *that* cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;  
The young birds are chirping in the nest;  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;  
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!—  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.

\* \* \* \* \*

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap—  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
—"THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN," by *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*.

An agitation has been recently inaugurated that must appeal to the profoundest sympathies of every right-minded man and woman. It concerns a great and ever-increasing army of little children, who, in this land of boasted wealth and prosperity, are condemned to a slavery that not only takes from them the witchery born of early life—all the glad sunshine, the exuberant joy, and the freedom so essential to a healthy body—but that arrests mental growth, deadens the moral perceptions, and robs them of the rightful heritage that centuries of Christian civilization should bequeath to every child. Moreover, it curses the free State with citizens at once morally and mentally incapacitated for exercising the right of franchise; while the employment of children in mills, factories, and mines is defrauding men of the work that is needful for their support and the proper rearing of their families. It is therefore a triple crime—a crime of measureless proportions against helpless childhood;

a crime against republican institutions, whose success depends so largely upon the intelligence and moral rectitude of the citizens; and a crime against sturdy, honest manhood.

The revelations recently made by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, in the *Philistine*, in his descriptions of personally inspected Southern cotton factories owned by wealthy New Englanders, in regard to the frightful condition of child slavery; the startling exposures lately made by the *New York Journal* touching the condition of little children employed in the glass works of New Jersey; the pictures of child slavery as found to-day in free America, drawn by Mrs. Irene Ashby-Macfayden—these are but a few of many recent disclosures that show the depths of degradation to which the spirit of greed will lower men when conscience is lulled to sleep and the acquisition of gold becomes the overmastering concern of life. They reveal a condition as intolerable as it is shameful, and one that calls for active, persistent, and earnest agitation on the part of the conscience force in the Republic.

The Italian consul at Philadelphia, Count Brandolini, aroused by the exposures of the *New York Journal*, recently made a thorough investigation of the labor conditions in New Jersey, especially as they related to the children of Italians. In speaking of the result of his investigations the Count said:

"I found men, women, and children living in absolute slavery. In the glass works of the George Jones Company I found thirty or forty children not more than eight or ten years old working under the most shocking conditions. When I sought out their parents, I was met with the argument that unless their children worked as soon as they could earn anything they could not make a living. They said they must all work or else starve. The owners of the glass works contended that the children they employed were all above the legal age, but I know better. Some of them looked to be little more than mere babies. And yet these children were toiling under conditions which could not help but dwarf them physically and mentally, and doubtless soon send them to their graves. Men, women, and children slave there for a mere pittance. Their wages are so low that, once there, they can never save enough to escape bondage by going elsewhere."

Jane Welch, one of the ablest writers on the *New York Journal*, conducted an exhaustive investigation into the conditions in the great glass works of New Jersey. In speaking of the result of her labors at Minotola, this writer says:

"I have seen otherwise pretty, bright, precocious youngsters of eight and ten years taken from school that they might serve the god of greed; that they might earn 35 or 40 cents a day for parents or guardians.



They have been torn from their books and studies and placed in glass works, where their days and nights are spent in carrying great pails of water upon their heads, shearing the fag ends off glass bottles, carrying bottles from the white-heated ovens until in the dreary waste of hard toil they have become soured on life, and they curse the fate that cast their lot in such a place as this.

"For a year or two at most they are given a glimpse of a world of better things—a world of better purposes and possibilities. When they become attached to their books they are taken from the schools and sent to the glass works to slave—a school where is taught the bitter lesson of darkest and most hopeless pessimism.

"Their clothing is rags; their food crusts; their sleep short; their labors long—until every hour of the twenty-four begets its regrets for them.

"Take the average 'blue dinkey' boy of twelve as an example. His day's work begins at half-past six o'clock. . . . He works in the glass works from then until noon, when he has an hour for lunch—that is, an hour is allowed to him. That most of that hour is spent in 'catching up' in his labors does not concern his employers. If his bosses work him during part or the whole of the hour, this is not the glass mill owner's business, he says. . . . During the afternoon his labors continue in the works. At six o'clock he goes home to supper. . . . Then he hustles back to the works and slaves again until 9 or 10 o'clock."

The correspondent then goes on to describe the wretched quality of the food given to the children—food that in many instances is adulterated in a most deleterious manner. She closes her description with these words:

"Thus this child, born in free and civilized America, is the victim, at ten years of age, of bad bread, fake butter, the Beef Trust, deleterious coffee, poisonous tea, and shoddy clothing. His employer sells him all these things through the well-known 'company store,' and then, to fill his cup, takes a dollar's profit on the child's labor besides—this for labor that a man should do.

"And this they do at Minotola every day."

They have laws in New Jersey that would partially protect the children were they enforced; but since the government has passed so largely under control of the trusts and monopolies, and the dominant political parties in the various States have become virtual tributaries of the barons of greed, these laws are too frequently, as in New Jersey for example, dead letters. From the Chief Executive down to the factory inspectors, there appears to be the greatest indifference—and in many instances the most culpable indifference—in regard to the condition of the little ones.

The laws of Massachusetts relating to child labor are probably among the best in the United States, and their enforcement is probably as vigorous as is to be found in the country; yet the laws permitting child work in the factories of the old Bay State are a disgrace to civilization—a double disgrace when it is remembered that the country is thronged with able-bodied men who are being crowded from positions of employment to make way for the children who should be in the schools. In the State of Massachusetts there are over 14,900 children employed between fourteen and sixteen years of age, and in many instances the conditions are far from such as should prevail, even if child labor were defensible or necessary. On the 11th of last March the correspondent of the *New York Journal*, who had been commissioned to investigate the conditions in the factories of Fall River, reported as follows:

“Situated in the very center of Fall River’s wharf line and flush with the waters of Mt. Hope Bay is the mammoth plant of the American Printing Company, the largest establishment of the kind in America, and the individual property of Matthew Chandler Durfee Borden, the millionaire resident of New York.

“Hundreds of small boys work for Mr. Borden, and many of them toil ten hours a day without a thread of clothing on their bodies. No one except employees is allowed to enter the works; therefore, when it was stated before a woman’s club in New York last week that naked babies were at work in Fall River mills, much interest was aroused.

“A *Journal* man has investigated the matter and found that the statement was practically true; that is, naked people work in the American works, but they are not exactly babies. They are children, sometimes not more than fourteen years old. They work in big tanks called ‘lime keel,’ in the bleach house, packing the cloth into the vats. This lime keel holds 750 pieces of cloth and it requires one hour and twenty minutes to fill it. During that time the lad must work inside, while his body is being soaked with whatever there is of chemicals which enter into the process of bleaching, of which lime is a prominent factor. The naked bodies of the children who do this work day after day are never dry, and the same chemicals which effect the bleaching process of the gray cloth naturally bleach the skin of the operator, and after coming out of the vats the boys show the effects in the whiteness of their skins, which rivals the cotton cloth.”

Perhaps nowhere in the country are the abuses of child labor more notorious than in the great cotton factories and mills of the South. Certain it is that nowhere do we find great numbers of children of such tender age in these mills. Something of the conditions prevailing in the South may be gleaned from the following facts as given by Mrs. Irene Ashby-Macfayden in



the *American Federationist*, and they are borne out by the testimony of other trustworthy investigators :

"In the finest mill in Columbia, S. C., a magnificent example of splendid enterprise, I found a tiny girl of five years in the spinning room. Her little sunbonnet had fallen back on her neck and her hair was covered with the threads that had fallen back onto her head from the frame as she worked. She was helper to her sister. Neither child knew her age, but a girl of eight, standing near, told me they were seven and five and worked there all day long. A beautiful little girl of eight, with hectic flush and great gray eyes, told me she 'hadn't worked but a year.'

"All holidays are 'made up' in South Carolina. A strike occurred at one mill among some organized employees because they were required to make up Labor Day beforehand. They were locked out and starved into submission. In Alabama the children in the mills are required to work Thanksgiving Day. In Georgia a child missing Saturday—a short day—loses one-sixth of her week's wages.

"The wages paid these children bear out what I have said in regard to child labor keeping wages low. Many toil for ten cents a day.

"In South Carolina Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, found a child of five working at night in the fine, large new mills. Only a few weeks ago I stood at 10.30 at night in a mill in Columbia, S. C., controlled and owned by Northern capital, where children who did not know their own ages were working from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M., without a moment for rest or food or a single cessation of the maddening racket of the machinery, in an atmosphere unsanitary and clouded with humidity and lint."

The curse of this crime against the child lies not merely in the fact that it is sowing dragon's teeth to blight the civilization of to-morrow, but it is a crime of measureless proportions against the little innocents that are thus doomed to slavery from the dawning hours of sunny childhood—a crime that not only dwarfs and blunts the mind but places life and limb in deadly peril. On this point Mrs. Ashby-Macfayden observes :

"A horrible form of dropsy occurs among the children. A doctor in a city mill, who has made a special study of the subject, tells me that ten per cent. of the children who go to work before 12 years of age, after five years contract active consumption. The lint forms in their lungs a perfect cultivating medium for tuberculosis, while the change from the hot atmosphere of the mill to the chill night or morning air often brings on pneumonia, which frequently, if not the cause of death, is a forerunner of consumption.

"How sternly the 'pound of flesh' is insisted on by the various employers is illustrated by the case of two little boys of 9 and 11, who had to walk three miles to work on the night shift for 12 hours. One night they were five minutes late and were shut out, having to tramp the

whole three miles back again. The number of accidents to those poor little ones who do not know the dangers of machinery is appalling. In Huntsville, Ala., in January, just before I was there, a child of eight years, who had been a few weeks in the mills, lost the index and middle finger of her right hand. A child of seven had lost her thumb a year previously. In one mill city in the South a doctor told a friend that he had personally amputated more than a hundred babies' fingers mangled in the mill. A cotton merchant in Atlanta told me he had frequently seen mill-children without fingers or thumb and sometimes without the whole hand.

"So frequent are these accidents that in some mills applicants for employment have to sign a contract that in case of injury in the mill the company will not be held responsible, and parents or guardians sign for minors.

"No mill-children look healthy. Any one that does by chance, you are sure to find out has but recently begun work. They are characterized by extreme pallor and an aged, worn expression infinitely pitiful and incongruous in a child's face. The dull eyes raised by the little ones inured to toil before they ever learned to play, shut out by this damnable system of child slavery from liberty and the pursuit of happiness, often to be early robbed of life itself, are not those of a child but of an imprisoned soul, and are filled, it always seems to me, with speechless reproach. There is unfortunately no question as to the physical debasement of the mill-child."

A few years ago, when preparing my work on "Civilization's Inferno," my attention was called on many occasions to the pitiful lot of the little children toilers in the wretched tenements in the slums of the North End of Boston. I made a number of tours in company with the Rev. Mr. Swaffield, of the Baptist Bethel Mission, and his assistant, Mr. English. In one of the homes we visited I remember finding two little girls, the youngest of which since she was two and one-half years of age had been daily engaged in over-casting the long seams of pants that were being made under contract. When we first called she had just passed her fourth birthday and was at that time over-casting from three to four pairs of pants every day. There on a little stool she sat, her fingers moving rapidly in as unerring a manner as those of an old experienced needlewoman. Her sister was a year and a half older; and here, day in and day out, these little slaves toiled incessantly within wretched walls that practically marked the limit of their world.

I remember on one occasion, when Mr. English was present, one of the poor women in a tenement we visited stated that that day marked her fortieth birthday, and Mr. English replied, if I remember correctly, "And I am just a little over forty-two;"



at which a wan-faced little worker lifted her eyes from the needle and exclaimed: "Oh, dear! I should think you would be so tired of living so many years."

And these cases are strictly typical of conditions in the sweat-shops of our great cities, though they are less tragic than the fate of the little boys in the glass factories or of the little children in the mills, where there is the incessant roar and din of machinery and where the air is filled with lint and dust.

The Anglo-Saxon peoples may long be indifferent to unjust conditions—they may for a time permit great wrongs to exist; but when the essential evil of the unjust conditions is uncovered and brought to the notice of the people, and their essential criminality is impressed by a persistent agitation, the conscience of the people at last becomes so thoroughly aroused that no power in State, no class influence, nor yet the almost invincible influence of wealth is strong enough to withstand the majesty of an aroused public sentiment. A very striking illustration of this character is found in the story of the amelioration of the condition of women and children in the shops, mills, factories, and mines of Great Britain during the thirties and forties of the last century. At that time in England, as is the case with us to-day, rich and powerful individuals and corporations so dominated the government, pulpit, and press that the outlook for the helpless ones seemed hopeless; but within two decades of the time that the educational agitation was inaugurated a revolution was achieved that marked one of the most distinct upward and onward steps of the England of the nineteenth century. So timely, inspiring, and suggestive for workers in the present crusade against child slavery is the story of the victory in old England that I am tempted to give a brief sketch of this stirring agitation.

The victory for these white slaves was largely due to the untiring and persistent efforts of Lord Ashley, later the Earl of Shaftesbury. This nobleman dared the ridicule, insults, innuendos, and savage opposition of the rich and powerful interests for those who had no vote to give and no position, influence, or standing in English society. It required long and persistent work to secure the appointment of an efficient official committee to investigate the conditions of the women and children in the mines, shops, and factories. The report of those appointed to look into the mines affords some idea of the prevailing slavery endured by women and children. It was shown that in parts of England and Wales children were set to work

in the mines and collieries when but four years of age, and in many places when they reached five or six they were condemned to slavery in the mines. In noting the report of this parliamentary commission, the able and conservative English historian, Dr. J. Frank Bright, observes:

"All the work that had to be done was of the most terrible description. The mines in the north of England, in Northumberland, Cumberland, and South Durham, were fairly ventilated, and the coal-beds were of tolerable thickness; but in many other places the coal-seams were not more than 22 to 28 inches in height, the heat was intense, water was constantly dripping, and frequently it lay deep over the feet and lower limbs of the workers. Along these terrible passages, for a distance 100 or 200 yards in length, between the working-places, the children and women had to crawl along on all fours, with a girdle passing round their waists and harnessed by a chain between their legs to carts they were drawing. The men worked absolutely naked—the women and children very nearly so. 'I have been in water,' said one woman, 'up to my thighs; I go on my hands and feet, the road is very steep; when there is no rope we have to catch hold of anything we can; my clothes are wet through all day long; I have drawn till I have had the skin off me.' 'I found a little girl,' said a sub-commissioner in Scotland, 'six years of age, carrying half a cwt., and making regularly fourteen long journeys a day. The height ascended, and the distance along the road exceeded in each journey the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.' In many cases the work was continued on alternate days for sixteen, eighteen, or twenty hours out of the twenty-four. 'I have repeatedly worked,' said one girl, seventeen years of age, 'for twenty-four hours.' The effect of such a life was inevitable. Stunted, crippled, misshapen, the workers were condemned inevitably to a premature old age and early death. Even the men, from want of proper ventilation, 'died off,' says the report, 'like rotten sheep, and each generation is commonly extinct soon after fifty.' Still worse were the moral effects. Brutal cruelty, a total loss of all sense of decency or modesty, drinking, fighting—in fact, complete savagery—marked the collier life."

Conditions in the sweat-shops of London and in the factories and mills throughout Great Britain were scarcely less terrible than those prevailing in the mines.

With the incontrovertible facts before Parliament and the people, it was no longer possible for the press or the pulpit to ignore or seek to belittle the question; while the reform movement was greatly aided by a number of earnest young men and women and a few high-minded clergymen—such men as Charles Kingsley and Frederic Dennison Maurice.

On one of the committees appointed to investigate conditions was a young man of letters, a Mr. Horne, who counted among



his intimate friends a young, wealthy, and beautiful poetess, who at the time was a great invalid, unable to leave her room and pronounced by her physician to be incurable. The report of the government committee on which Mr. Horne served was well calculated to startle society, as it revealed conditions almost inconceivable in a Christian land. Like the recent revelations of child slavery in the glass factories, cotton mills, and elsewhere in our country, this report showed a brutal unconcern on the part of the "masters of the bread" that would have been ridiculed as preposterous and impossible were it not official, circumstantial, and conclusive in character. Now, one of these printed reports found its way into the luxurious home of the beautiful young invalid. With a sensation of horror never before experienced, the poetess read the testimony gathered by her friend. She had never wanted for aught in life, and the conditions here described so horrified her that she could not banish the frightful scenes; and the cry of the children of the shops, mills, and mines of England sounded ever in her ears, until at last, moved by a divine inspiration, she took her pen and wrote her immortal poem, "The Cry of the Children," which, appearing at the time when public sentiment was deeply aroused, furthered in a positive way the great reforms then being carried forward.

It was at this time also that we find Charles Dickens writing his great novels so instinct with the humanistic spirit. Dickens had experienced the wretched lot of the poor child in the England of his day. More than once he had seen his father dragged to a debtors' prison; and when he entered the field of fiction he unmasked prevailing abuses with all the power and enthusiasm of an awakened soul who consecrates his genius to the cause of justice.

At this time also Thomas Hood, that rare, gifted, and lovable child of progress and adversity, who had fought a heroic battle against starvation without a murmur and with kind, cheerful words for all, raised his voice for the women slaves of London in "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs." He wrote these poems when the shadow of death was mantling his brow; but other poets were waiting to take up the song of the suffering ones.

Among these were Gerald Massey and Charles Mackay. The latter, moved by the tragic condition of the children, penned the following memorable lines, which first appeared anonymously:

"Who bids for the little children,—  
Body, and soul, and brain?  
Who bids for the little children,—  
Young, and without a stain?  
Will no one bid," said England,  
"For their souls so pure and white,  
And fit for all good or evil  
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine;  
"We bid for life and limb;  
Fever and pain and squalor  
Their bright young eyes shall dim.  
When the children grow too many,  
We'll nurse them as our own,  
And hide them in secret places  
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling;  
"I bid for them, one and all!  
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—  
To lie, to skulk, to crawl!  
They shall sleep in my lair, like maggots,  
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;  
And if they serve my purpose  
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"  
Said Crime, with wolfish grin;  
"For I love to lead the children  
Through the pleasant paths of sin.  
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,  
They shall plague the broad highway,  
Till they grow too old for pity  
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows  
Are many in the land,  
'Twere folly not to use them,  
So proudly as they stand.  
Give *me* the little children—  
I'll take them as they're born,  
And feed their evil passions  
With misery and scorn."

"Give *me* the little children,  
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,  
And let the busy world spin round  
While ye shut your idle eyes;



And your judges shall have work,  
 And your lawyers wag the tongue,  
 And the gaolers and policemen  
 Shall be fathers to the young.

"I and the Law, for pastime,  
 Shall struggle day and night;  
 And the Law shall gain, but I shall win,  
 And we'll still renew the fight:  
 And ever and aye we'll wrestle,  
 Till Law grow sick and sad,  
 And kill, in its desperation,  
 The incorrigibly bad.

"I, and the Law, and Justice,  
 Shall thwart each other still;  
 And hearts shall break to see it—  
 And innocent blood shall spill!  
 So leave—oh, leave the children  
 To Ignorance and Woe—  
 And I'll come in and teach them  
 The way that they should go."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion.  
 "Oh, shame that this should be!  
 I'll take the little children;  
 I'll take them all to me:  
 I'll raise them up with kindness  
 From the mire in which they're trod;  
 I'll teach them words of blessing;  
 I'll lead them up to God."

"You're *not* the true Religion,"  
 Said a Sect with flashing eyes;  
 "Nor thou," said another, scowling,  
 "Thou'rt heresy and lies."  
 "You shall not have the children,"  
 Said a third with shout and yell;  
 "You're Antichrist and bigot—  
 You'd train them up for hell."

And England, sorely puzzled  
 To see such battle strong,  
 Exclaimed, with voice of pity,  
 "Oh, friends, you do me wrong!  
 Oh, cease your bitter wrangling;  
 For, till you all agree,  
 I fear the little children  
 Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen;  
Quoth they—"We bide our time;"  
And the bidders seized the children—  
Beggary, Filth, and Crime;  
And the prisons teemed with victim;  
And the gallows rocked on high;  
And the thick abomination  
Spread reeking to the sky.

These stanzas chanced to come to the notice of Prince Albert, who, after ascertaining the name of the author, requested his permission to reprint them for cheap and gratuitous circulation among the people, in aid of the great cause of the education of the poor children. The permission was cheerfully and thankfully granted, and by this act of the Prince Consort more than 20,000 copies were circulated throughout the country.

Slowly but steadily the conscience of England was aroused, and the agitation thus carried forward resulted, as such agitations always result when the conscience of a nation is awakened, in a victory for humanity.

No holier cause has ever summoned high-minded men and women than this agitation for the abolition of child slavery in the factories, mills, and shops of America. The wrong can be abolished if even a few men and women will intelligently and persistently agitate the question. It will not do simply to unmask the iniquity and leave the wrong unrighted. Indeed, such a course would be more detrimental than no agitation; as the knowledge of the facts, if they simply inform the mind without stinging the conscience to action, will prove soul-paralyzing in its effect on the people and leave the conscience of the nation to a degree deadened, thus rendering future action more difficult.

What is needed, what the higher law demands of those who hear the call of duty and are noble enough to consecrate life and talent to the cause, is that earnest, intelligent, and persistent agitation which marked the splendid services of Lord Ashley in behalf of the enslaved women and children of the England of the last century; that whole-souled devotion that made Wilberforce invincible when he championed the cause of African emancipation against the wealth of England; that determined and single-hearted devotion to the cause that enabled Richard Cobden and John Bright to work an economic revolution in England in less than ten years, though at the outset they were opposed by press, pulpit, and both the great parlia-



méntary parties; that high-minded consecration which marked the splendid work of John Howard, which resulted in revolutionizing and humanizing the treatment of prisoners; or that courage, perseverance, and essential heroism which led Pinel to brave the ridicule, hostility, and almost ostracism of his profession and the prejudice of the whole world in order that he might prove that kind and humane treatment would do far more for the insane than the brutal and savage treatment that had been one of the greatest blots on the escutcheon of Christian civilization. That whole-souled dedication of life's best energies which marked the lives of these and scores of others of the greatest moral heroes of the ages is what is called for now in inaugurating and carrying forward this great battle for childhood and the civilization of to-morrow against soulless and soul-destroying greed.

Young men and women of America, who on the threshold of life hear the voice of duty calling and who would live in the heart of the future by having blessed the world, by having helped the helpless, and by having held aloft the torch of right, here is work for you! Will you not take up the labor, consecrating life's best efforts to the cause? The little ones are crying to you in the dark.

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,  
And your purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

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### MAYOR JOHNSON'S LATEST VICTORY.

No more impressive illustration of the complete subserviency of a large majority of the great democratic dailies in our money centers to the trust magnates, and especially to the monopolists who are becoming dangerously rich by operating public utilities for private gain, can be found than in the conspiracy of silence they persistently maintain in reference to the magnificent work being wrought by Mayor Tom L. Johnson in Cleveland, Ohio, not only in furthering the cause of municipal owner-

ship and equitable taxation but in combating the bribery and corruption of the corporations that operate public utilities and have for more than a generation been fattening off the people by special privileges, largely secured and maintained by debauching the people's representatives. We think it is quite safe to say that no other Democratic official in America has done a tenth as much during the last year to further the best interests of the people, to secure justice in taxation, to encourage honesty in public service, to gain for the citizens what should be theirs in the enjoyment of public utilities, in forestalling corruption, and in checking the wholesale bribery that is the crying shame in municipal life to-day, as Mayor Johnson. And yet, such is the power that the few who have already been rendered dangerously rich through the benefits of public franchises have over the great Democratic dailies of the Eastern centers of wealth, that the magnificent services rendered to true democracy by this brave and fearless statesman are as completely ignored by them as by the great Republican papers that fear Mr. Johnson. Were it not that these journals are as anxious to maintain a conspiracy of silence as are the papers of the opposition, the following thrilling exposure of a recent attempt at bribery would have been published far and wide. Perhaps even some of the space usually given to sensational accounts of such topics as the doings of the British Court, the movements of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and the gambling of Mr. Gates of Chicago or of Mr. Schwab at Monte Carlo, might have been sacrificed in order to give the public the facts concerning this latest attempt of the owners of public utilities to debauch public servants. But no; the great majority of the so-called Democratic papers in the large cities have no ears for movements against the predatory bands that are reaping tens of millions of dollars annually that should go to enrich the municipalities. Our readers are cognizant of the sickening revelations made in recent years of municipal corruption in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and the still more appalling exposures of the systematic bribery of public servants in St. Louis by the corporations operating public franchises; and now comes the story of an attempt at bribery in Cleveland.

In the spring an effort was made to introduce natural gas into Cleveland. It was shown that it would greatly benefit the citizens by materially reducing the price of gas. Those who had been furnishing gas fought the threatened measure with all the means at their command. The idea of the people



enjoying the benefits of reduced cost of fuel was preposterous, especially at the time when the protected trusts and monopolies were artificially increasing the cost of most of life's necessities. Former mayors were the friends of the corporations. Hence, the people suffered. If they were not parties to the corrupt practises by which special privileges were obtained and enjoyed, they certainly offered no effective opposition to the assaults on the pocket-books of the people. Not so with Mayor Johnson. He strongly favored the efforts to benefit the people, and, happily for Cleveland, there was in the city council an incorruptible representative of the people. Thus it came to pass, on the night of June 23, that the high-handed attempt at bribery was exposed, as will be seen from the following dramatic report of the revelations, which appeared in the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*:

"The gas ordinance had been put upon its passage. The crowd which choked the galleries and the lobby was straining forward toward the little body of their representatives who occupied the center of the stage, eagerly intent on any proceedings relative to the question of gas and expecting excitement which should reward them for their long wait in the cramped quarters provided for the public.

"What followed exceeded their expectations. . . .

"It was with evident pleasure and keen anticipation that they hailed, friends as well as opponents, the real beginning of the fray to which they were alike keyed up.

"What followed left the spectators breathless, the councilmen pale and stunned. The one listened with open amazement; the other with evident horror to the revelation that followed.

"The discussion of the ordinance had barely commenced when Mayor Johnson took the floor.

"'Much has been said about detectives shadowing councilmen,' he began slowly, and in his ever-pleasant voice. At once he had the undivided attention of every person in the hall.

"'However that may be,' he continued, 'I will not discuss it here, and I have no report prepared on that line to offer you.'

"There was a perceptible letting down of the close concentration of a moment previous. A few members and certain of the spectators exchanged glances and smiled.

"'But!' the mayor's voice rose sharp as a trumpet call, 'a member of the city council came to me to-day and said he had been offered \$5,000 for his vote.' One could feel the silence that filled that pause. 'I told him to take it!' Johnson's voice rang through the council chamber. 'He tells me that he has a part of the money! He tells me that Mr. Daykin gave him the money! Mr. Daykin was here a few minutes ago, but I see he has left. But that councilman is here and he can tell you the rest.'

"In the deathlike silence which followed the mayor to his seat Councilman Kohl, pale in his intense excitement, slowly rose from his seat in the front of the chamber and without a word dramatically held aloft a long, thin package wrapped in tissue paper.

"Then from the galleries arose a wild yell that seemed to split the roof. 'Kohl!' 'Kohl!' they shrieked. 'What's the matter with Charley?'

"'I am sorry,' began Kohl, and silence was instantly restored, 'that we have people in Cleveland who are trying to keep the common people down with their money. I have but \$2,000 of the \$5,000 offered me for my vote and for the introduction of this amendment'—Kohl held a second piece of paper aloft—'but I could have got another \$5,000 more for the mayor in less than two minutes' walk from the City Hall.'

"Slowly and deliberately Kohl undid the tissue wrappings, and a long, thin package of greenbacks appeared to the gaze of the councilmen and the crowd who gazed upon him fascinated.

"Again that wild yell went up from the galleries. . . .

"'Two thousand won't buy my vote,' cried Kohl as silence once more prevailed. 'Five thousand won't buy my vote in the city council. There isn't enough money in the Society for Savings or in any other bank in this city to buy my vote. But I've got the money that was paid for gas, paid to have an amendment offered in this body. Mr. Clerk, I will hand you this money. I think you had better take care of it, and I would like to have you read this amendment it was to buy.'"

It is perhaps needless to say that after the exposure the amendment desired by the gas corporation failed of passage; but Mayor Johnson was not content to have positive action in the interests of the people deferred to another meeting. He facetiously expressed the fear that somebody might be bankrupted in paying for votes if action were delayed, and consequently a double victory was won for the municipality.

There never was a time in the history of the Republic when there was so crying a need for men like Mr. Johnson, who are at once loyal to the interests of the people, fearless in the execution of their public trust, and who possess the business capacity and intelligence to meet the great problems that tax modern statesmanship.

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## CO-OPERATIVE CONFERENCE AT LEWISTON.

### I.

We had the pleasure of attending the recent convention of coöperators, held in Lewiston, Maine, under the auspices of the Coöperative Association of America and the Co-workers'



Fraternity Company. The convention drew together a large body of thoughtful and earnest men and women, many of the delegates coming from States as far removed as Iowa, Illinois, Maryland, and Pennsylvania; although, as was anticipated, the great majority of those attending were from New England commonwealths.

This was the first large convention of coöperators held in the East, and it was rendered notable by the number of exceptionally strong addresses delivered, no less than by the important executive work accomplished. Prof. Frank Parsons, of the Boston University School of Law; Gen. C. H. Howard, editor of *Farm, Field, and Fireside*; Mr. George F. Washburn, president of the Commonwealth Club of Boston; Regent Carl Vrooman, of the Kansas Agricultural College; the Rev. George E. Littlefield, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Haverhill, Mass., and editor of *Ariel*; and Mr. Bradford Peck, founder of the Coöperative Association of America, were among the leading speakers whose addresses were especially timely. Mr. Peck, who has already contributed about \$15,000 to the work, subscribed an additional \$7,500 to the funds of the Association.

The bringing together of leading coöperators in such conferences and conventions as this meeting in Lewiston cannot fail wonderfully to stimulate the coöperative movement in this country—a movement that, unless all signs fail, will soon assume colossal proportions and in a peaceful manner meet the trusts on the economic plane and secure for the people that which is now enriching the coffers of a few scores of over-rich individuals.

## II.

In this connection we desire to say a word regarding the grocery store of the Coöperative Association in Lewiston, as it affords a tangible illustration of what can easily be accomplished in any community where there is an honest and capable business head and a few earnest and zealous coöperators. The citizens of Lewiston were afforded the opportunity to purchase shares in the stock of the coöperative store, each share costing \$25 and no person being permitted to hold more than a single share. When the requisite number of shares was disposed of, a fine, large two-story brick building was erected, the first floor being devoted to the grocery and provision store, while the second story was fitted up into a large and handsome hall and offices for the Association, the whole finished throughout in

hard wood. All the needs of the Association have been considered in the fitting up of the hall. Thus there are large and commodious reception-rooms, so necessary in case the hall is required for social gatherings, dances, and festivals. The main room has a seating capacity of several hundred. Here chairs are used that can be easily removed when the floor is desired for purposes other than meetings. When not needed by the Association, it is open for rental, and thus becomes a source of revenue to the coöperators. The land on which the building is erected was donated by Mr. Peck. The store is without exception the cleanest, handsomest, and most inviting grocery house we have seen outside of New York and Boston. It is well stocked and apparently conducted in a wise and business-like manner.

At the end of each six months the profits on the store, instead of going to enrich the middleman, are divided among the coöperators in proportion to the amount of purchases made. The store was opened last November, and in May a dividend of five per cent. was declared and paid to the coöperators.

In every town and city, with proper agitation and organization, a coöperative association can be formed; and, if wisdom is exercised in selecting the management, a successful store can be established by which the purchasers will secure all the profits above the actual cost of operating. In California there are to-day fifty such coöperative stores.

This movement is perhaps the most important advance step on the economic plane. It is revolutionary, yet peaceful and orderly. It largely eliminates the waste of competition, while it secures to the coöperators the profits that for generations they have been paying to middlemen, and that under the present economic order are largely augmenting the colossal fortunes of the few. It is a movement worthy of the serious attention of every reader of THE ARENA.

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## DIRECT LEGISLATION'S VICTORY IN OREGON.

By far the most important political achievement of the last few months was the overwhelming victory for Direct Legislation recently won in Oregon. There were 67,691 votes cast for and against the adoption of the amendment for the initiative and referendum. Of these votes, 5,667 were cast against its adop-



tion, and 62,024 for the right of the people to initiate important legislative acts and to pass upon bills before they become laws. Happily the campaign for Direct Legislation in Oregon was kept out of party politics. In this manner every lover of the great principles of free government had the opportunity of expressing his desire for Direct Legislation without voting against his own party. This is as it should be. All those who believe in true republicanism or democracy should hail with enthusiasm the adoption of those measures which changed conditions have rendered imperatively essential to the maintenance of popular sovereignty and pure government.

Switzerland to-day enjoys the moral prestige among republics long held by the United States, because the Alpine democracy is at present the truest embodiment of a republic. And this noble preëminence is chiefly due to the fact that her people early apprehended the requirements necessary to maintain the underlying principles of popular or free government, and successfully introduced and operated—(1) the initiative, or the right of the people to compel its representatives to act on problems of such importance as to enlist the interest of a sufficient number of voters to make the percentage of votes required in the provision for initiative legislation; (2) the referendum, or the right of the people to pass on important bills that have been acted on by the lawmakers; (3) the imperative mandate, or the right of recall, being an important republican provision that gives the electors the power to recall or retire any unfaithful public servant; and (4) proportional representation, by which minority parties are able to be represented in popular government.

The victory in Oregon should stimulate the friends of Direct Legislation to renewed efforts. Direct Legislation is bound to become an overshadowing issue in American politics; but so far as possible efforts should be made to prevent its becoming a merely party issue. The loyal band of patriotic workers in Oregon deserve the gratitude of every lover of the Republic for the intelligent, tireless, and persistent action by which so splendid a victory was rendered possible.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.\*

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HOW I AM EDUCATING MY DAUGHTERS. By W. H. H. Murray. Cloth, 288 pp. Price, \$1.50. Published by the author at Guilford, Ct.

The nineteenth century was primarily the epoch of intellectual unfoldment. Education during this period concerned itself chiefly with the empire of the mind, while for the first time in the history of civilization knowledge was diffused among the masses, and the children of the more enlightened ones had placed within their reach the means of learning to reason and think intelligently and understandingly. But while food, though necessary to man's existence, is not all of life, so mental learning, the acquisition of knowledge, and the power clearly to reason, though indispensable to a truly free man and vitally important to the life of a free State, are but a fraction of what must constitute true education. The latter, if it be full orb'd, must concern itself with man's threefold development: (1) physical training, which is best achieved by a scientific course of industrial schooling; (2) mental growth, which should be largely suggestive and while imparting knowledge should always seek to make the child an original thinker; and (3) moral culture, or that spiritual development which concerns itself primarily with character and the exalting of the higher faculties to the position of dominion over the mind and body—with the awakening of the conscience to such a degree that the individual becomes a disciple of duty and an apostle of justice and progress. The development and pushing forward of this splendid ideal of education is one of the most august missions of the twentieth century; and every well-considered work that seeks to further this task should challenge the thoughtful consideration of every parent and teacher in the land.

Perhaps the most suggestive book that has appeared during these dawning days of the twentieth century is the recently issued volume, by Mr. W. H. H. Murray, entitled "How I Am Educating My Daughters." Mr. Murray does not expect the work to be other than suggestive and helpful to parents and teachers. "It is," he tells us, "a truthful record of what is actually being done with a group of children located in the country by a father who has the education and the environment that enables him to be their teacher." It is his hope that it may prove of value to readers by calling attention to "what might be done but is now neglected in the matter of educating the children of the Country."

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The tens of thousands of thinking Americans familiar with Mr. Murray's writings will not need to be informed that this volume is very rich in vitally helpful suggestions expressed in elevated and dignified diction. There is a peculiar charm in the style of this author that is very rarely found in the present rushing age, where the majority of books display signs of haste and carelessness. Mr. Murray is always interesting, and the ease, grace, and simplicity characterizing his writings invest them with a fascinating spell that lures the reader from page to page.

In an old-fashioned, rambling house, overlooking Long Island Sound and surrounded by a wealth of wildwood peopled by numberless birds, which by "their close and fearless vicinage bear testimony that the family within the old gray residence is civilized," Mr. Murray is essaying to educate his daughters after the manner of his ideal of what should constitute true education—an ideal that is noble, though perhaps not so broad and comprehensive as some of our readers could desire, and that may be briefly summarized in the following paragraphs:

"There is no education worth the having that does not make the child love father and mother more. There is no mental development worth the time and effort needed to get it that does not cause the pupil to understand more fully and appreciate more warmly the blessings of home. There is no religious instruction worthy of mention unless by it the child is brought into more trustful and loving connection with the divine Fatherhood. There is no system of intellectual training fit for the children of the Republic that does not implant and cultivate within their hearts the love of country. There are four heart connections for the child to make—the Parental heart, the heart of Home, the heart of God, and the heart of the Nation. And that boy or girl who, while living within the safe and sweet inclosure of child-life, has, by the education given him or her, been helped to make a true and happy connection with these four sources of needed and vital supply of the growing forces within, has been best fitted for earthly life in its broadest sense. And that education, both as to its substance and method, which gives in the fullest measure this development and preparation for life is the best possible education that can be given a child. . . .

"To me the object aimed at seemed large and noble enough to include all possible education, from the alphabet to the highest point of human scholarship. The method and manner of my instruction may be modified to adapt it to varying circumstances, dissimilar conditions, and different environments. But the objective result remains in each case the same. Love of parents; love of home; love of country; and love of God—these four stand as fixed stars, resplendent and changeless in the sky of parental aspiration, and of those who are appointed to take the place of parents. Above every home, above every school-house, above every college and university, they should be seen and recognized as supplying to all educational effort the natural and attractive splendor."

Our author is no fatalist. The soul-benumbing doctrine of the Oriental world has exerted no paralyzing effect on his broad and progressive mind. He holds, and rightly holds, that—

"Whether human conditions in this country are lifted to the level of human necessities and human happiness in the next generation or

in the one-thousandth generation from this one is not a matter of fate but of popular wish and adequate effort. The election is primarily with us who are parents, and who for one-third of all their days control the mental, social, moral, and physical shaping and characterizing of the dear ones divinely placed in our charge. One generation of children rightly educated secures us a millennial citizenship."

Mr. Murray holds that education to-day fails in that it does not take into consideration the child's nature. It is arbitrary. "The child as a child," he tells us, "is not considered. The pupils are treated rather as little men and little women and forced to adjust themselves to rules, methods of study, and an environment not natural or pleasant to them. Unconventional to a degree, they are suddenly brought face to face and compelled to harmonize with the conventional. The Socratic method of questioning and seeking knowledge of Nature and things in their own natural way is denied them. If they will or can learn in one set, arbitrary way and in accordance with a certain conventional method they can do so. But if they cannot do this, then they can remain ignorant. The child nature being ignored, the child growth is lost."

He next arraigns present educational methods as faulty in that they misapprehend the nature of education. Proceeding on the assumption that it is merely the acquisition of knowledge, its larger and truer purpose escapes the teacher. The result of this misapprehension is seen in overcrowding of the memory and the neglecting of other faculties more important. In speaking of this phase of the system our author observes:

"If memory is phenomenal a child lives through the awful process and is graduated a mental squab. He is unable to fly, but he is jellied with 'knowledge.' He stands at the head of his class. He is graduated with 'Honors.' He is called a 'Remarkable Scholar'—heaven save the mark! . . .

"But what of the mass of pupils whose memories are proportionate with their other endowments? What of those whose mental stomachs cannot stand being stuffed with such a mass of food every day? What of those who are not precocious, who mature slowly, who are highly organized and cannot stand the strain of intense application week in and week out? What of those the glory of whose natures is seen in the wealth of their affections rather than in mental equipment? Are there no geniuses of the heart in God's world to-day? . . .

"There is a tendency in all doing among us to over-do. Athletics are causing more early deaths and making more cripples in our country than all other causes combined. And this is not because athletic exercise is not healthy, but because athleticism in America means over-training and over-effort. It is the pace that kills. And in the realm of education the same is true: over-study, over-application, over-stimulation of the receptive capacity thwarts the very purpose of education."

No education, according to our writer, is worthy of the name which ignores the moral, ethical, or spiritual side of life—a most important fact that educators and thinkers generally are happily coming at last to realize. Yet it must not be supposed that he is blind to the fact that dogmatic theology and narrow, creed-bound religion does not nourish



and develop the moral and spiritual life of man. He knows the sad failures of educational systems where the Church has arrogated the right to train the young, resulting as it has in a pitiful lack of intellectual culture, while the nobler side of life has been allowed to wither, and the cardinal virtues have too frequently given place to bigotry, hatred, the spirit of persecution, and a craven fear that has prevented the free exercise of God-given reason. Knowing these things, Mr. Murray outlines a religious training as broad and catholic in spirit as that of the Great Nazarene. The life and exalted ethics of Jesus have been made the subject of a series of lessons in which the father-teacher has striven to impress the fundamental spiritual truths, while many of the noble passages of the Old Testament have supplemented the life and teachings of Jesus. How clearly Mr. Murray avoids the old-time dogmatic theology may be inferred from the following charming passage, in which the opening mind of a little girl is directed to the Fount and Author of Being:

"Father, who made this sweetbriar?"

"The same as made the earth in which it grows, my dear."

"But, father, who made the earth?"

"Even He who made the sun that warms it so that the sweetbriar grows."

"And did this same one make the sky, too, father?"

"Yes, even the same, my daughter."

"And the stars?"

"Surely, the stars also."

"But, father dear, who made this sweetbriar so sweet?"

"Even He who caused it to be made it to be sweet."

"Then He loves sweet things even as I do?"

"Beyond doubt, He loves them even as you and I do, only more."

"I don't think he could love its sweet smell more than I do, father."

"Perhaps not, for you are His child and only just from Him and very like Him in many ways."

A brief pause, in which the little student of divine things inspects the delicate bloom of the odorous bush and inhales its perfume; and then—

"Oh, father, tell me, did you ever see Him?"

"No, I have never seen Him."

"Why, you have been everywhere, father, and I should think you must have met Him."

"I have met Him, dear one, and in many places, both by day and night, but never nigher or more face to face than you do standing there seeing the beauty and smelling the fragrance of that bush."

"You mean that you have only seen Him in what He has done. Is that what you mean, father?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, pet. Come, dear, break off a bough for the table, for Ruby is waving her handkerchief, and that means that breakfast is ready, and we will stroll homeward."

And so, one little hand in mine, the other holding the spray of sweetbriar, through the dewy grass, the air filled with the bird notes, and inhaling a hundred sweet smells, we slowly sauntered homeward.

Patriotism, or love of country, it will be noticed, is one of the things our author considers should be a serious concern with educators, whether parents or teachers. There can be no doubt that the present

low public ideals and the indifference of hundreds of thousands of men who count themselves among the best members of society to the duties devolving on voters are very largely due to our failure to impress upon the young the fundamental principles of free government; the points wherein it differs from other systems of rule; the high mission of our great Republic, which made this nation for nearly a century the moral leader among the world powers; the duty and necessity of consecrating much of life's best effort to the cause of free and just government; the need of being aroused to the importance of meeting changed conditions with such provisions as shall best conserve the true ideal of freedom, justice, and fraternity; and the solemn obligation devolving upon each individual to do his part for his nation. These great facts have been overlooked in our system of education—so sadly, indeed, that the Declaration of Independence has become a dead letter to many, and an astounding amount of ignorance prevails among young and old alike as to the provisions of the Constitution of our Republic. Mr. Murray holds that every child should commit, paragraph by paragraph, the Declaration and the Constitution. He would have this done a little at a time and accompanied by anecdotes, historical facts, and other interesting information concerning the times that produced these great instruments and the men who fathered them. In this manner he has taught the Declaration and the Constitution to his daughters, so that they have a clear and intelligent conception of every paragraph and article; and with that information has come a wealth of other facts germane to the subject.

A very interesting chapter of this work is given to the way in which the teacher has led his children to master a full, rich vocabulary of English words. So valuable and suggestive is the treatment of this subject that I quote a few pregnant paragraphs:

"He who knows how to write and speak the English language in purity, with correctness and finished forcefulness, is, and must be admitted to be, a scholar of highest rank. And he who cannot do this, no matter to what other knowledge he has come, lacks the cultivation of finished scholarship.

"That my children may master this most noble medium of human expression and influence is the chiefest object of my teaching. Whatever else they may learn I wish them above all else to learn how to read, write, and speak the language of their native land, not only correctly but with freedom and elegance. For I hold that, scholarly in this, they will be scholarly in all. The study of noble thought expressed in noble speech gives to the mind discipline and to the soul an elevation that can come to one from no other source.

"These views I have taught my daughters. . . . And now, after three years and a half of daily recitation, their copy-lists show over 17,000 words, each and every one of which they can spell and pronounce rightly, define with fulness and precision, and use correctly in a sentence. And this result has been reached without the least pressure on my part or burden to them."

The method or system employed by our author is briefly as follows:

"Each day of the week they would take ten words of my selection, memorize them carefully, write them down,—which would give them



practise in penmanship,—commit the definition thoroughly to heart, and put each word in a sentence when able, looking to me for help when they could not do it. That was the plan.

"Ten words a day! It was nothing—it was play to them! At the end of the first year they begged that I let them double the number. 'Why, father, it does not take half an hour for us to get our lesson!' But I said, 'No, we will keep it just as it is—ten words per day. Your progress is fast enough.' So it remained for two years. But then I yielded and twenty words became the lesson. . . .

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not teaching a child-vocabulary to my children, but the vocabulary of the English language—far more abundant and complete than I had when I was graduated from Yale or ten years after I was graduated: a vocabulary that will at the conclusion of their studies number at least 20,000; words that are usable, words that are needed to express the thought, ideas, and feeling of educated people."

One feature of Mr. Murray's curriculum will impress many as peculiar to say the least, and that is the substitution of the game of chess for higher mathematics. But his argument for this substitution is highly interesting and suggestive. All persons will admit that very few of the great multitude of scholars who spend weary hours pondering higher mathematics ever require them in after life. But it is urged that the mental drill, the training that enables rapid concentration of the intellectual faculties, necessitates this expenditure of time. Mr. Murray contends that chess accomplishes all and more than this tedious, wearisome drill derived from higher mathematics. In discussing this subject he thus states his conclusions, after giving the reader a peep at the home fireside:

"Father, who is the best educated person?"

"That was the question asked one evening as the class were carousing on hickory nuts and sweet cider in front of the old fireplace.

"He who is able to concentrate, at any instant of time, under any conditions of distraction, all the faculties of his mind and make the right decision, say the right word, or do the right deed, is the best educated person."

"That was my answer.

"*Concentration of every power and faculty at the demand of an emergency.* That is what enables the Lawyer to gain his case; the Physician to save his patient; the General to win the battle; the Financier to escape disaster. And it is because the playing of Chess calls for concentration of all the mental faculties, and develops them more rapidly and to a greater degree than any other method of mental exertion known to me, that I gave it the place of higher mathematics in the education of my children. . . .

"A boy can study a problem of Euclid with a cigarette in his mouth and his body in three chairs. He couldn't play Chess in that style. A girl can work out a sum in algebra and incidentally discuss the merits and demerits of a new hat with her chum. Her recitation the next day will be perfect. But if she played Chess in that mental style she would be beaten by a novice. And if the ability to concentrate one's mind, to summon up all one's intellectual forces to the accomplishment of a desired result, at any instant of time, under any condition of environment, is that form of education that is to be desired to fit a girl or boy for the realities and emergencies of life, then I do not hesitate to say that the playing of Chess is far and away the best method of doing it."

Mr. Murray's method was to acquaint his children in an agreeable way with the history and character of the game. Next he played with his daughters in this manner: Each move was discussed; then some great historic chess game was taken as a guide, and one of the group read each move made on the occasion of the game by the players. The teacher and child would move in accordance with the moves of the masters as described in the book on chess, and discuss at the same time the probable reasons leading to the move. In this way night after night the parent and his children worked out the greatest games ever played:

"At the end of three months the class began to play original games, playing each evening, but limiting the games to one hour, sometimes to two hours, or again to twenty moves, with ten minutes to a move, the two older pupils playing against the teacher. Often our games were and are still conversational or class studies, the idea being that each move on both sides should be made with the collective knowledge of the entire class; and we find it a most excellent practise.

"In this manner I have taught my children chess, and the method pursued stands approved; for we have been playing only two years, but already the two older pupils, whether playing singly or in consultation, put up a very strong game against me, a game strong enough, I fancy, to make most amateurs play with discretion."

Mr. Murray seeks to train the mind without ever wearying it. "It is," he says, "unpleasant work that kills."

The above are but a few subjects luminously treated in this noble volume. Space forbids us even briefly to notice the beautiful chapters dealing with the family hour and its meaning, with his method of enlarging the vision and broadening the culture of his children by making them conversant with typical masterpieces of literature, with the hours given to Nature study, and the many other things here discussed in that familiar and delightful manner peculiar to all the writings of Mr. Murray. But it is sufficient to say that this is one of the most helpful, vital, and needed volumes on education that have appeared in recent years. It is a work that should be carefully read by every parent and teacher in America.

In perusing its richly suggestive pages, crowded as they are with elevated, practical, and vital thought, I was impressed with the great opportunity for doing good that was here offered to any rich person who desired to bless the oncoming ages and ennoble and dignify life. For if, instead of endowing libraries or chairs in over-rich, conservative institutions of learning, some wise man among the wealthy should supply the funds to furnish a copy of this book gratis, or free on payment of postage, to every teacher, parent, or minister who would simply sign a pledge carefully to read it, he would be doing far more good than he could achieve by spending a hundredfold the sum in establishing libraries or further endowing conventional educational institutions.



THE WILL TO BE WELL. By Charles Brodie Patterson. Cloth, 205 pp. Price, \$1.00. New York: The Alliance Publishing Company.

This volume is probably the clearest and most intelligent presentation of the New Thought philosophy that has appeared. The reader is never at a loss to understand the author's meaning. He is at no time lost in a maze of words or a labyrinth of abstruse propositions, such as characterize so many of the recent metaphysical works. Mr. Patterson holds that we are even now in the dawn of a new age. The epoch that is vanishing was marked by materialism, pessimism, and infidelity. It was rife with discord and unrest. The eye of the world was riveted on material phenomena, and even in the religious world the spirit was subordinated to dogmatic utterances, narrow creeds, and degrading concepts of life that represented man, the crown and glory of creation, as a miserable worm of the dust. But all this is slowly passing away. The East is wearing the purple flush of coming dawn.

The New Thought philosophy, though idealistic and spiritual, is also in accord with modern physical science and with the conclusions of the greatest rationalistic thinkers, in that it insists on the supremacy and universality of Law. This fact is well set forth by Mr. Patterson in the following extracts from his chapter on "The Unity of Life":

"In our study of the science of life, we should always bear in mind that the universe is governed by law, in each and every part. Nothing is exempt from the operation of law—from the atom to the sun.

"When we make a careful study of law in relation to man we find that it is founded on love, because whenever we conform to the law of love every result is good—it benefits and helps us in every way, far beyond our anticipations; but when we act in opposition to it we get results that are not beneficial. The one who obeys the law is blessed; the one who does not obey is not blessed.

"Put two healthy plants of the same species in boxes filled with earth; place them in the sunlight, water one of the plants and allow the other to go without water. In a number of days you will find one plant all shriveled up by the sun and the other growing luxuriantly. The difference in their condition is due to the relation of the plants to the sun. One is benefited by the heat and light; the other through lack of care on your part has its form destroyed. The power that gives life to the plant can also destroy it, and so we may receive vitality from the omnipresent Source of all life and yet not receive the fulness that is our due because of wrong relations to that Source. Our life is like that of the withered plant—in a condition not in accord with Nature. When we are in harmony with law we grow just as unconsciously, in one sense, as does the plant.

"We make a great many useless efforts to grow, but when we understand the laws of life and conform thereto our growth is natural and without struggle. Yet we need to recognize the fact that we have something to do—to get all the knowledge of true living that we can, and then to make proper use of it. We are far from wise when we seek knowledge merely for its own sake; but we show wisdom when we seek knowledge that we may use it. It is required of us that we relate ourselves to the world about us in the right way. How are we related to it? How are we related to God and to our fellow-man? These are some of the great questions of life.

"Let us first consider our relation to God. The soul is differentiated spirit; that is, each soul contains within itself a picture (or image) of the great Universal Soul. All divine possibilities and all qualities are in the soul—the God love, the God life, the God power. The Universal Soul is the all-comprehensive Soul. Everything that is in God enters into the human soul; thus does God seek expression through the life of man. When we give expression to the godlike qualities within us, the individual soul comes into conscious relationship with the Universal Soul, and we begin to realize that the soul is at one with God—one in faith, one in purpose, and one in love.

"We only begin to live as we realize our soul-life; then we begin to see the unity of life in the world about us. We see that everything is related to everything else and that we ourselves are related to every part—that there is no separation between our own lives and the lives of others. Our neighbor is ourself. We are members one of another. Only as each individual sees his relation to the great Whole does he become thoroughly helpful.

"We can see, therefore, how much depends upon the way in which we relate ourselves to mankind. In doing for others we do for God and for ourselves. If this view of life were more widely taken, all dissensions and all 'hard feelings,' all bitter and unkind words, would pass away, and we should no more think of finding fault with another than of criticizing some organ of the body."

One of the most suggestive chapters discusses "The Dawn of a New Age." Our author, after dwelling upon the prevailing note of materialism that has marked the epoch that is drawing to a close, points out the fact that scientists, laboring under the delusion that matter held the key to the riddle of the ages,—that in the domain of the material was to be found the answer to the question of man's origin,—signally failed in their quest:

"They have begun with the protoplasm and gone on up showing how all the different changes have taken place—how one form met another form and how each one was completed. Science has been dealing with form all the time, but it has not told us the first thing about the life-principle which enters into the physical organism of man at birth and leaves at death. Science, as it exists at the present time, is simply a science of form. Form has its purpose; form is the outer symbol; it is the outer world, and it remains for a new science to interpret that outer world, and that will be the science of spirit.

"Wherever there is excessive action in any direction it is always followed by just as excessive reaction; and when a pendulum has swung just so far over the materialistic side of life, it then swings just as far back in the other direction. Therefore, many people to-day have certain beliefs in regard to spiritual or psychic matters which some time they will have to change, because they are just as far from the truth as is the materialistic view. We find people taking a radical position in regard to some things, which is neither reasonable nor true. It is far from reasonable for people to say that there is no material universe and that they have no physical bodies. It is not reasonable and it is not true when people deny the reality of sin and disease. All these things will have to be modified in the law of future knowledge. It is true that the spirit of man is the controlling part of man's being. It has been taught for ages, but only within comparatively few years have many accepted it. The body has meant far more than the mind or the soul, but now in the spring-time of a new age the spirit of man will mean far more than the body."



This volume is so replete with sound philosophic thought, clearly and sanely set forth, that one is tempted to quote far more than the space of the notice permits; and those who are seeking thoroughly helpful and inspiring works—books that incite to finer and truer living, books full of spiritual truth and free from conventional cant or theological dogma—will not be disappointed in this volume.

A FOOL'S ERRAND. By One of the Fools. Illustrated, cloth, 521 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

We think it is safe to say that no romance that appeared in the early eighties of the last century created such a furor or was so widely read by men and women who think throughout the North as "A Fool's Errand," first published anonymously but afterward acknowledged to be the work of Judge Albion Tourgée. During the last fifteen or sixteen years that novel has given place to other popular works; but with the appearance of several stories written by Southern writers, the most notable of which are "Red Rock" and "The Leopard's Spots," the attention of the reading public has again been centered on the dark and tragic Reconstruction period in our history. The new novels for the most part are the work of writers who view this period only from the standpoint of strong Southern sympathizers, and in some instances the writings have been very deeply tinged with a prejudice that destroys the judicial temper absolutely necessary to the historian or any one who would faithfully portray a given period. It is well, therefore, that the rising generation should have the opportunity of hearing the other side, and in the handsome and newly published edition of "A Fool's Errand" such opportunity is afforded.

Judge Tourgée is one of the strongest, clearest, and most judicial novelists that America has produced in the last fifty years. His writings are always richly worth the reading, and in "A Fool's Errand" we have a really valuable historical contribution, in that he describes conditions and reveals the causes leading up to and resulting in the tragic years of social anarchy and murder in the South as only an eye-witness could do, who also possesses the breadth of vision and judicial quality of intellect that enable him to see both sides of a question and appreciate the feelings of the opposition.

The author lived in the South for seventeen years following the Civil War. He was an active participant in many of the stirring scenes of the gloomy Reconstruction days, and has pictured conditions with great vividness and power of expression. Though identified with one of the warring parties, he exhibits the rare power of rising above prejudice to an eminent degree—a fact that gives special value to "A Fool's Errand" for those who desire to understand this important epoch of our history.

In our judgment "A Fool's Errand" is the most valuable historical contribution to the Reconstruction period that romance literature has

yet given us. Yet we would not have the reader acquaint himself with but one side of the story. No author is wholly impartial, and he who reads "A Fool's Errand" should also read "Red Rock" or "The Leopard's Spots." Aside from its historical value, "A Fool's Errand" is a beautiful romance and an important contribution to American fiction that merits a permanent place in literature.



### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Nathan Hale, an Ideal Patriot." By Wm. Ordway Partridge. Illustrated, cloth, 134 pp. Price, \$1 net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"The Code of Joy." By Clarence Lathbury. Cloth, 220 pp. Price, 50 cents. Germantown, Pa.: The Swedenborg Publishing Association.

"Fragments." Poems by Hallett Abend. Paper, 28 pp. Linnæus, Mo.: Bulletin Printing House.

"Sonnets." By Hallett Abend. Paper, 32 pp. Linnæus, Mo.: Bulletin Printing House.

"Rataplan, A Rogue Elephant, and Other Stories." By Ellen Velvin. Cloth, illustrated in colors, 328 pp. Price, \$1.25 net. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.

"As Nature Whispers." By Stanton Kirkham Davis. Cloth, 70 pp. Price, 50 cents. New York: The Alliance Publishing Company.

"The Celtic Temperament." By Francis Grierson. Cloth, 189 pp. London: George Allen.

"Lessons on Philosophy of Life." By Lucy G. Beckham. Cloth, 159 pp.

"Searching for Truth." Cloth, 582 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Peter Eckler.

"Comprehensive Guide-book to Natural Hygienic and Humane Diet." By Sidney H. Beard. Cloth, 167 pp. Price, \$1 net. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"Vesper Sparrow." By Margaret Kern. Cloth, 240 pp. Price, \$1. New York: J. F. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Junior." By Wallace Irwin. Decorative paper, illustrated, 50 pp. Price, 50 cents net. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.

"The Prophet of the Many." By Edward Tallmadge Root. Cloth, 321 pp. Price, \$1.25. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.



## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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THE important official announcement with which this issue of our magazine opens is quite in line with the ever-widening scope of THE ARENA's activities. None of our regular readers need to be told that this review is not an "organ," either individual or corporate; yet the steadfast adherence to fundamental *principles* that marks its editorial policy and the authoritative character of its contributions cannot be too vigorously emphasized. These are what differentiate THE ARENA from other high-class periodicals and serve to distinguish it in candid minds that welcome unbiased discussion of public questions.

The most conspicuous feature of our Board of Associates is the thoroughly *representative* quality of its personnel. Its members are known, not to our constituency alone but to the thinking world at large, as authorities in their widely-separated spheres of intellectual achievement. We feel justified, therefore, in asserting that no important field of human progress is left uncovered by THE ARENA, from month to month. Education and art are considered in this number respectively by two of our Contributing Editors, President Miller and Professor Stimson, whose papers have all the weight that goes with practical knowledge and wide experience.

Among the subjects discussed this month, not one exceeds in vital importance to human welfare the opening article in Editor Flower's "Topics of the Times." The "cry of the children" in American factories and sweat-shops is being heard by some whose consciences have not been seared by greed or by apprehension of ruin through our merciless competitive system. The question of child labor is growing in urgency, as shown by Lady Florence Dixie in her recent open letter to President Roosevelt concerning the "shocking and inhuman toleration" of this species of barbarism in our Southern States. It would seem that our boasted "new industrial South" is the product of the labor of women and children.

In recognition of the menace to our national welfare involved in this appalling situation, we shall publish in the October

ARENA an article by Mrs. Richard A. Ellis, of Florida, on "The Movement to Restrict Child Labor." It is the result of careful observation and diligent research, and will be found of deep significance in view of certain statements made by Dr. R. Warren Conant in his essay on "Anarchism at Close Quarters," which has been held over till next month, together with Editor Flower's second paper on "The Divine Quest," owing to the pressure on our space.

In the hope and belief that the current political mania for "expansion" may be divested of its imperialistic trappings, we present in this issue a timely article on "Our Duty in the Danish West Indies." The writer, Mr. Hrolf Wisby, is a native of Denmark and a keen student of international events—well known to American readers and well equipped for the discussion of foreign problems. His practical suggestions are worthy of the attention of our lawmakers; although many of our statesmen usually echo the stupid cry of "paternalism" when confronted with a proposition looking toward a rational economic use of governmental powers. And these are generally the ones who see the very acme of democratic simplicity and individualism in a trust-fostering tariff.

As suggested by many of the features of this number of THE ARENA, the "paternalism" identified with fear of the personal equation in government is being merged in the *coöperative* ideal. It is felt by shrewd economists that, in some form, the union of all for each will be found to contain the remedy for our sociologic ills. In many quarters this principle is already in extensive operation, as shown in recent issues of this magazine. A descriptive account of the Coöperative Union of Great Britain will soon appear in these pages—written by its able general secretary, Mr. J. C. Gray; and W. E. Copeland, president of The Coöperative Brotherhood of Burley, Wash., will contribute to our October number an article on that industrial corporation.

In addition to the papers already announced for publication next month, a valuable essay on "Russia" is in preparation by Mr. James Allman, who will consider the Muscovite Empire as an unknown quantity in the social problem and view its internal and industrial condition from an entirely new standpoint.

J. E. M.



*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.  
They master us and force us into the arena,  
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

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# THE ARENA

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## ANARCHISM AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

AS one who has enjoyed special opportunities for observing the gentle anarchist as he flourishes in the second largest city of the United States, I have written out these results of my observations as likely to be of general interest. It has also been my fortune to hear the lines of argument and persuasion pursued by many of the advocates of law and order, both lay and clerical. Generally speaking, it cannot be said that these lines have been chosen happily. In the main the speakers have been highly conservative, either not knowing or ignoring the wrongs of which anarchism complains, and of course having no remedies to propose except some more of the same thing. Their usual prescription is the power of the law, the education of the public school, and the religion of the church.

That none of these remedies can be depended on to cure anarchism is amply proved by past experience and by the nature of the disease. Education will not do it, for many of the anarchists are intelligent and educated. Even more powerless is the church, for anarchists generally regard it as the hypocritical ally of their arch-enemy capital, and hate and despise it accordingly.

The real remedy is one that receives little attention from these sociological doctors—the slum Settlement. It is a grand work, worthy of more than passing mention, that is being wrought by those centers of social health: like skin grafts

planted by the surgeon in the midst of sloughing ulcers, from which the healthy tissue gradually spreads until putrefaction and death are checked. No one can fully realize this without going into the thick of it and seeing eye to eye. The Boulevard knows nothing of it.

As stated at the outset, I have enjoyed special opportunities in this direction. The word "enjoyed" is used advisedly, for, to the student of sociology who cares to be more than a philanthropic dilettante, there is real pleasure in facing these ugly facts in their lurking-places and studying them at first hand. I have been present when the anarchists were out in force to wage wordy war for their doctrines; heard them vie with one another in raging against their "oppressors;" seen the deference and wild approval they gave to the widow of one of the "martyrs" of 1887 as she grew hysterical in denouncing her "wrongs" and theirs.

That is the way to study anarchy. Then you realize as never before the intense hatred of capital, and of every person and thing connected with capital, that is continually seething under the surface of the slums. Then you realize the terrible capacity for self-perversion of half-taught poverty; you see through their myopic eyes the tragedy of their narrow, grinding lot; and you can understand—even while you reprobate—their fierce hatred of every man who wears a good coat. Such first-hand study is an important part of a liberal education. Not that there is any danger of a Reign of Terror in the United States, but there is a certainty that outrages like the assassination of President McKinley will multiply.

In the twenty-one years since Alexander II. was shattered by the bomb of an anarchist, there have been fourteen political murders and attempts. Of these, eight were either avowedly the work of anarchists or inspired largely by their doctrines. But the significant fact is that the intervals between these outrages is shortening. After the death of Alexander II. a period of thirteen years elapsed before President Carnot, of France, was stabbed to the heart; then in only three years more Canovas, of Spain, was shot; and the very next year the beloved



Empress of Austria was murdered with a knife. Two years afterward came the shooting of the King of Italy and the attempt on the Prince of Wales; the next year President McKinley was sacrificed. Nineteen hundred and two has not yet claimed its victim, but anarchism is becoming a dangerous "annual," which must be extirpated by digging up its roots.

But what *are* the roots, and how are they to be extirpated? Of course they are many, including ignorance, prejudice, covetousness, and pure "cussedness." But the tap-root, the only really dangerous root, without which all the rest would be negligible, is the sense of wrong and injustice. No fair-minded man can listen, as I have, to Red talk without perceiving that in all their raving there is a large element of sincerity; and that is the dangerous element. Society can afford to smile pityingly at the frothings of men who are actuated merely by greed or viciousness and leave them to the police for treatment, but it cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to sincere men—to men who really believe, however wrongly, that they are oppressed. That is what Czolgosz meant in saying, "I did my duty." There are scores just like him—I have seen them and heard them rave—being nurtured and strengthened at this very moment in a conviction of the oppression of the masses by the classes, of the futility and injustice of all government, of the sacredness of anarchy, and of the justification for violence against any and all representatives of government. And the worst of it is that there are so many ugly facts in our economic and political conditions that seem to sustain their contention.

Now, what are we going to do about it? Laws and bayonets are powerless against so insidious a foe. There is but one way: straighten these men's crooked ideas and redress their real grievances; reason with them, and give them justice. This cannot be done by schools or churches or tracts or missions—only by following in the steps of Him who "went about doing good." That is the method of the slum Settlement—to get next to the people; and it is the only hope for the slum or for the staying of anarchism.

Among the many excellent Settlements in Chicago there is

one—the Chicago Commons—in which the problem of anarchism is being worked out along the most practical lines. The Commons stands in the midst of a Red neighborhood, like an outpost of order and civilization on a semi-barbarous frontier. Among its many praiseworthy features not one is more admirable than the so-called “Free Floor,” which meets every Tuesday evening at eight o’clock—a free-for-all gathering in the large assembly hall; and whosoever will, let him come.

The order of procedure is simple and effective. A speaker is invited beforehand by Professor Graham Taylor, director of the Commons, to deliver an address on some economic or political subject of general interest. After he has finished, the chairman of the meeting invites the audience to ask questions, which the speaker may answer or not as he chooses. As the address is usually quite conservative, while the audience is composed largely of anarchists, socialists, and various other stripes and breeds of “ists,” it may readily be conceived that the invitation for questions is often the signal for pandemonium to break loose. The questions come thick and fast, many of them keen and searching, finding the vulnerable places in the speaker’s logic, and he must have quick wits and a ready tongue to meet them all promptly and squarely. The chairman has a gavel, which he is obliged to wield vigorously in deciding questions of precedence and in maintaining order and decorum. Often it is necessary for him to hold questioners to the question. They start in to make wild speeches, but are promptly required to confine themselves to one question and nothing else—an excellent discipline. The fellow who has been accustomed to hear his vaporings received by saloon audiences with howls of delight and encouragement learns at the Free Floor what it is to be called to order, and to be compelled to speak to the question or sit down.

When the chairman thinks that enough questions have been asked and answered, he may throw the meeting open to short speeches, not to exceed three minutes each and not to wander widely from the subject of the evening. This is a much-prized opportunity. In such a crowd there are always would-be



orators eager to air their theories and notions, and they spring to their feet gesticulating wildly to catch the chairman's eye. It is a comical sight. The one who gets the floor evidently feels that remorseless three-minute rule hanging over him like a Damocles' sword, threatening to descend and cut short the flow of his eloquence; but he does not know how to select and condense, so he is usually in full career when the pitiless gavel falls, and he must sit down swelling with unspoken speeches. It is hard, but it is the best of discipline.

As a rule the audience is in good humor, but sometimes there is wild commotion; faces scowl, fists clench, voices clash, and a riot seems imminent. Then the chairman rises and pounds for order, and as soon as he can make himself heard he smoothes the boisterous waves with the oil of a little humor, and the incident passes off with a laugh all around.

Some of these anarchist orators speak pretty well, and even the well-informed visitor can catch bits of information from them that he will not be likely to pick up anywhere else. But far more valuable is the glimpse he gets here of modern social conditions from the workingman's point of view; and if he is of an open mind he will be surprised to perceive how partial and one-sided some of his own views have been. Even from the poor speakers a valuable lesson is to be learned—from the poor, stammering, stumbling fellows who pour forth a wild jumble of broken logic and broken facts in broken English. Often they become quite incoherent in their ravings against capital and in the recital of their "wrongs." The audience partly applauds, partly laughs at them, but really it is too pitiful to be amusing.

What a mental chaos, scarcely distinguishable from insanity! While abhorring their sentiments, the hearer is filled with pity at the sight of human souls groping in such mental and moral darkness. Yet these men are fellow-citizens and *voters*. Such a one was Czolgosz. Perhaps, if he could have had the benefit of the instruction, discipline, and good-fellowship of the Free Floor, President McKinley might be alive to-day.

There has been some criticism of this feature of the Chicago Commons by people who were either ill informed or prejudiced.

They jumped to the conclusion that "Free Floor" spelled anarchy, without taking the trouble to ascertain the truth of the matter. All Red talk is strictly forbidden; no one is allowed to abuse the freedom of the meeting by advocating either murder or robbery in any form. Think what all this signifies for the anarchists! They come to the Free Floor to receive, as they suppose, entertainment only; really they are being taught the first principles of good citizenship—principles that they would not accept in any other form. In the first place, they hear the truth of economic and political questions, presented without the distortions of the anarchistic press and platform. They learn to listen to distasteful doctrines in silence; to take their turn in speaking, both giving and receiving respectful attention; to speak to the point; to clothe their vague ideas in concrete form; to restrict their speech—selecting, condensing, and differentiating; to give and receive hard knocks without getting angry; to keep order and submit to authority. What an unconscious schooling in the lessons that are most fatal to the spirit of anarchy!

Again, the Free Floor fulfils a valuable function as a safety-valve for the discontent of the neighborhood. It is a prime mistake to suppose that the slums do not think. The common people are continually discussing and pondering the intricate subjects of labor and capital and wages, of rights and wrongs and remedies—at home, in the street, in the saloon, and in the shop. The little knowledge that they have is a dangerous thing, even if it were not doubly distorted by the cheap politician and the flash newspaper. Is it any wonder that they go astray? It is far better that men and women bitter with a sense of many wrongs, some imaginary, others real, should vent their bitterness at the Free Floor under reasonable restrictions, and then be answered straight to the point by a well-informed and logical speaker, than that they should gather in a filthy saloon to be inflamed by the unrestrained, beer-inspired mouthings of ignorance or demagoguery.

The above gives some idea of the grand opportunity for reaching the very root of anarchism that is offered by the slum



Settlement. No other place or method is to be compared with it. Here no machinery is necessary; the expense is nominal; and here the apostles of disorder will reason with the apostles of order with less feeling of antagonism than anywhere else: for do they not know by indisputable evidence the pure and unselfish spirit of the Settlement, whose only object is to be a helpful neighbor to them and to their children?

There is only one difficulty, probably the last that the reader suspects. It is easy to catch your audience, but not your speaker. It is a rare man or woman who can face and answer effectively such a crowd, fanatic and shrewd, having no respect for God, man, or devil. I have seen speakers, who could make very impressive addresses from pulpit or platform to a well-dressed, well-fed audience that was already convinced, go all to pieces before a Commons audience. Reverend gentlemen, who have been accustomed to deliver themselves with unction to hearers who would never think of being so rude as to dispute them, are unpleasantly jarred by an audience that does not hesitate to tell the speaker that he does not know what he is talking about, disputes his facts, and denies his most sacred premises. Under this baiting speakers act variously, according to their temperaments; they may wax indignant and sarcastic, or, after a feeble defense, throw up their hands and admit that they may be wrong after all and the anarchists may be right!

On the other hand, a strong man or woman, of self-control and quick wits, who understands that audience beforehand, can give them shot for shot good-humoredly, knock over their delusions and sophistries with the truth, command their respect and liking, and do them great good. No man can do this who stands up before an anarchistic crowd saying in his heart, "These are violent fools whom I am here to instruct;" he will end by being taught some things that he did not know before. The speaker who is to do such people any good must come to them in a sympathetic spirit, prepared to admit that the present social order contains much wrong that should be righted; prepared to de-class himself sufficiently to look at the economic situation through their eyes and to sympathize frankly with their real

grievances; prepared to waive any preconception whenever it comes in conflict with elemental truth; and helpful in pointing out the practical and immediate remedies. In short, he must be a straightforward, fearless *man*, if he is to lead perverted minds and hearts to see that peace is better than violence, saving better than wasting, ballots better than bullets. Here is the golden opportunity for patriotic men and women of the right stamp in all communities where anarchism has struck root. One of the most effective speakers before the Free Floor last winter was a woman—Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the National Consumers' League.

The man who can see but one side of a question will never do an anarchistic audience any good. He must never try to blink facts. They know, even better than he, what the sweat-shop means; for many of them sew the lives of themselves and of their wives and children into clothing for a mere pittance; they know that 20,000 children work in the factories of Illinois, an increase of 39 per cent. in one year, many of them under fourteen years of age, and working more than ten hours; they know that at the "happy Christmas time" of "peace, good-will to men" hundreds of children worked all night in Chicago that their employers might heap up dirty dollars; they know that the conditions of child labor in the factories of some of the Southern States are infinitely worse, a disgrace to American civilization. Of what use for any speaker, however eloquent, to talk to such men of the beauties of "education" and "love"—as I have heard them do—while shutting their eyes to the real grievances that are the tap-root of anarchism?

It is one of the cheering signs of the times that these matters are being agitated, though it is little to our credit that the poor and ignorant must be the pioneers of economic reforms. If the death of such a man as William McKinley was necessary to wake us up to the study of the conditions that produced a Czolgosz, then the sacrifice was not in vain. Let slum Settlements be multiplied; but while we reason with the anarchist let us leave no wrong unremedied of which he can justly complain.



New York City, also, is finding the right answer to anarchism. Mayor Low has chosen for his private secretary Mr. J. B. Reynolds, for eight years head of the University Settlement, a man who has got next to the people by identifying himself with the life of the slum. For tenement-house commissioner Mayor Low has appointed Mr. R. W. De Forest, president of the Charity Organization Society; and as deputy commissioner, Mr. Lawrence Veiller, an expert on tenement-house conditions. The new commissioner of charities is Mr. Homer Folks, head of the State Charities Association. District-Attorney Jerome has made good his ante-election promises by renting a house on the lower east side for his own residence. There he has located the District-Attorney's sub-office, kept open evenings for the express benefit of him that hath no helper.

But Massachusetts leads all the States in finding the answer to anarchism. Her admirable factory legislation cuts much of the ground from under the feet of the anarchistic agitator, and she will do even better. The other States are too far behind—many of them have not even started. The anarchists claim that they are the real reformers of economic conditions for Labor. The best answer to that claim would be to leave no wrong unrighted to which they could point. Until that is done we cannot excuse ourselves by asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

R. WARREN CONANT, M.D.

*Chicago, Ill.*

## THE CIVIC OVERSOUL.

IN these days of metaphysics, it has become customary to think much and reason much on the Oversoul. And deep and occult things are said and done and felt in order to procure an insight into the mysterious something called the Oversoul of the World. Search in this direction is difficult, because of the greatness of the task; to discover and disclose the Oversoul of all the world is a gigantic undertaking and requires a mind and genius proportionate to the work.

But there are smaller instances that come more readily within the scope of the ordinary thinker. If in place of the totality of the world a smaller combination of human interests be taken, the investigation as to the Oversoul assumes less formidable proportions. The civic or municipal oversoul is a matter more reasonably within the grasp of the observing mind.

Its manner of creation can be understood in this way: A man living alone is at perfect liberty to follow out whatever his inclinations may be. No restraining influences are brought to bear upon him, so far as humanity is concerned, save those imposed by time, space, physical conditions of the place where he lives, together with his own bodily and mental limitations. But as soon as a neighbor settles beside him there arise certain requirements of boundary-line, of water supply, of disposal of waste, etc., to which a certain more or less definite amount of attention must be paid. When the number of neighbors increases this series of requirements becomes larger and larger and presently assumes proportions adequate to the size of the hamlet, village, town, or city that has been created. In fact, a new entity has come into existence, and it has been created according to a perfectly familiar physiological law.

It is a fact well known to those familiar with physiology that every unital organ of the body is in reality a colony of individuals—of cells, fibers, membranes, valves—each with a function



and a use of its own, each with an individuality and a life peculiar to itself. But as soon as this colony of individuals has completed the aggregate organism, that organ instantly assumes a function in the body at large that differs from the separate and individual functions of each component part. It is not made up of them. It is an "oversoul" to the organ as a totality.

In exactly the same way there is an entirely new entity—a *human* entity—created when a corporate body of any kind is formed. It is an entity that has needs and wants of its own differing from and independent of those of any one component individual; and it is *human* because it has *human* wants and stands for *human* interests. It is a new and distinct individual,—a larger man, so to speak; a Grand Man, or Maximus Homo,—with rights, privileges, and requirements, representing an aggregate Organ but not pronouncedly any component individual or even series of individuals.

Maeterlinck has very accurately described the glimpse he caught of this "oversoul" in his "Life of the Bee," when he describes it as the "spirit of the hive" and ascribes to it interests and passions and potentialities not in any way confined to any single individual of the hive, or to any one clan, drone, worker, or possible queen. The French catch the same glimpse of the "oversoul" of a corporate entity when they speak of the "*esprit de corps*"—that intangible, impalpable, human something which imposes definite duties and obligations upon the individuals constituting the aggregate.

Beginning with the fundamentals of mathematics, wherein a number has value according to its association with another number, and where *that association* creates relative values (for instance, the number 3, if associated with the number 1 in the following ways: 13, 31,  $\frac{1}{3}$ , 1.3, .13, etc., changes its relative value and influence in a problem *by reason of that association*, and so with all other numbers), the same law holds true that association creates a new entity and that human association creates a new human entity, which, for want of a better name, may be called the "Civic Oversoul."

As soon as a corporate entity, like a municipality, is formed, this new entity begins to assert its rights. It prescribes (sometimes by partial, sometimes by common, consent) certain building laws; sewerage, water, gas., etc., rates; regulations as to health and the maintenance of nuisances; regulations as to roads, bridges, and parks; as to churches and schools; as to trade and commerce, saloons and circuses. In fact, a very complex organic structure in the human form is shaped and born—with a head (usually called the administrative head, mayor, *bürgermeister*, maire, or similar title) and a brain, quite frequently like the individual brain in two chambers (usually called a select and common council in our larger cities, or assembly and senate for a larger body, or congress and senate for the nation), with laboring men or workers, who are from the nature of the case spontaneously and subconsciously called “hands,” with an arm, usually and with equal spontaneity and propriety called “the strong arm of the law,” with a circulating system of roads, traffic, and transportation, with a nervous system of telegraphs and telephones—and so on to the end of the chapter, as far as the student chose to carry this more than simile.

We naturally create a set of corporate working bodies to carry forward the interests of such a corporate entity, and therefore rather spontaneously than otherwise elect or appoint boards of health, school boards, boards of assessment, of trade, of education, according to the various needs that the larger man, the civic entity, shows and imposes upon the individual. And the spirit or oversoul of the town soon shows, according to the requirements of the case. In one town it is a commercial spirit; in others it is the spirit of manufacture; in others it is a railroad interest; in some there is a rural soul, in others a suburban soul, in others a residential spirit. Each town has its own spirit or oversoul, peculiar to the duty or task for which the town itself was created. And with the dying out of this spirit the town itself dies: witness the mining camps or the manufacturing villages when they have become deserted.



Granting such an oversoul, a number of interesting points develop. One is that the thing called "civic consciousness" is the modern recognition of an established fact—that the larger humanity, called a town, or municipality, has a soul, an oversoul. And the other is that in the development of that soul there is a series of steps similar in every way to those through which an individual soul passes. As matters at present stand, the "civic oversoul" is in rather a childlike condition. Several traits of child life attend the present stage of its development. There seem to be three such traits that are most pronounced in this our day, a consideration of which would lead to the conclusion that the civic oversoul has just about reached the age of the average ten-year-old schoolboy.

If there is one trait about the schoolboy of that age that is keenly in evidence, it is that of *cruelty*. It is at this stage of his career that he investigates the fly and the spider, to the eternal damagement of Nature's economy, so far as flies and spiders are concerned; it is at this point that he turns careful attention to bent pins and tacks and to a multitude of devices for distributing gratuitous pain among his co-workers in the schoolroom. It is also at this time that the element of competition and the cruelty that naturally goes hand in hand with it assert themselves. We now know, thanks to science, that the boy is passing through that projected and epitomized period of race-life when commerce first entered the lists, just as previously he passed through the barbarous stage, through the martial stage, through the destructive stage pure and simple.

What an individual boy experiences as an epitomized section of projected race-inheritance a corporate race-boy must need experience. Hence, almost all corporate bodies of to-day are said to be "soul-less," "cruel," "reckless of humanity," and are apparently trying with brutal frankness to live up to their reputation. There is an intense spirit of competition that ranges from the individual cutting of rates to the cut-rate wars of great corporations; from the callous way in which a municipality calls for the "lowest bid," and all the carelessness and the shiftless and half-done work that it involves, to the abso-

lutely barbarous way in which the large corporation crowds all its competitors to the wall and chokes off their air and sunlight. Surely there is a startling resemblance between the larger condition and the habits of the schoolboy.

A second trait is that of heterogeneousness and disorder. At this point the boy has not yet struck that peculiar anxiety about his clothes which comes upon him presently when, after a brief period of apparent dislike of the other and opposite sex, the "girl" enters into his daily walk with a delightfully continuous fascination. During the stage of which we talk the boy's pocket, his bureau drawers, his school desk are a glorious concept of original chaos that would delight the heart of the Greek and make for his story of Cupid and Psyche a most delightfully appropriate background. And if it be investigated what this confused mass of top and marble and string and knife and select hardware and Nature-studies means, it will be found that it exists because of two reasons; one is that the boy so chooses, or, as a large branch of the Anglo-Saxon family maintains, because "he so elects," and the other is that he may have a supply of material for barter and dicker. If election and barter and dicker do not have a familiar sound to the student of municipal affairs, I can conceive of nothing that does.

The schoolboy oversoul of a municipality will do just this thing. It will gather together a nondescript agglomeration of human material and fill its official cubbyholes or offices with it. Misfit tax assessors, school trustees, boards of health, etc., are in evidence in unpleasant multiplicity. I have seen men run street sprinklers and school boards with beautiful impartiality, and I have seen members of boards of health that needed disinfecting. I suppose they were introduced into the board as samples for sanitary appliances—somewhat as a temperance lecturer is supposed to carry a sot with him as a "dreadful example of the curse of rum."

And alongside of this heterogeneousness runs the spirit of barter. The schoolboy oversoul swaps offices for votes; it barters a candidate for a concession, a public "emolument" for



an autograph signature if the latter appear on the proper document. And this branch of the subject is perfectly familiar and so utterly candid as to require no further comment. The schoolboy oversoul of a municipality swaps offices as individual schoolboys swap a bladeless knife for a hammerless pistol.

And finally the schoolboy has little sense of "mine and thine." His descent upon the neighbor's apple orchard, his proclivity to make away with signs and barber poles, his tendency toward attaching himself to tangible mementos of salient events—all these and many more show that he is passing through that projected dream of race - inheritance in which Mercury drives cattle backward out of the caves of their owner and performs other fancy feats that brand him as the god of other than merchants. And the schoolboy has not yet attained a standard of morals—he is going to pass through a stage of moral insensibility that is most trying. His standard of honesty and morals will presently grow and grow by natural and normal educational means, but until that time comes we must "bide a wee."

So the schoolboy civic soul is passing through a stage of arrant dishonesty. Coal rises from \$5.75 to the individual consumer to \$11.25 to the school or to the city hall, with no apparent reason, even in years when the Pennsylvania militia is not called out to quell Little Hungaria. Books accessible to the ordinary trade rise from 8¼ cents to 27 cents when purchased in quantities for schools. Stone delivered to the individual at \$1.25 a perch swoops upward to \$1.85 a perch in the same unaccountable way in which a bargain-counter sale "reduces" a 40-cent article to 69 cents. A waterworks plant paying interest on \$300,000 as long as held by a private corporation is suddenly worth \$850,000 when the city wants to buy (or rather *has to buy*) it. There is no perceptible supply of honesty in any excessive prominence in the schoolboy oversoul of the city.

And in the same way a corporate entity in our day seems utterly devoid of the sense of moral responsibility. Men are selected for public office, and these offices are dealt

out to them as "plums" or an act of charity in the most ludicrously inopportune way. Men who would rise in righteous wrath if offered private charity will take a collectorship, or a mayoralty, or a shrievalty, to add to their otherwise rather meager salary. Or they will claim a public office as a "plum" pure and simple. "Let's give Bill the collectorship—he's hard up," or "he deserves it, 'cause he set up half the night a-countin' votes as warn't polled." Out upon such a lack of moral sense among men claiming adolescence! In the same way, transportation companies in almost all instances fail to realize their moral responsibility toward the passenger or his goods. The proverbial baggage-smasher is not arrested at his trade; conductors jam their cars with ill-assorted humanity in the most distressing ways, and the average New Yorker is furnished with all the gymnastic exercise he needs by being enthusiastically permitted to hold on to a good stout strap from the Battery to Harlem.

But the schoolboy presently, normally and naturally, grows to be a man. On every hand there are unmistakable signs in the air to show that he is ageing properly and that the Civic Oversoul is gradually coming to realize proper manhood responsibility. Take one instance only. There are several cities in the Union to-day (and they are not all small cities) that realize that in an ordinary business sense a corporation of three or ten men called a "firm" does not "elect" its book-keeper or its clerks. It does not give the "job" to Billy or Jimmy because the "boys" like them or they "set up the drinks." It would be utterly absurd. It is equally absurd when a city "elects" its paid officials, and "elects" Jimmy or Billy to be assessor, or city clerk, because the boys "like 'em," though neither of them can spell, neither of them can tell a set of business books from a baseball field, and neither of them has the slightest interest in the city as such, nor could they distinguish intelligent citizenship with a 36-inch refractor telescope.

Such nonsense is absolutely grotesque in its imbecility. For the city is a corporation in exactly the same sense in which a



firm is a corporation. The tax and rent paying citizens are the members of the firm, their taxes and legitimate charities are the capital paid in; the roads, schools, light, police, and other service are the returns on the investment. And this larger corporation should exercise the same privileges and cautions in selecting its workmen and officials as are exercised in that same selection by a smaller corporation and its board of directors. Civil service examinations, credentials, testimonials, a bond, a definite business arrangement will soon take the place of the now prevalent method; and the recognition of a municipality as a business corporation, doing an orderly business in a business way, will help unto a more fitting expression the "Civic Oversoul."

ADOLPH ROEDER.

*Orange, N. J.*

## THE DEMOCRACY OF SHELLEY AND KEATS.

THE young, brilliant, beautiful, and brief-lived poets, Percy Shelley and John Keats, who burst upon the nineteenth century like the twin stars of "The Deiphobi," became day-stars of modern Democracy, and have gained steadily in divine effulgence, like those far stars whose light streams on our planet after they have really escaped elsewhere on their celestial courses. Such white heat of spiritual splendor and inspiration as they bore could not but burn out the calcium points of terrestrial matter by which the fiery current of their genius communicated itself to humanity. And we may almost calculate of such genius that in direct proportion to its purity, translucence, and healing influence will be the speed with which it volatilizes its fleshly tabernacle and withdraws itself into that Divine Radiance from which it emanated.

We need but glance over the pages of deathless fame—from that primeval symbolic murder of the young shepherd and idealist, Abel, by his brother Cain; or the young Christ crucified by Jewish Pharisees; or the young Raphael fading in the foetid courts of medieval papacy; down to Chatterton, Keats, and Shelley, blotted out untimely by British philistinism—to see this law of *liability* revealed.

Contemporaneous conventional criticism seldom rises above the sordid ideals of materialistic commercialism long enough to recognize a meteor till it fairly overturns their pedestal of commonplace routine.

Even Joubert croaks like the fabled frogs against a descending Jupiter such as Plato, that "he loses himself in the void, though one sees the play of his wings and hears their rustle." And Matthew Arnold, with a complacency equal to any of his own philistines, echoes this carping criticism in speaking of Shelley: "Beautiful and ineffectual angel!—beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." As though celestial Jove



ever lost his way in voids, or angels of light ever descended in vain!

It is the constant error of mere talent that it expects and accepts only the familiar, forgetting that it is the unexpected that happens, and that the spirit "bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." A materialistic age seeks after a material "sign," and, tightening its grasp on the obvious egg-shell of things, disbelieves in the invisible bird or the growing song in its throat, till suddenly some day the egg-shell crumbles and the bird and the song burst forth.

Paul tells of this "war in our members;" Light against Dark; Mind over Matter; Soul and Body convulsively entwined. Spirits emanating from the vast Sea of Creative Life or summoned to earth by some cry of love and passion, leave—like Pegasus—the celestial pasture lands, the green meadows and still waters of Heaven. They are, however, unsuited to their environment and become restive and fretful in the dull harness of mundane utilitarianism. At best, but for a fevered hour they work in the carts of habit and tradition, after which we find them flinging out ethereal pinions and vanishing in the empyrean, to the great satisfaction of materialistic conventionalism, which ever decries Pegasus and shrinks from genius or the man with an immortal ideal.

Shelley and Keats shot like meteors upon the mist-shrouded night of England at a time when Tory reaction had taken alarm at the French Revolution. Democratic reform for human amelioration had tossed the medieval periwigs and harlequins of Louis XVI.'s court out of the rusty Bourbon cart that had long driven rough-shod over the people. Their ilk everywhere were panic-stricken, and shot wildly at every democratic Pegasus seen coming through the air. Certainly Pegasus had overturned and broken the cart under the wild whips of France, and was even then being turned aside into the private stables of Napoleon. Hence the absurd paradox that English liberals (struggling for social and industrial reforms against kindred tyranny to that of Continental Europe)

should have stampeded in a retrograde direction, through sheer fear of poor drivers over the channel.

Shelley and Keats came flying down just as the air became surcharged with Tory curses; and it was as inevitable that our two "immortal and beautiful children" of genius should have their bright wings bruised and their lives crushed out as for any two humming-birds in a Bowery boys' school.

The Tory brutality, however, that destroyed these winged messengers of heaven failed in its purpose and by a sort of poetic justice concentrated public attention upon the message they bore, thus greatly reenforcing the rising tide of Democracy and humanism that was destined soon to change the genius and character of English government.

Let us try to discover and state briefly, then, the secret of the indomitable inrush of warmth, light, and social vibration conveyed by these two geniuses with such exceptional splendor. I think it may be summed up in two compact phrases: The Spirit of *Cosmic Beauty* and the Spirit of *Cosmic Sympathy*.

However many children of the Renaissance had from time to time heralded in a tentative way the coming of the genius of Democracy, yet John Keats and Percy Shelley epitomized in the most transcendently perfect popular expression the new "*Weltschmerz*" or Earth-Throe struggling to light and realization.

Keats seized, revived, and reembodyed the living spirit, principles, and vital essence of Greek Beauty, but with a far wider reach of vision and popularity of presentation (as related to our richer concepts of Nature) than any one since the Ancients. Yet he has also been called "the most Shakespearean poet since Shakespeare." Like his own "Endymion,"—wooed by the mystic glories of Cynthia in the witcheries of midnight, and borne by her marble-limbed naiads to her own moss-green fount of inspiration,—Keats caught the multicolored, broadly harmonic flushes of twilight, the serene fantasies of life's weird moonlight, the melting passion and ecstasy of her midnight cry—as from the human soul itself—for Divine Beauty,



Romance, and Self-perfecting. While Shelley, with a heart filled with sympathy and suffering for the whole human race,—a heart as tender and sensitive as his famous "Sensitive Plant,"—soared after some "magic flute" above the cloudlands and miasmas of earth, where he heard the silver-throated skylark singing; and gave the morning call to society of a new millennium, a millennium of wider Mercy, Fraternity, Democracy, and Peace.

Both were aristocratic in intellectual tastes and culture, yet both were democratic and unassuming in human sympathies. Both keenly felt and epitomized the spirit of the New Age, and undermined conventional affectations in life, morals, and art. And both deeply and practically expressed a broadening and manly altruism.

Yet with Keats his Democracy led him into closer and more intimate relations with all the details of Nature, of Beauty, and of its literary expression. With Shelley, Beauty fired him with an ever-broader, diviner devotion to his fellow-men.

While it would be difficult, perhaps, to decide which was the superior poet, where each was so perfect and genuine at his best, yet it might be said that if a blemish could occur in the music of Keats it was apt to originate in an over-elaboration and euphemistic delight in verbal and metrical beauty *for itself*; while with Shelley it was more apt to intrude from the overcharging of the poetry proper with the contents of his socialistic sympathies.

Thus Keats, like a young Bacchus or Orpheus, intoxicated by the passion of the night and the nightingale's rhapsody, sings throbbingly:

"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

And he revels with lavish, sensuous delight upon every faint  
or far-off auxiliary suggestion of bud, or insect, and calls for

“ . . . A beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,”

that he may delight in the

“Beaded bubbles winking at the brim,”

and with a

“ . . . Purple-stained mouth,  
 . . . drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee [bird] fade away into the forest dim.”

He is willing almost that the theme and himself should “fade,”  
if only the reader catches the myriad murmurs, melodies, and  
perfumes of night in tangled intoxication.

Whereas Shelley, even in his “Indian Serenade,” when painting the night with a palette of almost equal Oriental splendor, keeps the passion *upon the human lovers* involved, and, even when floating above the clouds, in clear cerulean ether of high noon, on the spirit wings of his “Skylark,” joyously transmuting into immortal music every palpitation of its “full heart” and every profuse strain of its “unpremeditated art,” must yet poise a moment, pensively, and sigh from his Jovine throne:

“We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.”

We might say that Keats’ genius was more concerned with the intellectual and sensuous beauty of the antique revelation—Shelley’s with the sympathetic and moral beauty of the modern. Both were essential halves of one essential whole, and together they crystallized the dream of the modern centuries for a “*Universal Beauty with Universal Brotherhood*.” Keats was more serenely and unconsciously pagan; Shelley was more plaintively and unconfessedly Christian. Both were absolute geniuses, inherent poets, prophets to the manor born, ultimate martyrs in the untoward age to which they were sent.

British philistinism, trembling on the walls of its medieval Jericho, and hearing with indignant alarm the startling call



of Shelley's high clarion and Keats' sweet, pure bugle, sprang down and blindly stoned or starved to death these beautiful "children of Apollo." But not many years after, as is usually the case, it shamefacedly gathered up their ashes and reared sepulchers in memory of their deathless fame.

Consulting the correspondence and biographies of those who knew them most intimately, we find that, though Shelley represented the upper stratum of English society and Keats the lower stratum, yet they united in presenting a higher aristocracy and type than that which prevailed, born of genius mingled with humanity, and which is the archetype of a nobler and newer civilization to-day.

As boys and young men, both were beautiful, fascinating, intellectually alert and clear-seeing, high-strung spiritually, tender, affectionate, generous, and (though ever eerily imaginative, "seeing the invisible," full of transcendental visions and hearkening to spirit voices) still ever remarkably human and even sensible—except when injustice and calumny awoke tempests of indignation and resistance, when they became veritably formidable, as they were absolutely fearless. We find the sweetness of a St. John sometimes strangely co-allied with Boanerges, "Son of Thunder."

Of the two, Shelley was perhaps the most intellectually dominant, humanly sensitive and far-seeing; but Keats was the better poised, balanced, and proportioned.

As Sidney Colvin aptly says: "For Shelley natural beauty was in a twofold sense symbolical. In the visible glories of this world his philosophy saw the veil of the unseen, while his philanthropy found in them types and auguries of a *better life on earth*; and all the imagery of Nature's remote and skyey phenomena—of which no other poet has had equal mastery, and which comes borne to us along the music of his verse,—

'With many a mingled close  
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odor keen,'—

was inseparable from his visions of a *Radiant Future* and a *Renovated Humanity*. In Keats the sentiment of Nature was simpler, more direct and disinterested. It was instinct to love

and interpret Nature more for *her own sake*, and less for the sympathy which the human mind can read into her."

Keats was by conviction more purely the "Esthete," passionately seeking the Ideal, and holding his motto:

"'Tis the Eternal Law  
That first in Beauty should be first in Might."

Yet so human and friendly was he withal that he yields to Shelley the confession that "the pursuit of Beauty is only justified when accompanied by devotion to human service."

He says: "I have no enjoyment but continual drinking of knowledge, and find no worthy pursuit but doing good to the world." So that in one moment's irritation at the meanness of the Tory critics he exclaimed, "I will write no more poetry, but do good to the world in some other way." Yet quickly recovering his dignity and consciousness of mission, he keeps up both his genius and his goodness to a still braver battle.

In some of his finest passages of prose and poetry he brings these truths together:

"There lives not a man who may not be lashed upon his weaker side. The best men have but a *portion* of good, a kind of spiritual yeast by which a man is propelled to strive and buffet with circumstance. The best way is first to know a man's faults and then be passive. If, after that, he insensibly draws you, you have no power to break the link."

"How beautiful—if Sorrow had not made  
*Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!* . . .  
There was a listening fear in her regard.  
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot  
Where beats the Human Heart, as if just there—  
Though an immortal—she felt cruel pain."

And again:

"None can usurp this height  
But those to whom the miseries of this world  
*Are misery, and will not let them rest.*  
All else who find a heaven in this world  
Where they may, *thoughtless, sleep away their days,*  
Rot on the pavement!"

His brother writes: "John's eyes moistened and his lips quivered at the relation of any tale of generosity or benevolence, or noble daring, or at sights of loveliness or distress."



"He had eyes," says Mrs. Proctor, "as of one looking on some glorious sight." And we know that this was not merely the vision of Beauty, but of that "new Jerusalem coming down from God:"

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

He does not claim the Vision all alone:

"High-mindedness, a jealousy for God,  
A Loving-kindness for the great man's fame,  
Dwells here and there with people of no name,  
In noisome alley and in pathless wood:  
And where we think the Truth least understood  
Oft may be found a singleness of aim  
That ought to frighten into hooded shame  
A money-loving, pitiable brood.  
How glorious this affection for the Cause  
Of steadfast Genius toiling gallantly!  
What, when a stout unbending champion awes  
Envy and malice to their native sty?  
Unnumbered souls breathe out a still applause,  
Proud to behold him in his country's eye."

Keats knows the battle is not *personal*, but for *mankind at large*, and that Shelley's clarion call to "Men of England"—which is a veritable Saxon Marseillaise—must be seconded. So when Shelley calls:

"Men of England, wherefore plough  
For the lords who lay you low?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care  
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

. . . . .

"Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
Many a weapon, chain and scourge,  
That these stingless drones may spoil  
The forced produce of your toil?

. . . . .

"Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;  
Find wealth—let no impostor heap;  
Weave robes—let not the idle wear;  
Forge arms—in your defense to bear."

"Hearest thou the festival din  
Of Death, and Destruction, and Sin,  
And Wealth crying *Havoc!* within?  
'Tis the bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb,  
Thine epithalamium,"—

Keats bravely follows him up with this bugle call :

"In the vista of the year to roll  
Let me not see our Country's *honor* fade:  
Oh, let me see our land retain her *Soul*,  
Her pride, her Freedom—and not Freedom's *shade*.

"Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,  
Great *Liberty* (how great in plain attire!),  
With the base purple of a court oppressed  
Bowing her head, and ready to expire."

"There are who lord it o'er their fellow-men  
With most prevailing tinsel: who unpen  
Their baaing vanities, to browse away  
The comfortable green and juicy hay  
From human pastures. . . .  
. . . . Still are dight  
By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests  
And crowns and turbans. With unladen breasts  
Save of blown self-applause.  
Their tiptop nothings, their dull skies, their thrones—  
Amid the fierce intoxicating tones  
Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabor's drums."

He despises bloodthirsty Cæsarism and greedy imperialism,  
and with one stroke of genius sharply contrasts the useful grain  
and the useless poison of pomp and vanity :

"On one side is the field of drooping oats  
Through which the poppies show their *scarlet coats*,  
So pert and useless that they bring to mind  
The Scarlet Coats that pester Humankind."

He foresees as clearly as Shelley that they two must render  
up their young lives, and both suffer and die for their Vision  
and for Humanity. They have just beheld Washington and  
his farmer boys overthrow the "Scarlet Coats" at Bunker Hill  
and Yorktown, and Lafayette tear down the "scarlet" stones  
of the Bastille and the "scarlet" woman of the court. They  
know their own pure example will be caught up by hero-  
hearts and their pæans ring on forever to the ages of Freemen :

"What though for showing Truth to flattered state  
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he  
In his immortal spirit been as free  
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.  
Minions of grandeur! think you he did wait?"

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning . . .  
And other spirits there are, standing apart  
Upon the Forehead of the Age to Come.  
These—these—will give the world another *Heart*  
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum  
Of mighty workings in the human mart?  
Listen a while, ye nations—and be dumb."



Neither is afraid of death, nor of them who, killing the body, have wrought their worst, having no power over the soul. Almost alone—poor boys!—they spring together to the battle and the sacrifice. Keats, perhaps more conscious that he was to fall before his friend, utters this requiem and sings his own swan-song:

“Lone spirits who could proudly sing  
 Their youth away and die! . . . Sweet music has been  
     heard  
 In many places; some has been upstirred  
 From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,  
 By a swan’s ebon bill; from a thick brake,  
 Nested and quiet in a valley mild,  
 Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild  
 About the earth; happy are ye and glad!

. . . . . That I might die a death  
 Of luxury, and my young spirit follow  
 The morning sunbeams to the Great Apollo,  
 Like a fresh Sacrifice!”

As the cruel rack of poverty and neglect was screwed down upon his brave heart, his voice grew hollow:

“Can death be sleep, when life is but a dream,  
 And scenes of bliss pass as a phantom by?  
 The transient pleasures as a vision seem,  
 And yet we think the greatest pain’s to die.

“How strange that man on earth should roam,  
 And lead a life of woe, but not forsake  
 His rugged path, nor dare to view alone  
 His future doom—which is but to *awake!*”

And now, almost as a departed spirit, his song reaches us tenderly:

“ . . . . . Thou didst die  
 A half-blown flow’ret which cold blasts amate.  
 But this is past: thou art among the stars  
 Of highest heaven: to the rolling spheres  
 Thou sweetly singest: nought thy hymning mars,  
 Above the ingrate world and human fears.  
 On earth the good man base detraction bars  
 From their fair name, and waters it with tears.”

And at last we hear the song of triumph, though in lines addressed to a departed friend:

“As from a darkling gloom a silver dove  
 Upsoars, and darts into the eastern light  
 On pinions that nought moves but pure delight,

So fled thy soul into the Realms Above,  
 Regions of Peace and everlasting Love;  
 Where happy spirits crowned with circlets bright  
 Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight,  
 Taste the high joy none but the blest can prove.  
 There thou, or joinest the Immortal Choir  
 In melodies that even heaven fair  
 Fill with superior bliss, or, at desire  
 Of the Omnipotent Father, cleavest the air  
 On holy message sent. What pleasures higher?  
 Wherefore does any grief our joy impair?"

The very "timbre" of their imagination and sentiment, colored by exceptionally trying conditions of injustice, doubtless qualified their language (in specific cases) by a poignant tang of trenchant truth that brought down on them extra political and social malevolence. Still, before they had given the world any clear definition of their sympathies or convictions, they were gratuitously assailed by Tory spite, from the mere acquaintance they had with Leigh Hunt's talented Democratic circle.

Both poets were markedly affectionate and chivalrous to their associates of childhood and young manhood, but both were disappointed and betrayed in their cravings for domestic love. It would have been difficult for any woman not of equally fine tone to have satisfied the passionate tenderness and devotion of those beautiful young gods, though it was easy enough for ordinary femininity (with average craft) to have coveted or cajoled either of them.

Fanny Bawne failed as distinctly, before marriage, with Keats to rise to her opportunity and privilege as did Harriet Westbrook, after marriage, with Shelley.

When the delicate and lonely Keats was struggling heroically to support his orphaned brothers and sister, and to beat back by pure genius the blows of vicious enemies, a noble-hearted and unselfish wife could probably have saved him by her sympathy, nursing, and devotion; and this he pathetically sought in Fanny Bawne, but with a delicacy and shrinking consideration wholly lost on one so coldly commonplace—though his need and agony were but feebly concealed in his dying song to her:



"I cry thee mercy—pity—love!—ave, love!  
 Merciful love that tantalizes not,  
 One-thoughted, never wandering, guileless love,  
 Unmasked, and being seen—without a blot.  
 Oh, let me have thee whole—all—all be mine!  
 Yourself—your soul—in pity give me *all*.  
 Withhold no atom's atom—or I die!"

Yet her impassive nonchalance or calculating timidity refused this rare appeal of a matchless soul; and consumption soon swept him away, broken-hearted and over-strained, in the bloom of his beauty and beneficence.

Harriet Westbrook, with even more of a frail woman's vanity, and less of a fine woman's devotion, schemed with her sister till they captured young Shelley by appeals to his chivalry and sympathy, and, after abusing his patience, generosity, and hospitality for years, they broke up his home, deserted his hearth and heart, and enlisted his enemies to rob him of his property and children.

Fortunately, before this torture and deception at home, added to the bitterness of an adverse political world, had wholly blotted out Shelley's glorious life, Providence gave him a few priceless years of genuine devotion and spiritual sympathy in the faithful and appreciative affection of Mary Godwin. Her sweet and heroic heart, her far deeper insight into the essential realities of life, her spiritual love and intellectual comradeship, sustained with great modesty and courage Shelley's failing health and faith through exile and ostracism, and gathered up at last his broken body, tossed by the storm upon the Italian shores; and then collected for posterity the precious fragments of his life and labor drifting on the shore of Time.

In a touching foot-note to one of his posthumous poems, Mary writes: "Shelley loved the people and respected them, as often more virtuous, and always more suffering, and therefore more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. With heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury—that *oppression is detestable, as being the parent of*

*starvation, nakedness, and ignorance.* Beside his outpourings of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph."

Looking to America as the land of hope, he calls "To the West Wind":

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone.

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Dowden says of Shelley that "he saw, as the great fact of the age, *a vast movement toward the Reconstruction of Society*, in which the French Revolution had been a startling incident. It was his desire to rekindle in man the aspiration toward a happier condition of moral and political society, and at the same time warn men of the dangers that arise from their egotisms, greeds, and baser passions. It was his desire to present the true ideal of Revolution—*a natural movement based on moral principle*, inspired by Justice and Charity, unstained by blood, unclouded by turbulence, and using material force only as the tranquil putting forth, in act, of spiritual powers."

His friend Peacock says: "Shelley went continually among the poor, and to the extent of his ability relieved the most urgent cases of distress. He organized his relief into a system, and gave preference to women and children. The wrongs and sufferings of the toiling masses weighed heavily on his spirit."

And it is affirmed of his practical methods of reform that, though his vision of the Future never permitted him to rest at any provisional vantage point, he was exceptionally reasonable in his progressive demands and opposed to violence.

It was as inevitable that tyranny, hypocrisy, and pharisaism should drive two such intrinsically honest, tender, and brave consciences out of the formal temple into the living



Bosom of Deity as it was that they should impugn their motives and deny their inspiration. Keats' good nature and absorption in Beauty enabled him to withdraw quietly and proudly into his inner sanctuary, and so to conflict less obviously or violently with the sacerdotal machine. But the more keen, tense, and sensitively toned humanity of Shelley made his attitude more uncompromising and his protests against cant, cunning, and convention so vehement as to obscure, to the careless and prejudiced, the essential tenderness, humaneness, and Christianity of his altruistic life.

Exceptionally frugal and temperate, wholly devoted to study and to the few friends he could trust, and best of all to Nature and the great souls of history (to whom he felt God had revealed himself), bounding with boyish joy out into the fields for long enthusiastic walks, stopping to caress and play with the young and the innocent, and to relieve and care for the aged and distressed, he was a veritable Good Samaritan, perpetually exhausting his resources of spirit and matter for the benefit of all whom he could uplift. We scarce need the clear testimony of his intimates, that "the devotion, reverence, and religion with which Shelley was kindled" toward the masters to whom God had spoken "knew no bounds," and "his purity, sanctity, and meek seriousness of heart and marvelous gentleness of disposition" became as conspicuous as constant. These are the hallmarks of essential piety and are the "grapes and figs" that are not gathered "on thorns or thistles," but belong to the "pure in heart who see God."

By their *works* we indeed *know* them.

But we must bid these brave elder brothers good-by. Few indeed and brief were the years of their pilgrimage ere they laid down their bright locks in the golden sands and salt waves of that old land of the great saints, poets, and artists, *Mater Italia* ("Mother Italy"), to whose bosom they extended their arms in distress. Keats at twenty-five, Shelley at twenty-nine, driven out by despair, illness, and ostracism from their crabbed English isle, fled to the Eternal City and there "fell on sleep"—and within a few months of each other. But they

had fulfilled their glorious mission, and looked for a more Eternal City, even a Heavenly, coming down adorned as a bridegroom with Eternal Beauty and Eternal Sympathy, whose Builder and Maker is God.

Their sacred lesson was (and will be) caught up by millions of true hearts in every land. All the nineteenth century was quickened by their Sacred Flame, and the Second Millennium has taken the resolution to see their Vision realized. Welcomed with love by kindred spirits in America, and translated and understood by the progressive minds of Europe, they quickened the great poets, humanists, and reformers of Italy, France, Germany, and Russia. They gave a helping impulse to the best writers and statesmen in our own struggle for freedom from slavery—black and white—and even in England aroused and crystallized the best democratic progress, that culminated in such noble lives and labors as those of Kingsley, Maurice, Tennyson, Toynbee, Ruskin, Rossetti, Morris, Burne-Jones, Watts, etc., until to-day we see the new century opening with an International Brotherhood, containing the finest intellectual and spiritual aristocracy of all lands, dedicating themselves and their powers to the same grand Ideal of “a Beauty and a Fraternity” coextensive with this Star that God has intrusted to us.

The artist Seavern, who alone and devotedly nursed and watched by the dying Keats and read with him in their barren little room “The Consolations of Immortality,” laid him to rest in the little Roman cemetery, where Shelley was shortly to join him. Mary and Percy Shelley had sent for Keats to let them nurse him in their little cottage by the Italian shore, but he had shyly and delicately shrunk into the grave by himself.

Then, in that sublimest requiem of the English language—written to Keats’ memory, under the title “Adonais”—Shelley sang his dead friend’s elegy and prepared himself for his own departure, as though in prophetic vision of the Great Sea that was to engulf him in a few brief weeks. The requiem is so exquisite and so immortal that I must gather up its essence in the closing of this tribute:



"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—  
He hath awakened from the dream of life.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;  
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn  
Turn all thy dew to splendor.

He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
His voice in all her music.

He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
Which wields the world with never wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?

No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
That Beauty in which all things work and move, . . .  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst;

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng.

I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;  
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

JOHN WARD STIMSON.

*Trenton, N. J.*

## THE MOVEMENT TO RESTRICT CHILD LABOR.

THE slavery of little children in the cotton mills of the South is a deplorable evil, but, unhappily, not a new crime even against modern civilization. Certain mistakes and sins peculiar to industrial development seem to repeat themselves no less persistently than those of political history.

Precisely one hundred and six years ago, there was published by Dr. Aikin of England a little work descriptive of the country and the people around Manchester, a town that even in 1795 had grown to be the manufacturing center of Great Britain. Page after page of this brief but valuable contribution to earlier economic literature reads as if written concerning the Lowell or Fall River operatives of a generation back, or concerning those who this very day are plying spindle and loom in Augusta, Ga., Charlotte, N. C., Columbia, S. C., and Huntsville, Ala.

After pointing out that the sudden invention, within his own day, of machines for the abridgment of labor had already exerted a most surprising influence in extending British trade, as well as calling in hands from all parts, "particularly," he adds, "children for the cotton mills," Dr. Aikin goes on to state that domestic life was seriously endangered by the extensive employment of women and girls in the factories; for ignorance of all household duties had quickly become the rule among them. The old-fashioned economist proceeds: "The females are wholly uninstructed in knitting, sewing, and other domestic affairs requisite to make them frugal wives and mothers. This is a very great misfortune to them and to the public, as is sadly proved by a comparison of the labourers in husbandry and of manufacturers in general. In the former we meet with neatness, cleanliness, and comfort; in the latter with filth, rags, and poverty."



These observations, commonplace reading now but startling enough in that early day of the spinning and weaving mill, may well be supplemented by another English work, "The History of the Factory Movement," in which the author says: "In stench, in heated rooms, amidst the constant whirling of a thousand wheels, little fingers and little feet are kept in ceaseless action, forced into unnatural activity."

Still further to corroborate such testimony regarding this period of England's industrial progress, there are the well-known "Memoirs of Robert Blincoe," the Blue-books at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the letters and speeches of Lord Ashley, afterward famous as that Earl of Shaftesbury who so unfalteringly championed the cause of the English working-people, thus devoting his great powers to preserving the very life-blood of the English nation.

No more authorities need be mentioned, though many others tell the same story of grinding toil, domestic neglect, ultimate disease and deformity, startling mortality, and appalling degradation. The picture of Shaftesbury at the factory gates, in that dead and gone age, watching the despondent, sunken-eyed children issuing forth, scanning pitifully the numerous maimed and distorted forms among them, the unvarying hopelessness of the hollow little faces, cannot be forgotten while a semblance of those conditions exists in any corner of the civilized globe. No one fails to recognize that, even if this man had stood utterly alone in his comprehension and pity of the misery before him, some revolution must have issued from such an hour.

As early as 1802, an act was passed in the British Parliament "for the preservation of the health and morals of apprentices and others employed in cotton and other mills." Here begins the history of legislation restrictive of child labor. The inconsiderable exception of those Russian enactments peculiar in their class, bearing the early dates of 1763 and 1764, which, by protecting to a very slight degree the toiler in general, somewhat shielded childhood also, need scarcely be noted,

since the fact remains unaltered that we must look to England for the most complete and authentic history of child labor and the evils in its train, as well as for a record of the earliest and most effective remedial measures applied to the uprooting of such evils.

When the elder Sir Robert Peel, worthy pioneer of labor legislation, had secured the passage of the act of 1802 ameliorating in a limited sense the condition of child labor in cotton and woolen mills, the most pernicious features of the system disappeared for a time. The hours of work were by the requirements of this bill *reduced* to only twelve per day! They had been fifteen or sixteen. Public sentiment was so deeply stirred that the degrading custom of apprenticing the parish poor, half-witted children, and other incapables, to the mill-owners, had also to be discontinued.

Yet, as contrasted with the existing evils of the day, the results accomplished by this first prohibitive labor legislation must appear to us meager, sorry, unworthy of the originator as well as of the advanced social state of England in general. Children other than apprentices streamed into the factories, and the cottage life of Great Britain shortly began to feel and show the depletion. During the whole of the period from 1800 to 1820, continuing, though in a slightly modified form, to 1840 or 1850, the effects of that merciless system of child labor in the Lancastrian and adjacent mills were shown in the early deaths of the majority of such workers and in the distorted forms of the majority of the survivors. Gibbins, who has faithfully chronicled that period, speaks also of the disastrous effects upon the women and grown-up girls, and goes on to write as follows of the deplorable system:

"A curious inversion of the proper order of things was seen in the domestic economy of the victims of this cheap labour system; for women and girls were superseding men in manufacturing labour, and, in consequence, their husbands had often to attend, in a shiftless, slovenly fashion, to those household duties which mothers and daughters, hard at work in the factories, were unable to fulfill. Worse still, mothers and



fathers in some cases lived upon the killing labour of their little children, by letting them out to hire to manufacturers, who found them cheaper than their parents."

Here is the same sorry story that we have learned by heart from a more modern page in New England's economic and domestic history, and, alas! the same story that is to-day taking living shape in the factory towns of our Southern States, barring such modifications as grow out of a forced concession to the demands of the present era. Indeed, in every nation, age, and section, when a quickly growing industry such as textile manufacturing has gathered to its sudden needs all available labor, calling the woman from hearthstone duties and the child from lessons and play, there is read the same fearful tale, the same inescapable disaster must come in due sequence before the land is shaken into recognition and resistance of the evil. No State's experience seems wholly to save another from having to pass through its own. The emphatic dogma of certain creeds that requires experiential knowledge of sin to precede the perfect joy of regeneration appears to be the prevailing law in this phase of development also.

In England, although Sir Robert Peel's measure of 1802 was soon fought into ineffectiveness by the might of the manufacturers, who were shortly open enough in crowding their foul-smelling torture-places again with young and tender children, yet the public had been aroused, and moreover the fact had been demonstrated, even if feebly, that there was efficacy in restrictive legislation. The strength of the races bound together by Anglo-Saxon traits and traditions has lain preëminently in their recognition of the responsibilities of the future quite as much as the present. The first element to be considered in the race's future is the health—physical, mental, and moral—of the coming generations. When Englishmen began to tell one another, not in Lancaster alone but from end to end of Britain, that the intelligence of the future generations of working-people, bone and sinew of the nation, was being stultified, their bodily powers reduced, and their moral tone lowered by the arduous labors and unclean surroundings

of immature children, it required no prophetic tongue to foretell remedial legislation close at hand.

But, although England to-day enjoys the enviable distinction of having the best regulated factory system in the world, she arrived at this, as she arrives at most things, by slow gradations. Troublous signs and portents in the first third of the nineteenth century hurried Parliament into measures that merely temporized—measures that later were with difficulty displaced by effective and permanent laws. Criminality among the laboring classes showed a frightful increase by the time a generation had worked through the mills, going “blunted in morals and blind in intellect from the sphere of childhood to full political sovereignty.” Next, it was made matter of public information that the manufacturing and mining districts could no longer supply their quota of able-bodied men for the army, while military officials entered constant complaint of the inferior size and strength of the recruits furnished. The cause could not be denied, but unfortunately the remedy required much debate and many experiments.

Champion after champion appeared before Parliament praying that the children of the State be defended. The manufacturers, panoplied in greed and gold, constituted a host difficult to gain ground from; but the righteous cause pressed on step by step. In 1815 Sir Robert Peel again urged the matter with such overwhelming arguments that Parliament was constrained to the appointment of a “Committee of Inquiry” to investigate conditions and make honorable and fair report before the body.

The issue of this investigation was the enactment, in 1819, of a law forbidding the employment of children under nine years of age in factories and limiting the hours of labor of those under sixteen to twelve a day, with one hour and a half taken from this for meals. In 1825 Sir John Cam Hobhouse secured the passage of a measure that went a step further, and, among other provisions, contained a requirement for abridging the hours of labor on Saturdays.

The act of 1831 prohibited night work to all between the



ages of nine and twenty-one—a most important point gained; moreover, it limited the hours of labor of all persons under eighteen years to twelve a day except on Saturdays, when the limit was nine hours.

But it was not until 1833, when Lord Ashley, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, came to the front as the advocate of protective legislation for the working classes, that sufficiently stringent measures were taken to prevent the decay of England. During his long career, one statutory enactment after another was fought through Parliament, each bringing about some urgently needed modification as regards hours, conditions, and age of factory operatives. When these had culmination in the Ten Hours' bill of 1847, the Minimum Age bill of 1874, and the excellent amendments of these in 1878 and 1891, the necessary bulwark against national decadence might at last be called complete.

Since 1847, no child under thirteen years of age has been allowed to work exceeding five to seven hours a day in English mills, and no person under eighteen exceeding ten hours. In 1874, the age for a full day's work was raised to fourteen years and stringent provisions made for the attendance at school between work periods. The measure of 1878 consolidated and amended all existing laws for the regulation of child labor and provided adequate means for their enforcement. By this measure the employment of children under ten years was totally prohibited, a limit that was in 1891 raised to eleven years. Greatly improved sanitation was also provided for in the 1878 enactment, and adequate safeguards against accidents were set up. Periodic medical certificates were required from all operatives under sixteen years; employees were compelled to obtain weekly certificates proving the necessary school attendance, and a sufficient number of inspectors was demanded to execute the provisions of this comprehensive act.

Such is, in brief, the history of what has come to be called the child-labor movement in England. To follow it at similar length in France, Germany, Russia, Austria, is impossible in a single article. The processes were much the same in all ad-

vanced European nations, and the ultimate results were like those enumerated. The age limit for the beginning of work in textile factories is a year higher in these countries than in Great Britain, but other provisions scarcely average so well. Yet, on the whole, their regulations are so nearly uniform with those of England that we may well leave them for the present and turn to our own country.

In this Western Republic, the introduction of machinery for textile manufactures on a large scale was much later than in England; therefore, the demand for remedial legislation relating to factory workers cannot be traced back to so early a period. But no sooner were the large mills established in New England, early in the last century, than the curse began to be felt. The agile fingers and feet of little children were needed here as in old England; their cheap lives and unaccounted little souls were bartered as readily here as there. They were crowded into the new infernos, and the river towns where the great mills hummed were shortly rich from such barter and sale.

The struggle to rescue the little ones was initiated in Massachusetts about 1830. Six years later an inadequate law for protection was passed; but it was not until 1866 that this strong commonwealth was able to enact the first really effective measure, nor until 1894 that she could write upon her statute-books the law prohibiting children under thirteen years of age from being regularly employed in textile factories. Excellent limitations as to hours and provision for education are now embodied in her code, and to-day the Bay State stands a fair pattern for others in the Union in regard to this most important phase of protective legislation.

Connecticut followed Massachusetts closely in throwing the State's protective arm around her children, New York and Pennsylvania pressing behind Connecticut, and others falling gradually into line, until, at the opening of the twentieth century, twenty-six out of the sisterhood could show statutory enactments of this nature worthy to rank with those of Great Britain.



At present all eyes are turned upon the South Atlantic and Gulf States, to ascertain the results of the movement now being agitated there. As manufacturing reached them tardily, child labor in textile mills was an unknown evil in this section until very recent times. Even fifteen years ago the factories were few, and the half-million spindles, widely scattered, drew mainly cheap adult labor to their service.

The marvelous industrial transformation of the last decade has wrought as great a change in the moral questions bound up with such development. The mills in the South are suddenly reckoned by the hundreds, soon by the thousands, and the people of that section are confronted with the appalling fact that in many of these mills from 20 to 30 per cent. of the operatives are under sixteen years of age, hundreds of them being children of twelve, eleven, ten, and in some cases even younger.

Public feeling has been greatly stirred on this score during the last two or three years, and bills for regulating child labor are now pending before the General Assembly of every cotton-growing State that has also entered cotton manufacturing. Tennessee, a sister of these and, although reckoned chiefly a grain-producing and pastoral State, yet rich in minerals and boasting many large woolen mills, merits particular mention as having already passed an enactment fixing the age of employment of children in factories, mines, and similar places of labor at fourteen years, while Louisiana has for almost a decade restricted the age of girls to fourteen and of boys to twelve.

But kindred measures, though earnestly fought for during last winter's legislative sessions in Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas, were unfortunately lost in each case, adding a new defeat to those of several preceding years. It is on this account that the movement in the South is now attracting an interest so eager and widespread, both at home and in England. The advocates of protection are claiming that a victory is at hand, pointing to the overwhelming gain they had made in each of these four States last winter over the preceding season, and estimating, with sound reason, that a similar gain in the

twelve months ending will put them out of reach of defeat. But the danger is, lest in their optimism they have forgotten with what unparalleled efforts the capitalists and promoters have worked against the measure in the same period.

This, then, is in brief outline the story of the movement to preserve Anglo-Saxon children, and the great countries they stand for, from premature blight and decay. The logic of such a movement needs no exposition, nor can its importance as an element in the maintenance of the economic and moral supremacy of the foremost two nations be overestimated. Yet, again, the ultimate issue in this latest section to face such a crisis requires no seer to foretell. The triumph of right may be still a while delayed; but that it is coming at a more speedy pace to the New South than to New or Old England no one acquainted with conditions will attempt to deny.

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## RUSSIA AS A SOCIAL FACTOR.

**I**N this era, when extreme revolutionary ideas are widely advocated and when plans for moderate social reform that would have been considered revolutionary a decade ago are advocated by conservative people in nearly every walk of life, it is usually expected that some great social change will be brought about as a result of popular agitation—either in the great Anglo-Saxon lands of the United States and Great Britain or in some one of the more progressive European nations. Many look to Germany with hope. They contemplate the fifty-three Socialist members of the German Reichstag, and consider the two and one-half million votes that they represent, and bearing these facts in mind are firmly convinced that the result of organization and agitation of a purely political nature will be that slow constitutional changes will eventually supplant our present chaotic system of commerce and industry by one of design and regulation in production and distribution, and instead of a government by a Kaiser, or a class, give to the people a government that shall be popular to the extent that it will govern and direct industrial enterprise, as well as guarantee political rights and regulate in the field of industry all affairs of production and distribution.

There is, however, one European land that is regarded as hopelessly backward in the march of social progress—which remains plunged in the same dark despotism that prevailed in Egypt, Assyria, or Babylonia. That country is Russia. Yet it frequently occurs in the progress of human thought, and is demonstrated in the pages of history, that great movements for the enlightenment of mankind originate in the most unlooked-for places and in very unexpected ways. Russia is an unknown quantity in the modern social problem; but after a careful study, though the quantity may remain unknown, we may be able to approximate it, and in so doing we may per-

ceive the possibilities of the future's industrial development in an entirely new aspect. A brief sketch of the past and present condition of Russia and a study of the present relation of its government to the country will demonstrate to Englishmen and also to certain Americans—who are prone to look at Russia and Russia's forces through glasses darkly tinted with the shadowy prejudices of Russophobia—that there is a possibility, nay, there is even a hope, that the freedom of the human family may emanate from that dark and unexpected quarter: the tyrannical realm of the Czar.

Retarded by the despotic nature of its government and its comparatively low civilization, which causes rendered the land slightly removed from barbarism, Russia at the beginning of the eighteenth century, after the victory of Poltava in 1709, found herself suddenly in the front rank of European powers in military and political strength, though far behind even many of the most backward in civilization. At the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when no longer menaced by the restlessness of France under the spur of an ambition-crazed Napoleon, Russia found time for a brief period of advancement and civilization. Practically, from the signing of the peace of Paris and the Congress of Vienna in 1815 to the present day, Russia has remained undisturbed in its internal affairs by any serious danger of invasion from external foes.

Compelled by the heavy expenses incidental to the government of a modern European power to impose excessive taxes, the despotic nature of the Russian government prevented at the start that development of large capitalist industry which in other countries had to a certain extent been begun; and there were no mercantile industries to bear the burden of taxation, because the government was one in which the leading merchants had no personal representation and hence could not protect themselves. This being the case, the Russian government was compelled, not having a highly developed form of industry upon which to levy taxes, to go into industry as a government in order to raise revenue, with the result that there are more industrial occupations or government-owned prop-



erties and businesses found in the Russian Empire than in any other land. This public ownership, either direct or indirect, in the form of imperial suzerainty, is evidenced in some of the more recent acts of the Russian government. For instance, the terms of the leases granting gold-mining privileges in Siberia prevent capitalists from obtaining full control. Mr. Pierce, American Chargé d'Affaires in St. Petersburg, in a consular report states that no such franchises are granted for any property for periods of ninety-nine or fifty years, as franchises are frequently granted in America and England, but that the leases giving the franchise are for very limited periods, subject to very stringent regulations, and always contain the proviso that the imperial government can resume operation and occupation at any given time. Before, however, entering upon the industrial ownership phase of Russia's civilization it will probably be necessary to get a general conception of the extent and power of the land and people we are considering.

This great empire covers an area of 8,660,395 square miles—about one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, extending from the Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Finland in western Europe to the Seas of Behring and Okhotsk and Japan in the extreme northeast of Asia, thus forming a broad belt of territory extending across Europe and Asia from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. If we consider its distance from north to south we find that it extends from the frozen Arctic zone to latitude  $38^{\circ}51'$  in Armenia, Afghanistan, Persia, and the Himalaya Mountains.

This vast territory has a population of 129,000,000, and contains seventy different races of people, not separated and scattered like those of the British Empire, but contiguous to one another and all living within one homogeneous territory.

All forms of religion are practised, from that of the extreme Christian liberalism (or even absolute agnosticism) of St. Petersburg and Moscow to the superstitious and medieval Catholicity of the muzhik or the most archaic form of image worship as practised by the most ignorant Buddhists and Taoists of Central Asia.

When we consider this area and population we have some vague conception of the *quantity*; still, certain peculiarities connected with it remain unknown, and one of the most striking of these is the fact that the greater part of this vast domain is the property of the government. The gold mines of Siberia, the greater part of the land, the railroads, the distilleries—all are owned by the government of the Czar. The total area of land amounts to 1,098,507,780 acres, and of this about one-half is owned by the State and the imperial family alone. The railroads in Russia extend over 29,855 miles; the government owns 16,414 miles, and chief among these lines is the great continent-embracing Trans-Siberian Railroad.

This railroad, starting from St. Petersburg, extends across two continents—Europe and Asia—and forms a sort of mighty commercial vertebral column for the Russian Empire. This great modern highroad has its eastern terminus on the coast of Asia at Vladivostock, thus connecting the Gulf of Finland and the Atlantic Ocean on the west with the Sea of Japan and the Pacific on the east. Crossing the Ural Mountains near Chelyabinsk, it curves southward till, about one hundred miles eastward of Irkutsk, it reaches Lake Baikal, which it crosses on the ice (a distance of seventy-two miles) in winter and around the southern shore of which it curves in summer, and thence proceeds due east through Manchuria to the Sea of Japan. It is, irrespective of branches, 4,741¾ miles in length, and the cost of its construction amounted to \$175,000,000. Already much of the commerce between European countries and North Central Asia and China, which hitherto was shipped by way of the Indian or Chinese ports and entered Europe *via* the Suez Canal or was carried by caravan over the desert route, which has existed from time immemorial, is beginning to pass over this monstrous modern highroad of commerce. The commercial and industrial possibilities of a government owning such opportunities are simply inconceivable.

Aside from its lands and railroads, the government has the monopoly of spirituous liquors, and in 1899 realized 92,141,000 rubles from the sale thereof. The government also owns the



Siberian gold mines and a large proportion of the oil and naphtha regions situated between the Black and Caspian Seas, and controls the entire system of telegraphs. In 1899 a revenue of 52,875,800 rubles was obtained from mines, posts, and telegraphs alone, and aside from these facts the right of the State to interfere in all capitalist enterprises is asserted by the imposition of a five per cent. tax on all capital invested in the Russian Empire.

When we study these conditions and bear in mind that the government owns half of the public land and all telegraphs and telephones, has a monopoly of spirits, tobacco, and salt, and that the Czar (who, by the way, is the government) owns the gold and silver mines of Siberia,—the output of which is, to a great extent, unknown, as the amount is never mentioned in the imperial budget,—we become convinced that Russia differs from those other countries which in the course of time have already reached an oligarchic plutocracy consisting of a few trusts and syndicates; and in this respect: that she has reached a condition that is a plutocracy, it is true, but a plutocracy with the Czar Nicholas II. as the sole and only plutocrat.

We are now at a point that will bring us nearer to a probable approximation of this great unknown quantity in the social problem. In other lands, before an orderly system of production and distribution can be brought about, classes must be antagonized and governments overthrown; but in Russia it is only necessary to overthrow one man—to dethrone one despot—to introduce the most moderate and modern of civic reforms that have been in practise for centuries in England and America (and since 1848 in most continental European countries), and to bring about, strange to say, by means of a moderate reform, a radical revolution.

How can a reform cause a revolution? it may be asked. Could any reform be more moderate than that of transforming an absolute into a constitutional monarchy? Could a demand be more reasonable than to have a constitutional monarchy—that is, a legislature similar to the Chamber of Deputies of Italy, or the Reichstag of Germany, or the English Parliament

—dividing dominance with the Czar? Such a body would share in the functions of the government, but we must remember that it would become the owner of the public domain, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, gold and silver mines, and in short would be to a very great extent what the Socialists have long been striving for—political and industrial government founded on public ownership.

The history of Russia demonstrates two strange facts: first, that she has lagged far behind other nations in a barbarism almost amounting to absolute savagery, but, second, that at a certain period in her history by one sudden stride she appears to have achieved more progress than that gained by other nations during the gradual evolution of centuries. In the early part of the eighteenth century, under Peter the Great, Russia shook off, within a few brief years, the barbarism and brutality that had beclouded her destiny from the time of Ruric and the first dukes of Moscovy and advanced to the forefront of the then civilized European powers—simply to remain stationary, as far as her political institutions are concerned, ever since. Her government, fashioned after the model of a Louis XIV., a George I., or a Charles XII., remains to the present day a most astonishing anachronism in the midst of other European countries, all of which are enjoying civil liberties gained during the last two centuries.

But the Russia that suddenly changed after Poltava in 1709 may again as suddenly change in the twentieth century. Then barbarism was left behind and civilization achieved within a few brief years; and the people of this modern age may yet be surprised to see that land, governed by the despotic rule of one man, suddenly step forth out of the darkness of archaic despotism into that most progressive form of government which is hoped and struggled for by modern men—social and industrial Democracy. It cannot be that the soil from which has sprung a Dostoievsky, a Korelenko, a Tchernechevsky, a Stepniak, and a Tolstoy can longer remain in politics, and to a great extent in industry, the victim and possession of a single despot. It may be true that the influence of the modern spirit



of liberalism may be, as many assert, confined to the larger cities, such as St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and Archangel, and their immediate vicinity, and that the vast bulk even of Russia's European population consists of millions of ignorant muzhiks. But was this not the case also in the France of 1789, prior to the outbreak of the revolution—a few cultured philosophers in large cities and hordes of brute-like *sans culottes* in the provinces?

While the attention of men is turned with expectant hope toward England and America, it may happen that a tremendous clarion cry of revolt will be heard from the land of darkness and despotism, and they may turn to behold a mighty Slavic Demos calling in thundering tones upon the children of earth to awake to a nobler and a greater destiny. We of America and England, in the midst of that gradual and tedious *modus operandi* peculiar to our politics, our nominations, conventions, caucuses, public meetings, and legislatures, to which we have become accustomed since the days of Magna Charta, may be astonished to find achieved in one day and by one swift revolution a greater measure of freedom than we have ever dared to dream of. The fable of the hare and the tortoise may be repeated in political and social progress. Who knows but that one step which must soon be made from despotism to constitutional monarchy may not make the greatest and mightiest empire on earth so striking an example of State ownership that all other lands may follow her example, and the social problem be solved in a most unexpected way by the discovery of the true nature of this great unknown quantity? The pages of history are replete with such surprises. Russia lies to the East, and thence all great world-reforms have arisen. It is there that the sun rises.

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## THE DIVINE QUEST.

(*Number Two.*)

### THE REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH OF THE FIRST CENTURY OF MODERN TIMES.

THE fifteenth century dawned on a civilization still largely under the spell of superstition and ignorance. The Church had risen in secular power. She was ambitious and corrupt. The beautiful religion of life, the love and enthusiasm for righteousness, which marked the early days of Christianity, had gradually waned. The torch of freedom and progress had passed from hand to hand, illuminating the night in various lands as bold, brave iconoclasts spoke the word of God in a night-time of superstition, self-seeking, and worldly ambition, perhaps nowhere sounding more clearly than in England, when Wycliffe raised his voice in religion and William Langland in "Piers Plowman" drew social pictures that, however harmless they may have appeared, were profoundly revolutionary in their influence. Indeed, nowhere in Europe was the spirit of sturdy freedom and growth more clearly evident, nor was the interrogation point more boldly raised than in Great Britain, where such disquieting queries as—

"When Adam dived and Eve span,  
Who then was the gentleman?"

passed from lip to lip throughout the length and breadth of the isle and wrought mightily in undermining the fictitious foundations upon which rested feudal authority.

As the student of history approaches the dawn of the fifteenth century, the signs of unrest and growth become more and more manifest. Of Western civilization it might have been said that the sleeper moved restlessly as one who is about to awaken. In the hearts of many men in all ranks of life, from the highest to the lowest, was a deep, unsatisfied yearning for



something higher, broader, and truer than either Church or State had vouchsafed to man—a reaching outward and upward that is the unfailing sign of the approach of a transition period. Multitudinous and complex had been the agencies slowly working to bring about the great fivefold revolution that was about to burst upon Europe and make the first century of Modern Times forever memorable as one of the most luminous epochs in the history of our planet.

Politically, Europe was preparing to substitute centralized government for the feudalistic anarchy that had long rent society and in which baron, lord, and petty chief, king, Church, and small principalities were frequently engaged in warring controversies. Socially, changes potentially as momentous were loosening the old bonds so that the serfs were soon to become measurably free, and the middle class was rapidly to grow in influence.

With the Church the pending revolution was to be even more signal and far-reaching than in the body politic. The changes were doubtless hastened and rendered sweeping by reason of the influence exerted by the great schism in Rome, when, in 1378, the Archbishop of Bari ascended the chair of St. Peter under the title of Urban VI., and the Cardinal of Geneva claimed the same seat, assuming the title of Clement VII., the latter holding his court at Avignon. The spectacle of two heads wearing the tiara, each claiming to be the infallible head of the Church and each launching anathemas and bulls against his rival, came as a rude awakening to hundreds of thousands of Catholics, who for generations had been taught to regard the Pope as not only the holy head of the Church but the vicegerent of God on earth, whose word was infallible. England, Germany, Holland, Hungaria, Bohemia, and the greater part of Italy recognized Urban VI. as the true Pope; while Spain, France, Lorraine, Savoy, and Scotland bowed before the red cap of Clement VII. The foremost scholars and thinkers among the churchmen, feeling that this schism dealt a fatal blow to the faith of the people, took prompt steps to end the church-destroying feud, but to little purpose. The

longer the controversy lasted, the more virulent became the attacks of the warring heads of the Church. Urban VI. was succeeded by Boniface IX., Innocent VI., and Gregory XII.; while the Avignon Pope who succeeded Clement VII. was Benedict XIII. All other measures having failed, a church council was held at Piza in 1409, at which Gregory and Benedict were deposed and Alexander V. was chosen; but as the two former refused to recognize the action of the council, claiming that the Pope was superior to the church council, there was a time when three prelates assumed the papal tiara. Thus the Roman Church was torn by conflicting claims and warring factions until the Council of Constance, in 1417. Nor was this the only undermining influence at work destroying the faith of the people. The great Catholic Doctor Gerson, one of the ablest leaders of the Church and one of the noblest religious thinkers of the period, wrote at this time as follows:

"The court of Rome has created a thousand offices by which to make money, but hardly one for the propagation of virtue. From morning until night there is talk of nothing but armies, lands, towns, and money. Rarely, or rather never, do they speak of chastity, charity, justice, fidelity, or a pure life."

The secularization of the Church had by no means reached its height, but its worldliness was already felt throughout Christendom; while the great schism hastened the revolution that was pending and of which the thoughts and words of Wycliffe and Huss were premonitory signs.

While the churchmen were seeking to unite the warring factions, the scholars among the laity were devoting more time than they had for several generations to physical phenomena, invention, philosophic speculation, and economic ideas, or to art in some of her manifestations. Everywhere there were to be seen signs of an intellectual quickening. As the century approached its meridian, Gutenberg invented printing by movable type, and by thus affording civilization one of the greatest agencies for the rapid dissemination of knowledge contributed in an important degree to the emancipation of the human mind from the double thralldom of ignorance and superstition.



In 1453, when Constantinople fell, the Grecian scholars of the Byzantine empire fled to Italy, carrying with them the marvelous wealth of Grecian philosophy, poetry, and art. The effect of these scholars throughout the peninsula was wonderful. Western Europe, as we have seen, had begun to hunger and thirst for a broader, saner, and more normal life. On the one hand superstition, narrowness, and religious bigotry, and on the other religious lip-service, cloaking a brutal, sensuous materialism, had proved all insufficient for the deep cravings of the human heart. It was not strange, therefore, that the great Italian cities that harbored the Grecian scholars soon became Meccas to which the finest souls of all the nations west and north of Italy journeyed. Nor is it strange that with this new and broader vision of life the smoldering fires that had long been burning suddenly flamed forth in a fivefold revolution—political, artistic, religious, educational, and commercial.

Italy awakened on the artistic side of her life, giving to the world Michael Angelo, Raphael, da Vinci, Titian, Correggio, and other master minds who made this period in the peninsula's history forever the summer-time of earth's greatest art.

West of Italy there was another awakening, but it was more on the material side of life. A great passion for gold, for commercial mastery, for the acquisition of wealth that should give power and ease to its possessors, was everywhere visible. The Jews were despoiled of their wealth under the pretext of religion. The Moors were driven from that marvelous capital which had long been the wonder and glory of Spain. Columbus crossed the sea and gave to Europe a New World. Vasco da Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope to India, and opened up for Portugal the great treasure-house of the Oriental world; while the ships of Magellan circumnavigated the globe.

The news of the presence of great scholars in Italy produced a profound impression north of the Alps. Youths from England, France, and the German States journeyed to the new centers of learning, where brain and soul became aflame with

ethical, religious, and intellectual enthusiasm. The English and German peoples awakened on the moral and intellectual side of life. Oxford became a great center of advanced learning. Colet established the first Latin grammar school, and laid broad and deep the foundations for a humane and popular education that proved to be the forerunner of the great public system of education that has found its most splendid expression in the public schools of the United States. Erasmus wandered over Europe, pleading for a purified and a united Church. What was known as the New Learning was quickly followed by the great Protestant Reformation. And it was at this time, in the very hey-day of this revolutionary epoch, of this period of growth, of enlarged horizons, of life and development, that Sir Thomas More gave the world his marvelous social vision, "Utopia."

It has been necessary to dwell somewhat at length on the wonderful first century of Modern Times, with its fivefold revolution, because it bears an intimate kinship to the great social and political upheavals that marked the closing years of the eighteenth and the opening decades of the nineteenth century, and to the equally momentous social revolution that to-day is making itself more or less clearly felt throughout Europe, America, and Australia.

Lord Macaulay, writing in the first half of the last century and discussing the period of the Protestant Reformation, pointed out the relationship of these two periods in the following words:

"The only event of modern times which can be properly compared with the Reformation is the French Revolution, or, to speak more accurately, that great revolution of political feeling which took place during the eighteenth century, and which obtained in France its most terrible and signal triumph. Each of these memorable events may be described as a rising up of the human reason against a Caste. The one was a struggle of the laity against the clergy for intellectual liberty; the other was a struggle of the people against princes and nobles for political liberty. . . . In both cases the convulsion which had overthrown deeply seated errors shook all the principles



on which society rests to their very foundations. The minds of men were unsettled. It seemed for a time that all order and morality were about to perish with the prejudices with which they had been long and intimately associated. Frightful cruelties were committed. Immense masses of property were confiscated. . . . The feeling of patriotism was, in many parts of Europe, almost wholly extinguished. All the old maxims of foreign policy were changed. Physical boundaries were superseded by moral boundaries. Nations made war on each other with new arms, with arms which no fortifications, however strong by nature or by art, could resist. . . . Europe was divided, as Greece had been divided during the period concerning which Thucydides wrote. The conflict was not, as it is in ordinary times, between state and state, but between two omnipresent factions, each of which was in some places dominant and in other places oppressed, but which, openly or covertly, carried on their strife in the bosom of every society. No man asked whether another belonged to the same country with himself, but whether he belonged to the same sect. Party-spirit seemed to justify and consecrate acts which, in any other times, would have been considered as the foulest of treasons. The French emigrant saw nothing disgraceful in bringing Austrian and Prussian hussars to Paris. The Irish or Italian democrat saw no impropriety in serving the French Directory against his own native government. So, in the sixteenth century, the fury of theological factions suspended all national animosities and jealousies. The Spaniards were invited into France by the League; the English were invited into France by the Huguenots."

The picture drawn by Lord Macaulay would be still truer had he compared the whole revolutionary epoch of the first and second centuries of Modern Times with that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The New Learning as well as the Reformation; the spread of knowledge by the multiplication of books; the circumnavigation of the globe; the discovery of the New World, with its wealth and wonders; the bringing of Western Europe into intimate touch with the ancient and opulent civilization of the Far East; the promulgation of the Copernican theory; the scientific discoveries and speculations of da Vinci and other daring minds; the rapid multiplication of schools and the movement for popu-

larizing education; the rise of a broad altruistic spirit, which was so marked a feature of the early days of this revolutionary epoch, before the fires of hatred and reactionary influences clouded men's minds—all these were important factors that contributed to the emancipation of mind and body. They were the precursors of the great political revolutionary period of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, even as the latter was in a real sense the precursor of the social and economic revolution now in progress throughout the world.

To those interested in tracing the slow unfoldment of the age-long ideal or dream of a Fraternal State, two events of this wonderful revolutionary epoch that ushered in Modern Times are of special interest. One is the story of the Inca civilization brought to Europe by the priests, soldiers, and scholars who accompanied the conquering Spaniards; the other is the publishing of the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More. The story of the Inca civilization, as described by the conquerors of the ancient Peruvians, reads like one of the fascinating wonder-stories of olden times in the New World. Says Mr. Clements Markham, in his excellent "History of Peru":

"In many respects Peru under the Incas resembled the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. . . . Punishments for crimes were severe and inexorably inflicted. Not a spot of cultivable land was neglected. Towns and villages were built on rocky hills; cemeteries were in deserts or in the sides of barren cliffs, in order that no land might be wasted. Dry wastes were irrigated, and terraces were constructed, sometimes a hundred deep, up the sides of the mountains. The results were commensurate with the thought and skill expended. . . . Provision was made to supply all classes of the people with everything they required that was not produced by themselves, through a system of colonies, or *mitimaes*. Inhabitants of a populous district were removed to a less crowded one, the comfort of all classes was promoted by exchange of products, waste places were made fertile, and political objects were also secured. . . . Under the Inca system all who could work were obliged to work; all lived in comfort, and there was ample provision for the aged, for young and children, and for the sick. Tillers of the ground and shepherds received the share of produce called *Huac-*



*cha*, and the surplus went to the *mitimaes* in exchange for other products. All other workers were maintained from the share called *Inca*, including the sovereign and his officers, and the army. . . . So perfect was the Inca organization that it continued to work efficiently, and almost mechanically, for some time after the guiding heads had been struck down. The Spanish conquerors found that when they marched through the districts, sacking houses and destroying growing crops, the local officers kept a careful record of the injury done. The accounts were then examined and checked, and if one district had lost more than another those that had suffered less made up part of the difference, so that the burden might be equally shared by all. Under such a system there could be no want, for thought was taken for the nourishment and comfort of every creature. There was hard work, while provision was made not only for rest but also for recreation. The dreams of socialists were made a reality in the system which grew up and flourished under the rule of the Incas."

Mr. Henry Austin, in his valuable work,—"A Story of Government," observes that—"The Spanish historians record with grave amazement that they had discovered a miraculous land in which there was no such thing as a poor or discontented man; in which everybody worked, from the Emperor down, a reasonable length of time, at tasks fitted to their strength and their ability; in which the problem of mere living, as it confronts us moderns in our so-called civilized cities, had been satisfactorily settled; in which the average of human happiness was large and increasing."

The story of the Inca civilization, although very wonderful, especially when we consider the primitive character of the people, was scarcely more remarkable than the dream of the Fraternal State which during this period was woven in the loom of the imagination of Sir Thomas More; for the latter was a favorite at the court of Henry VIII., and had been a religious enthusiast, almost an ascetic, in early life. Yet he had come under the influence of the New Learning, while the wonder-stories told by the sailors who had returned from strange new lands stimulated his imagination and broadened his mental horizon perhaps in as positive a way as did Plato,

Cicero, St. Augustine, or other thinkers who had dreamed of ideal republics or cities of God. Certain it is that, being swept into the current of the New Time, he conceived the idea of picturing in story form his ideal of a truer civilization than the world had ever known, hoping in this way to make the contrast between the real and the ideal so vivid as to stimulate men to seek to inaugurate juster conditions. He described Utopia as a wonderful land, where peace, plenty, and fraternity prevailed. Here altruism triumphed over egoism, and the well-being of each was the loving concern of all.

Many of the reforms described by More as being practised by the Utopians, and which men regarded as absurd and visionary in his day and for many generations after his death, are now coming into successful operation or are gaining in public favor. Take, for example, popular education. This was foreshadowed by More, for we are told that in Utopia "every child receives a good education, and thus ignorance—the great cause of lawlessness and wretchedness—is banished." Industrial education was also practised throughout the island. "Husbandry," we are told, "is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all expert and cunning, being instructed from their youth, partly in their schools and partly in the country nigh unto the city, brought up, as it were, in playing, not only beholding the use of it but practising it."

Nor was this all. Besides husbandry, every Utopian was compelled to learn some trade or science as his own special craft, such as "cloth-working in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft or the carpenter's trade." The child was permitted to select his trade or science, and if he desired to perfect himself in two crafts he was allowed to do so.

The inhabitants of the island were free, joyous, and happy in the possession of ample time for wholesome recreation and the development of all that is best in nature; for in this realm all able-bodied men and women performed a modicum of labor, and this enabled all to enjoy ample leisure for self-culture, recreation, and for following any lines of thought they might



fancy. The present agitation for shorter days of work, for which organized labor is everywhere contending, was anticipated by More; for in Utopia, he tells us, the men worked but "six hours a day," and were therefore "not wearied from early in the morning till late in the evening with continual work, like laboring and toiling beasts." After the six hours were given to daily toil, each person was free to enjoy and improve himself. Public lectures, musical entertainments, and halls where games were played were provided for the people. The six-hour day, we are assured, proved ample for the performance of all necessary work. Indeed, we are informed that "that small time is not only enough, but too much, for the store and abundance of all things that be requisite, either for the necessities or the commodities of life." And by way of explanation the author continues, "The which thing you also shall perceive if you consider how great a part of the people in other countries live idle."

Furthermore, the author of "Utopia" points out that "while in other countries the laborers know they will starve when age comes unless they can scrape some money together, no matter how much the commonwealth in which they live may flourish," in Utopia things are very different; for there "there is no less provision for them that were once laborers, but who are now weak and impotent, than for those who do labor."

The sick also were looked after. At the time when this book was written there were scant provisions for the proper care of even the well-to-do in European nations; but in Utopia we are told that, "first, and chiefly, respect is had to the sick that be carried in the hospitals, for in the circuit of the city, a little without the walls, they have four hospitals, so large and ample that they seem four little towns, made thus commodious that the sick may have a generous allowance of room amid charming surroundings. These hospitals," he tells us, "be so well appointed and with all things necessary to health so well furnished, and moreover they have so diligent attention through continued presence of skilful physicians, that though no man be sent hither against his will, yet, notwithstanding, there is

no sick person in all the city that had not rather lie there than at home in his own house."

Sir Thomas More lived in a time when the war spirit was rampant. The profession of arms was considered the most honorable of occupations; but the great philosopher appreciated the fact that war is one of the most conspicuous survivals of the savage in society, and that the contempt for productive and ennobling trades and callings owes its source to false ideals and base conceptions of the true grandeur of nations. Hence, he tells us that the Utopians "detest and abhor war" as "a thing very beastly," and "they count nothing so much against glory as glory gotten in war." And, though men and women are drilled in the manual of arms that they may defend their fair domain in case of invasion, they discourage war, and when possible avoid the useless and criminal shedding of human blood. In cases where other nations "by cunning or guile defraud" the Utopians, or "when violence is done to their bodies," they wreak their anger by abstaining from trading or carrying on any friendly relations with the offending nation "until satisfaction or restitution is made." If the lives of any Utopians have been sacrificed, the nation is quick to resent it, for citizenship in that country, we are told, is regarded as a sacred trust, to be protected at all hazards, even by war if necessary. But in such cases every effort possible is made to prevent wholesale slaughter of life, even the lives of their foes, for "they be not only sorry but also ashamed to achieve a victory with bloodshed." We further learn that it is a settled policy with the Utopians to kill as few men as possible. Hence, in the event of war they offer enormous rewards to the man who will kill the prince or the king of the people who declare war against them; and large rewards are also offered for the lives of the councilors who, with the ruling monarch, are directly responsible for the appeal to brute force. As may be supposed, this procedure works most effectively in deterring warlike rulers from picking a quarrel with the Utopians, and they are therefore practically immune from war.

The Utopians were far more humane than was Christian



Europe when More wrote his social vision; and thus, while England was "hanging thieves by the score on a single gallows," the Utopians were striving to reform their erring ones and were resorting to the death penalty only in the most extreme cases. In this Commonwealth the people were much given to pleasure, but their pleasures were all of a character calculated to elevate and ennoble. Great freedom also prevailed, and a degree of toleration was accorded the individual that was entirely undreamed of in the Europe of that period.

In the time of Sir Thomas More, as now, gold-madness was enslaving millions, undermining character, and destroying the happiness and comfort of the masses. But among the Utopians we are told that—

"They marvel that gold, which of its own nature is a thing so unprofitable, is now among all people in so high estimation that man himself, by whose yea and for whose use it is so much set by, is in much less estimation than the gold itself. Insomuch as a lumpish blockhead churl, and which hath no more art than an ass, shall have, nevertheless, many wise and good men in subjection and bondage, only for this—because he hath a great heap of gold. . . . They marvel at and detest the madness of them which to those rich men, in whose debt and danger they be not, do give honor for no other consideration but because they be rich."

The Utopian Commonwealth was thrown up in bold relief against the dark, self-absorbed, and in many ways brutal age in which it appeared. Most of its wise, statesmanlike, and humane characteristics and provisions appeared as strange, impractical, and visionary to the age and time in which Sir Thomas More lived—as did the doctrine of a common origin of life, the brotherhood of man, and the Golden Rule seem visionary and impractical to the Jews, Greeks, and Romans at the time of the foundation of the Christian Church. Indeed, "Utopia" was in a large way the carrying into government of ideals grounded and rooted in the basic social truths enunciated by Jesus. It marked a new milestone in the slow and toilsome upward march of humanity.

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## INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM.

**A**N ideal, truly! So much so that we may at present only negatively understand its meaning. We know what it is *not*, but what it *is* in its higher forms of expression we may but dimly imagine. And yet all ideals tend toward realization. All mental conceptions are translatable into physical manifestation. The ideal of to-day becomes the real of to-morrow, while a more exalted ideal offers itself for subsequent translation.

Our present ideal of freedom is undergoing a gradual metamorphosis; and, under the fostering care of the new spirit that has arisen, it is passing through a transformation that bids fair to make its impress deep and abiding. In its higher aspects, the attainment of freedom is essentially and peculiarly an individual work. No one may be more free than his condition permits. Statute laws express the general conditions that already prevail; of themselves, they neither enslave nor liberate. Such laws may retard or accelerate growth, may smooth or clog the path of progress, and may delay or hasten decay. But it is the general social condition that primarily determines the laws, and not the laws that frame the conditions. The conditions are the dominating factors, while the laws have but a reflex influence.

The religions of the day do not dominate society, nor determine its trend or destiny. Society is supreme; and, as the consensus of causes induces it to vibrate one way or another, its religions fluctuate with it. The recent and present developments along religious and theological lines are the effect of general tendencies, and they are results rather than causes. In a progressive age, the forms of religion, politics, and laws are ever behind the times—ever acting as brakes and conservators, and even as safety-valves against undesirable experiments. Society is traveling along far more liberal paths



than its conservative elements are accustomed to, and even the persistent protests of the latter may not more than casually or intermittently delay our gradual but continuous social progress.

As with religion, so is it with politics and the laws. A people have such politics and laws as are suitable, at the time, to their general condition of development—even while the more progressive spirits may light the torches of Truth that show the way to higher conceptions and better conditions. And, although history has concerned itself principally with a few leaders of men, it has always been the condition of the mass that was reflected in the general status, interpretation, and administration of matters religious, political, and legal.

All communities and nations are but aggregates of individuals; and as are the individuals, so must be the nation. The individual is to the nation what the atom is to the individual; and each aggregation expresses a harmony that is in exact correspondence with the general development and harmonies of its constituent parts. Change a law, and it may afford an opportunity for growth; but if the individual is not sufficiently developed he cannot take advantage of what is offered to him. Change the individuals, and the laws will quickly respond to their higher development. The interests of society in general and of the individual in particular are fundamentally identical. What is of disadvantage to society as a whole is detrimental to each of its fragments; and what is essentially beneficial to the individual is of general social value. No change in religious, political, or legal conditions that fails to improve the status of the individual may be of value to society.

The individual and collective movements of the day are correlated branches of the same subject. Not the formulations, systems, or fads of this or that leader, but, in their essentials, the education and development of the one and the many go hand-in-hand. Basically, the individual is all there is to consider; but consideration of his interests may be taken from the varying standpoints of what are broadly known as the New Thought and as Socialism. Not only this, but in a large sense they are supplementary before they become complementary.

Each one remains submerged in the mass, and undistinguishable from others, until he has become sufficiently individualized to think for himself. Then only is he ready to emerge from the mass into the freedom of individuality. Until he is prepared to do his own thinking he must lean upon the thoughts of others; and until he has become a law unto himself he fears the laws that are ostensibly framed for his benefit, and *therefore* obeys them.

As long as the masses do not think, others may only assist and guide them along comprehensive and collective lines, and may offer relief only through such measures as may be represented by changes in the law and its administration. Socialism, as the trend of the times may wisely direct it, will doubtless become the principal affluent of the great current that is leading to Individual Freedom.

As the unit separates itself from the mass by reason of its thought-reliance upon itself, it is apt to assume a position of superiority to the mass with which it previously consorted. Its tendency is to overlook the fact that it is the mass to which it owes its birth, and to forget that it carries such marks of its genealogy as do not permit it effectually to disclaim its ancestry.

As the individualized unit develops its self-reliance, crystallizes its identity, and recognizes its illimitable powers and privileges, it is likely to consider that it has reached the ultimate of method as well as of growth. As it claims to be the I Am and announces its identity with God, its disposition is to cover with the mantle of oblivion the lowly origin of all its exalted claims. The individualized unit, as it comes to sense that there is but One Self, is inclined to imagine that it occupies some special relation to that inclusive Unit. As its higher harmonies place it in correspondence with those who have arrived at a similar advanced development, the individual is apt to assume a position that but serves to replace the earlier conscious separation from the individual by a newly acquired sense of separation from the mass.

Another turn of the spiral of life has been reached, that is



all, while the path still leads upward. The sense of separation lies at the root of all slavery, while the consciousness of essential unity constitutes the vitality of all freedom. Separation involves opposition, contest, and antagonism; and it accentuates what it expresses. But it is this very intensity of inharmony that finally invites its own death-warrant; for its accumulating repulsiveness eventually forces us toward the contrasting harmonies.

The individual can be entirely free only when the mass is free. There can be no separation in reality. No one may separate his life from the life of the race. His vitality must ever come from the common reservoir of life, and the supplies he may appropriate ever bear a constant relation to the measure of his return. Individual freedom is reserved for those who, while exercising their option to live rightly and according to high conceptions of spiritual beauty and opulence, are yet fully conscious of the complete unity of their interests with those of others. They have broken the fetters of isolation and separation, and their lives are consciously directed so as to benefit others equally with themselves. They are still part of the mass, even while they fully retain their consciousness of individuality. They have outgrown fear, and the limitations of others are no longer permitted injuriously to affect them.

The freed individual no longer fears association or organization. The tendency toward slavery and creed that was suggested and subtly promoted through these agencies no longer reaches him. He is impervious to the suggestions they formerly carried with them, and such antiquated weapons no longer make any impression upon him. All is Good, and association or organization carries with it the exact degree of good that its members bring to it. In its enlarged consciousness, the freed soul ever unifies and combines. It senses the essential good in both the individual and collective methods of education and social development, and looks from the combined point of view of the individual part and the collective whole.

The freedom of the individual involves a comprehensiveness and universality that sense from multitudinous directions and

by numerous contrasting lights. From its loftier altitude it senses the points of contact, and it becomes aware that separation is merely the shadow that serves to bring into greater prominence the light of unity. The deeper the shadow of seeming separation, the more prominent is the reality of unity; and the Freed Individual places the shadow behind him in turning his face ever toward the light.

EUGENE DEL MAR.

*Denver, Col.*



## THE CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD.

**A**BOUT eighteen miles northwest of Tacoma, Wash., at the head of Carr's Inlet, is the village of Burley, founded and supported by The Coöperative Brotherhood, a fraternal organization with members all over the United States and Canada. It consists of resident and non-resident members, the latter paying one dollar a month dues until one hundred and twenty-five dollars are paid. After a member has paid the admission fee of five dollars and twelve months' dues, either monthly or in a lump sum, should accident or illness incapacitate him for work, the Brotherhood houses and supports such member and his dependents in one of its colonies; and should the member die after such payment, the dependents are cared for as long as they elect to live in the colony, thus furnishing a novel accident and life insurance.

In the ordinary course of affairs, members obtain residence only after the expiration of ten years; but many come in before, being called because the work they can do is specially needed. When once a resident, dues cease, and one is expected to do such work as lies within his or her power.

The Hon. Charles E. Buell, secretary of the United States Special Commission to Puerto Rico, in his pamphlet on "The Industrial Outlook of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands," devotes several pages to a description of the Co-operative Brotherhood and its settlement at Burley. He writes: "With such organized industries to take care of all the surplus labor of our country, the people will be raised to a higher level. Every one can be employed and business will be better and more stable." And again: "It would be a goodly inheritance to leave to a family to have them joined to such an organization, where they would be secure against want. An individual could belong to several separate organizations like the one at Burley, and could proceed from one to another under suitable regulations."

Burley is the first of many settlements, and was placed on Puget Sound to secure free transportation and good land within the means of the members to purchase. A tract of some three hundred acres of alder bottom along Burley Creek, in Kitsap County, was obtained. To this place came persons of all religious beliefs and non-beliefs and of various nationalities. Work was begun in the way of clearing about three years ago. To-day there are twenty acres of land cleared and planted, and thirty acres more partially cleared. The land is paid for within five hundred dollars. A saw-mill, shingle-mill, and wood-turning and broom-handle plant have been bought and paid for. Twenty-five houses have been built, and other buildings, lodging, a coöperative kitchen, dining-room, and laundry have been erected. A weekly paper, *The Coöperator*, is published, and many improvements have been made.

About one hundred and twenty men, women, and children are resident at Burley, all working except the children under fourteen. Here is a village, with no saloon, no sectarian church, no money, and no competitive stores, managed by the people themselves through a board of directors. Here is the beginning of a new civilization, free from the evils of the old, which is to make actual the ideal proposed in Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

In Burley no wages are paid; the tools, the machines, the lands, the improvements, the cattle and horses, and the wealth produced belong to the whole Brotherhood. Each family is allowed a house, not to be alienated while the family remains at Burley. Here is no anxiety about rent, about work for to-morrow, about sickness or old age, or about the fate of the family when the breadwinner dies.

The property is held in trust by a board of twelve trustees, three of whom are elected annually by a vote of the whole membership. The work done is farming and manufacturing lumber, shingles, and cigars. Every one works who is able.

A certain percentage, decided on by the board of directors at each monthly meeting, is set aside from the earnings of the preceding month and divided among the workers *pro rata*,



according to the number of hours they have worked during the month. This is given in the form of credit checks redeemable at the store, dining-room, laundry, or for work needed from other members; any balance remaining is paid in cash, thirty days from date of issuance.

At the store and dining-room, dairy, etc., everything is furnished at cost price; for instance, milk at one and a half cents a quart and meals at five cents.

The members of the Coöperative Brotherhood, undeterred by the alleged sad fate of similar enterprises, are pressing forward with every prospect of success. Their location is a good one, their lives industrious and peaceful; and it is expected soon to have other settlements in various States, which can exchange products with one another—in some places engaged in distribution and in others in production.

The problem of how workers with but small means can own land and machinery, and thus the whole product of their labor, has been solved, for the Coöperative Brotherhood may engage in *any* productive enterprise that commends itself. And this problem is the most important now before the world. Where the worker owns the land on which the factory is built, and the machines that do the work, he is his own master. Strikes will be an impossibility; poverty and its accompaniments, vice and crime, will to a large extent disappear; short hours of work will prevail; time will be given for intellectual improvement, ethical culture, the development of noble character, and the cultivation of the arts.

As these settlements multiply, many will be made happy who are now miserable; they will be lifted out of poverty and will learn to live together as brothers and sisters—which coöperation is unmistakably the all-important factor in social progress. Each settlement will be an object-lesson illustrating the value of coöperation—a training school to prepare for the proper use of the coming social order; and the dreams of reformers will take actual shape as facts, bringing in a new civilization.

W. E. COPELAND.

*Burley, Wash.*

# A CONVERSATION

WITH

GEORGE F. WASHBURN,

*General Manager of the People's Trust of America,*

ON

HOW TO MEET THE TRUST PROBLEM THROUGH  
CO-OPERATION.

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Q. Mr. Washburn, I desire to obtain for our readers your views on coöperation and your ideas of the most feasible plan rapidly and successfully to promote the coöperative movements in the United States. Prof. Frank Parsons on his return from Europe a short time ago expressed his amazement at the gigantic proportions of the coöperative movement in the Old World, especially in Great Britain, Switzerland, and Denmark. He is convinced that coöperation is the most important economic problem before the wealth-creators of America, in that it offers a peaceable solution of conditions that will otherwise result in the virtual slavery of the wealth-creators or in a revolution, while it will also hasten the advent of the Fraternal State. You have also returned from extended tours through the Old World, made largely, I believe, for the purpose of carefully investigating coöperation. Will you tell us what were your impressions and conclusions, based on your observations?

A. I consider the Coöperative principle of industrial effort as the ideal one for all progressive States. Viewing the present system simply as a stage of man's economic and social journey, and hence in comparison with all that has gone before, we may tolerate, as perishable ills, its glaring inequality, its gross injustice, its criminal wastefulness, and its other major and minor



wrongs, and stamp it as a distinct advance over the past. And thus, while devising means to protect ourselves from the monsters of human greed that it has latterly generated, we may press forward, with optimistic heart, to the broader economic plane that lies beyond.

Coöperation, of necessity sporadic in its outcroppings, has been handicapped, always, in its efforts to secure a firm foothold upon the planet. It has had to face, everywhere, the colossal existing order, intrenched by centuries of tradition and usage, and the autocratic element in mankind fostered by it. Supplement these tremendous factors by the mistakes inseparable from the introduction of a new system, and the wonder is, not that Coöperation is not dominant to-day, but that it has the faintest holding-ground anywhere on earth.

And yet, despite these formidable obstacles and the consequent lapsing here and there of isolated ventures, the great cause of Industrial Coöperation has marched on and on, until it has compelled recognition and respect from an unwilling and hostile commercial world. An aggregate annual business to-day exceeding two billions of dollars crystallizes the luminous story into pithy, pointed, incisive figures.

Consider for a moment the immensity of such a business as this! Two thousand million dollars a year! Why, there is no other single trade interest on earth—unless it be such aggregated interests as the greatest trusts and the railroads—that equals it! And all this has sprung from the germ planted by a score of English weavers a little more than fifty years ago! These toil-worn workers “got together” and purchased their food supplies in common, their only means of transportation to the distributing shanty depot being a single wheelbarrow! To-day the shanty has expanded into great commercial warehouses and the wheelbarrow into the largest railroad trains and great ocean steamships. And this whole marvel of concerted effort and accomplishment comes within the compass of less than two generations—the bulk of it wrought within the last decade!

And how has all this been brought about? By the efforts

of the apostles of the new dispensation to eliminate *selfishness* from mankind? No; too wise were they to essay so hopeless a task. On the contrary, they proceeded to utilize this very element—seemingly so incongruous, so adverse—as a potent force in the great cause of industrial emancipation. To transmute the barbaric into the enlightened, and especially in the realm of *self*, seems indeed a giant undertaking. Yet it is being done every day—and increasingly—by coöperative workers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Contrary to what seems to be the usual order of progress, the Old World has made far greater advances in coöperative enterprise than the New. With its older civilization, and its consequent firmer settlement in beaten paths, especially those of material concern, we should naturally have looked to Europe for an impeding conservatism, rather than a radical stimulus, in this field also, which would have allowed the younger and less trammelled America easily to forge ahead. But the reverse of this is the case. Both in Great Britain and on the Continent, industrial (and especially mercantile) co-operation shows a volume and a power astounding to every thinking American made cognizant of the facts.

What is distinctively known on the island of Great Britain (in England, Scotland, and Wales) as the Rochdale System of Coöperation does an aggregate annual business of nearly four hundred million dollars. Its assets amount to more than seventy-five millions of dollars, and its annual dividends to members are over forty-five millions. The heads of two million families are regular members and patrons, making nearly ten million people directly provided for through its agency. The Association owns and conducts three thousand retail stores, the largest two wholesale stores in the world, some of its largest factories, and eight ocean steamships. It maintains commercial agencies in all the great markets and buys more goods than any other concern engaged in general mercantile business on earth. It has reduced the average cost of transporting goods from the producer to the consumer from 33½ per cent. to 6½ per cent. In addition to all this it conducts



great systems of banking, building, fire, life, and accident insurance, education, recreation, and social enjoyment.

In Denmark the 162,000 members, with their families, represent one-quarter of the population, and largely control the chief staples of the country—butter, eggs, and bacon.

Germany shows an aggregate of ten million patrons, and little Switzerland, with its three million population, has no less than 3,400 coöperative societies, one-sixth of all its population being coöperators.

In Belgium, Holland, and Italy, from one-eighth to one-fifth of the entire population are members of coöperative enterprises.

These facts and figures are impressive. They constitute a striking object-lesson in industrial economics. They challenge the progressive thought of the whole world of trade. To the earnest co-workers in the American field they will promote emulation and act as an incentive to greater efforts in this broad realm of endeavor. The domestic situation is as follows:

In Lewiston, Maine, we are now doing over \$600,000 a year. Lawrence shows nearly half a million, Lowell \$200,000. The Western Coöperative Association, although less than a year old, controls almost the entire business of Trenton, Missouri, and now threatens to revolutionize Kansas and other Western States. California has fifty Rochdale coöperative stores, and the aggregate in the country is over three hundred.

This exhibit of our home field, *per se*, is encouraging, but it is not *inspiring*. How to imbue the movement here with the nervous, aggressive spirit of the Republic, so manifest in other lines of effort, is the problem that confronts us.

My own idea is, first, a business union of all live Coöperative mercantile enterprises in each State. Second, the uniting of these several State institutions in a grand National Coöperative Association—this latter to be at first purely *fraternal*, and later, if found feasible, made the business head of the whole.

Third, through this National Association, I would enlist a vigorous, clear-headed propaganda, bringing to bear the illum-

inating power of both tongue and pen in exposition of the co-operative idea. I would appeal to that fundamental instinct in man's nature, the instinct of self-preservation, and show by logical reasoning how vital a part it is made to play in the industrial economics of the time. I would show, further, that this very instinct, of all others, should lead men to sustain the coöperative principle in practise, that they may not become the physical victims of the narrow existing order, with its ever-increasing pressure upon the individual.

Such a crusade as this, led on the part of the *Pen* by the alert and masterful ARENA, and on the part of the *Tongue* by an American *Grounlund*, and emphasized by the logic of events in the shape of a grand object-lesson of *Applied Coöperation* (like that of the Western Coöperative Association, established by Mr. Walter Vrooman), such a crusade might well supply the needed stimulus in this great cause and make it, in the near future, the dominating industrial power of the Western world.

Q. What were your impressions and conclusions during your tour abroad concerning coöperation?

A. In looking over the European coöperative field, I was first of all profoundly impressed by its *extent*. It was impossible for me to account for this—that is, carrying in mind its much smaller proportions in the United States. Had the field been that of Music, of Architecture, or of any other branch of the broad domain of Art, it would have readily explained itself in the maturer age of the communities. But in the material concerns of life, and especially in one of vital moment such as this, to find the Old World also in advance of the New was indeed a revelation. And in spite of national pride the paramount feeling with me was one of rejoicing at the fact of this progress—far greater than I even imagined before going abroad the first time.

Close inspection of the *modus operandi*, however, convinced me that it requires some important modifications to adapt it to our industrial soil. Its conduct would indeed seem plodding to the active, nervous American mind and hand. Given



the strong footing here that coöperation has already gained in Europe, plus the usual Yankee energy, persistency, and fertility of resource, and the volume of trade would promptly show a wonderful advance over even the imposing figures cited above.

This is not said in disparagement. Far from it. Our European brothers are entitled to unmeasured credit and congratulation. Their great achievement in the cause is freighted with the greatest possible encouragement for us, who with this inspiring illustration should bend our best energies to the task—gigantic, indeed—of emancipating industrial America!

Q. You believe, I think, that the age of competition is well-nigh over, and that nothing can stay the triumphant march of combination and coöperation. Will you state what facts lead you to this conclusion?

A. That the age of competition is fast passing away is shown by the radical change in business methods within the last decade. The absorption of small by large concerns has been the central feature of this change, and latterly this process has expanded into the "getting together" of great corporations in the form of "trusts." This has meant the destruction of all competition in many lines of business; and a striking example of such destruction of competition was that of the Standard Oil Company of this country and the oil magnates of the Old World, who, after a protracted struggle for European supremacy, sat down together and complacently established universal dominion by dividing the planet between them! There was surely no "consent of the governed" in that audacious deal!

The passing of Competition and the entrance upon the economic stage of Combination and Coöperation are also plainly foreshadowed by the increasing intensity of the struggle for existence among the medium and small concerns. No less than 92 per cent. of the 12,027 failures in the United States and Canada last year were of concerns with less than \$5,000 capital. It is said that Benjamin Franklin declared to his brother "rebels" of the Revolutionary days, "If we don't hang *together*

we'll surely hang separately!" So, if these concerns (or those of them that escape mutual slaughter) do not *get* and *hang together*, they will surely be *swallowed separately* by the Trust cormorants, ready at any moment to swoop down upon them from the commercial eyrie. In either case it means the death of Competition.

Q. Do you believe America is ripe for coöperative movements?

A. I certainly do, and on a large scale. It is virtually a necessity of the situation. The increasing number and magnitude of trade combinations, where the results go to the few, will compel recourse to coöperative combinations as a popular counterpoise. Under existing conditions I am persuaded that coöperation would rapidly spread even if no special concerted effort was made, but with the aid of great combinations it will grow with astounding rapidity. The spirit is abroad, and co-operation may become epidemic at any time.

Q. Will you outline your plan for coöperative associations?

A. As a substitute for the chaotic struggle in the competitive shambles, I submit the progressive yet *conservative*, the venturesome yet *substantial*, the radical yet *rational*, the brotherly yet *business* system of *Coöperative Combination*.

The one I have adopted and shall employ in the coöperative movement under my direction includes the following four essentials:

First—The Merger Plan;

Second—The Operating Plan;

Third—The Coöperating Plan; and

Fourth—The Distributing Plan.

Under the *Merger Plan* we combine in an arcade, or otherwise, all the stores we can absorb in a locality.

Under the *Operating Plan* we modernize and transform these stores into veritable beehives under the supervision of a staff of mercantile experts.

Under the *Coöperating Plan* we unite the energy and good



will of a mass of patrons and employees mutually to work together for the common good.

Under the *Distributing Plan* we purchase merchandise in large quantities direct from the manufacturer and distribute it along the chain of arcades, at prices that will meet competition and afford a profit to stockholders, patrons, and employees.

And just as we modernize *methods*, so also do we modernize *men*. The world is full of men who can make brilliant successes when directed by *others* but who are positive failures when in business for themselves. Possessing both ability and experience, they need but to be made a part of a great mercantile machine to score achievement in their lines. We identify them with a money-making plan, and they are imbued with courage and zeal by it.

This is proved by the department stores. The men who run them, and *succeed*, were, in the main, former *failures*. These former proprietors will become managers of their departments and joint directors of the combined enterprise. In joint counsel there is wisdom. The friction of mind upon mind sharpens the intellectual faculties of all. Each seeks to excel and is spurred by mental contact to friendly rivalry, energy, and originality of thought and action—arousing an ambition that compels success. Under expert management these men move as one man.

This movement will be a blessing to its *patrons*, because it will supply them with everything used in the household at the lowest market prices, as well as insuring them a share in the profits of the entire business. It will be a blessing to the *stockholders*, because it will afford them a safe and profitable investment in their own locality, where they can watch with interest and pride the development of a new and great trade movement. It will be a blessing to the *dealers* whom we absorb, because it will relieve them from the mental pressure of impending ruin and start them on a successful career, by transferring them from the realm of disaster to that of safety. It will be a blessing to the *employees*, because they will get better pay, a share in the profits, with the hope of reward by promotion for intelli-

gent, faithful service; and because, under wise and skilled management, they will secure a rigid business training, worth more to many of them than a college education.

And now a word in prospective. Judging from the pronounced success of Mr. Walter Vrooman's Western Coöperative Association, in so rapidly acquiring valuable properties and combining them into a general coöperative plan, this phase of the question has already been tested and solved. We *know*, to-day, that merchants are ready to enter the Coöperative field, provided some assurance, or—better—proof of the requisite earning capacity of the new enterprise under the new conditions, can be given.

I believe it will become necessary, as a practical way to meet this and other questions and to show the workings and promote the general cause of Coöperation, to create in the East or West a working model, combining all the advantages of the system—one strictly up-to-date in character and progressive in spirit: in a word, a Twentieth Century success, that men can *see* and then duplicate.

I believe that such an exhibition test will be made in the near future. To my view, based upon my own experience, the best promise of success lies in the Arcade plan of bringing several stores of different lines under one roof. It is both attractive and convenient. As all the stores front upon the central corridor, the lines between them are distinctly drawn, and still they are all rendered readily accessible. It is a far more advantageous grouping than obtains in the average department store as now conducted. By this arrangement, the advertising of one store helps all the rest because the purchaser is likely to visit them all, especially as the group covers all the articles of household need. The business is more compact, centralized, facilitated, economized.

It is my belief, also, that not only will merchants thus combine to *sell*, but that some new plan will be devised, enabling patrons more effectively to combine to *buy*. The existing purchasing associations may well be used as a base for the new departure in the interest of the patrons. The two working to-



gether may constitute the new conditions upon which successful coöperation is to be founded.

However, to give the Coöperative movement in America the impetus and momentum its vital character deserves, it will be necessary for Mr. Vrooman or some one else to demonstrate this important requisite; namely, its ability to compete with existing establishments and yet award its patrons a share of the profits, as an incentive to their practical zeal. This accomplished, with the strong backing that should come from the agencies already named, the Coöperative movement would spread like a prairie fire over all the land.

# SAVED BY A PANTHER.

## A NEW ZEALAND EPISODE.

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BY W. J. COLVILLE.

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During an eventful residence in a lonely section of New Zealand, I was often exposed to dangers and privations comparatively unknown to thickly populated districts. It was during the summer of 1894 that my work as an electrical engineer carried me frequently along the lonely road between the city of Christchurch and the romantic seaport of Lyttleton, where ships arrive from all parts of the world.

I well remember one very dark night close to Christmastide, which is our midsummer. I was traveling along my accustomed route about 11 o'clock when I encountered a pair of ruffians evidently intent on plunder. I had no great amount of money with me, nor was I wearing much jewelry; still it was far from my intention to surrender even the smallest fraction of my possessions without a struggle. But one against two is not an even combat, especially when the attacked individual is unarmed and his opponents are provided with loaded musketry.

I have never seen beforehand how I could escape from the many perils with which I have been frequently surrounded in the course of an eventful and, I may add, tragic career; but escape has always been my portion, and invariably through the instrumentality of some four-footed creature.

On this eventful night I thought that at last my hour had come, and that I, *Felis Cinnamon*, was at length beyond the reach of any rescuing paw. The two desperadoes (for such they certainly were) indulged in the usual cry of "Hands up!" But my hands remained down, and, though the breath of the two burly men was on my cheek and their pistols shone faintly



in the fickle light of the weak, uncertain moon, which seemed striving ineffectually to pierce the dense clouds that overhung the barren moor, I felt no sense of fear. "Even if I *am* shot," thought I, "I am not a malefactor;" and, as my past career seemed to float before my mental vision in a vivid succession of kaleidoscopic tableaux, I heard myself ejaculate spontaneously in a calm, clear voice, "*What next, I wonder?*" These words came through my lips as easily and distinctly as if I were a party to a huge joke, and in no danger whatever from my mock assailants. My sensations in that intensely critical moment I can never fathom. I was serenely self-composed and strangely non-resistant. I would neither yield nor fight, but I stood as one physically paralyzed, though my brain was intensely active.

Suddenly, as I pronounced the talismanic words that sounded in my ears as but the tritest commonplace, a terrific yell sounded over the moor and I beheld two gleaming eyes shining like stars at midnight; and before I had time to think both my assailants were prostrate on the earth, uttering frantic shrieks of pain and terror. A large black panther, closely resembling an enormous cat, had fastened its savage claws into the shoulders of both my assailants. The animal had sprung upon them from behind the moment I had uttered my spontaneous cry, which seemed to have issued from my lips quite mechanically and unreasoningly. Though the furious beast was close beside me I felt no danger from its presence; on the contrary, I experienced a delightful sensation of mingled triumph, confidence, and rest. The panther was my friend and rescuer—that I could feel; but why the terrific animal should work so desperately and effectively in my service I could not imagine.

I continued to stand as one petrified; I was motionless but not cold, still able to think intensely but incapable of the slightest physical movement. I could only watch my animal friend and behold his absolute victory over my relentless persecutors. Both men were stretched bleeding on the earth, their garments torn, their flesh mangled, and the panther was now

sitting astride them looking me full in the face with a strange sardonic expression on its countenance, but evidently with no intention of molesting me. On the contrary, I almost thought I could detect a cynical smile on the face of my strange protector, which was after all only a very large pussy undomesticated.

Standing thus, thinking clearly and observing intently with a quickened faculty of perception, a strange memory of the past returned to me. Why was I named *Felis*? My father had been long a cattle rancher before he met my gifted mother, whom he found alone and desolate and in sore distress in Queensland, for she had been deserted by all her family and left to starve in those awful days in Australia when greed for gold overwhelmed every finer feeling and perverted men ordinarily possessed of wholesome feelings into fiends of avarice. My mother was an ardent lover of animals. In her native England she had from early girlhood been a prominent worker in humane societies, and many were the poor animals she had rescued from suffering and lovingly tended in their hours of pain. My father fell in love on sight with this beautiful woman, and married her immediately they had both reached Brisbane. Their married life was full of happiness, but there was an uncanny element in my mother's nature—at least from the viewpoint of my intensely practical father, who, though a tender-hearted and sincerely religious man, had a rooted objection, inspired chiefly by fear, to all that bordered on the unusual or the magical.

My mother's companion for many years was a magnificent female panther, which lived with her in the Australian bush while my father was often compelled to be away several miles from their humble home attending to the arduous duties of his Station. Whenever my father returned the panther disappeared, but within five minutes of his departure on another journey, no matter how long he had remained at home, the panther returned and kept my mother company—and on one occasion she brought a kitten with her. I was born during the panther episode, and one of my earliest recollections was the sight of my dear mother accompanied by a huge black



cat with which she was evidently on terms of intimate friendship.

Before I was old enough to reason clearly we removed to New Zealand, and prior to our departure I beheld my mother weeping bitterly as she bade farewell to her faithful four-footed comrade. In New Zealand our life was far less lonely than it had been in Australia, and as my father was nearly always at home in our new dwelling my mother expressed no unusual fondness for animals beyond evincing great attachment to all the neighborhood's cats, which seemed drawn to her as needles to a magnet.

My dear mother bade farewell to earth when I was less than seven (I was twenty-three at the time of my wild adventure), and with her dying lips pressed close to mine she said: "Felis, my darling child, your name is your talisman; but wear this token always about your person." Having seen me attach the locket she gave me to the inside of my jacket, she smiled serenely and handed me a letter, saying, "Your dear father will read this to you in due season." Then she expired. We buried her remains in the beautiful country we had learned to love devotedly, and many strange stories were soon told concerning a panther that visited her body's resting-place.

These tales my father utterly discredited, as there were no traces of depredation in the neighborhood, till one morning he and I went together to place fresh flowers on the grassy mound erected in my mother's honor. There we discovered distinct traces of a large animal's four feet, but not a spear of grass had been molested nor had a flower been harmed. Soon after this my father joined the great unseen majority, and I was left an orphan in the charge of kind friends who had almost idolized my singularly attractive mother and to whom my father had greatly endeared himself by continual probity and extreme generosity.

As I stood on the lonely moor watching the blazing eyes of the majestic panther that was still keeping guard over the two prostrate forms, which were by this time utterly subdued and apparently soundly sleeping, I discovered that the

beautiful but ferocious animal was not the only friend to whom I was indebted for my seemingly miraculous deliverance. A handsome young man of impressive bearing suddenly stepped out from behind a clump of trees, and, addressing the panther, said to the vigilant but recumbent animal: "Now, Castor, you have done your duty; let the miscreants recover." The young man then turned gracefully to me and said:

"Those two fellows will sleep on for days in this solitude, and then be led off to lead a nobler life than they have ever dreamed of leading previously; but you, my good sir, must make my acquaintance as well as Castor's, for both myself and my four-footed attendant have had reason to be grateful to your dear mother, without whose kindly care we both should have long ago perished. As you have probably already learned, New Zealand contains a number of young men and women who have been brought up with the animals of the forest, and these know how faithful and compassionate even a panther, if kindly treated, may be found. I was left to starve in infancy, and your mother's favorite panther quickly adopted me. One day she led me to your mother, who soon provided me with a good human nurse and cared for my every want as only a devoted mother could.

"But I know you are being devoured with curiosity concerning the panther that has just rendered so signal a service to the community of these parts, as well as to you and to me personally, by vanquishing two dangerous reprobates who have long been the terror of this neighborhood. Australasia has always highly glorified those animal trainers who through a judicious combination of firmness and gentleness have succeeded in bringing bears into submission till the bruin family has furnished delightful entertainment for theater-goers in all the Australasian cities; but the panther, it is usually supposed, is far more difficult to tame. My own experience has been that all animals can be subdued by *love*, and I am by instinct an animal lover. When I was a tiny child I rescued many a dog and many a cat from cruel treatment and starvation, and



long before I wore trousers I was an assistant to the chief keeper in one of the largest zoological gardens in Europe.

"This panther, to which you owe such deep gratitude, was brought up partly by me but chiefly by its own mother, who was your mother's special pet and the safeguard of her home and person during your father's many enforced absences. You will no doubt wonder why you were so strangely quiet and transfixed with your eyes riveted to the earth while the panther was getting in some of his finest work. I can enlighten you on that matter only by revealing the part I personally played in the transaction. My panther and I are extremely sympathetic; the animal's keen scent has never been beclouded, and when he knows there is need for his ferocity he can be as ferocious as the fiercest of his tribe, but usually he is quite docile, and with me he is as faithful and affectionate as a noble dog.

"I am in a measure clairvoyant; at any rate I have a singularly keen perception of impending danger to my fellow-beings, and it is often my happy province to avert it. When I was resting peacefully in my tent near here among the woods, I felt that there was instant need to arouse my four-footed companion to protect a traveler who was being waylaid. I at once proceeded to awaken my panther, which had been sleeping soundly, or so I thought, just outside my tent a few minutes earlier; but I found he was now becoming restless and snarling ominously. I distinctly saw you in the haze of this midnight and realized the predicament you were in. I know something of hypnotism and still more of practical psychology, which includes the practise of simple mental suggestion; so I said to you, 'Stand still; do not stir; a friend will fight the battle for you.' These words I addressed to your subconsciousness, while your rescuer was bounding to the spot where the ruffians were attacking you.

"My panther's instinct has been developed through years of special training till it is now quite supernormal, and I am convinced he detected in you the son of the woman who was his mother's dearest friend and to whom he was presented by

that mother when he was a mere kitten. I have always known of you, though I and my panther have wandered in many lands and over many seas. We have exhibited together in most of the great capitals of Europe, but we always love to return to our sequestered shelter in this beautiful New Zealand, which all travelers are wont to designate 'the Paradise of the Pacific.'

"I will now, if you are willing, introduce you to our home; but first I wish to assure you that the two wicked men who threatened to rob and possibly murder you have not been killed but only thoroughly scared, and, what is more, they are even at this moment awaiting in a state of stupefaction the arrival of messengers from a good reformatory, who will take them in charge and seek by all possible means at present known to science to convert them to industry and sobriety."

While my new-found friend had been speaking I had been strangely conscious of some mystic tie between us; so that, when, on entering his humble but comfortable cabin in the woods, I saw a large oil painting of my mother, with a fine panther at her feet, covering one whole side of the wall, I was scarcely astonished. "Ah," said he, when I importuned him for fuller information, "a real kindness, which truly blesses a recipient, is never really forgotten. Animals are grateful, and so are men, but there is much mistaken kindness in the world and we reap heartrending ingratitude therefrom; at least such has been my experience, and such is the teaching of the fraternity to which I belong. Now, come and see your preserver."

Outside the cabin, in the thickest of the wood, reclined the great black cat to which, humanly speaking, I owed my life at that instant. My new friend stroked the animal, patted and caressed it, and then introduced the great sleek creature to me just as I introduce a favorite dog to a new acquaintance. It may have been but my imagination heightened by the nerve-straining experience I had so lately undergone, but it surely seemed to me that the panther smiled lovingly and compassionately and looked straight into my eyes, as if, had he been



the possessor of a human tongue, he would have said, "I know you, and I love you for your mother's sake, and am glad to have been privileged to serve you."

To whatever my fancies may be attributed, I know that the adventure of that dark night in New Zealand will never escape my memory; and now that several years have sped their eventful course, and I am the occupant of what the world is pleased to denominate high station, I devote a portion of my wealth and influence toward making bipeds and quadrupeds understand each other better.

I have seen my human friend many times since the night of my weird adventure, and once again have I beheld the panther that knew me and caressed me after fully four years of absence. I have also often seen the two men who threatened to destroy me, and they are now peaceful, sober, industrious citizens at work on my estate—the shock administered by the panther and the subsequent good influences of the reformatory having completely remodeled them. This narrative is my answer to the oft-repeated query addressed to me by my many friends: "Why do you wear a locket containing panther's hair, and why is your crest and coat-of-arms a panther couchant under the words, 'I rescue, I reform, I save'?"

Strange though this story may appear, I can vouch for its literal accuracy; and I may further add that since the date of my providential rescue I have traced completely the history of my rescuer and have proved that the hair in the locket given me by my mother on her deathbed was that of her favorite panther mingled with a small portion of hair taken from the little cub who in the days of his maturity rendered the valuable service to myself and many others which it has always been my intent to chronicle. As years pass on and my researches into Nature's mysteries grow increasingly profound, my love for all sentient life increases; and in my romantic country home, which I have boldly named "Panther's Lair," students of natural science love to congregate to watch our friends in fur setting their human neighbors many lessons in fidelity.

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

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## PROMOTERS OF ANARCHY AND SOCIAL DISORDER.

"But the time for reckoning at length had arrived; slowly the hand had crawled along the dial plate—slowly as if the event would never come; and wrong was heaped on wrong, and oppression cried and it seemed as if no ear heard its voice, till the measure of the circle was at length fulfilled—the finger touched the hour, and, as the stroke of the great hammer rang out above the nation, in an instant the great fabric of iniquity was shivered into ruins."

In these striking and picturesque words the historian Froude describes the downfall of Wolsey, which came as the culmination of a long period of relentless oppression of the people and of grave infractions of the principles of justice and human rights, carried forward with reckless daring and at the expense of frightful suffering of the poor, in order that his royal master's wishes and whims might be gratified and his own position rendered secure. But the description is none the less true of the ultimate result of similar infractions of the underlying laws of justice and the principles of right and equity in any nation where there is a modicum of intelligence and where the vision of democracy has entered the social organism.

Leaving the Tudor reign and passing to that of the Stuarts, no student of history can fail to be impressed with the fact that the prostitution of justice at the hands of the judiciary, under the direction of King Charles I., more than any other one cause rendered the forcible revolution of the seventeenth century inevitable. So long as the judges remained the faithful servants of justice rather than its perverters, there was no danger of social anarchy or bloodshed; for the rank and file of all peoples, and especially of the Anglo-Saxon people, are conservative. They bear very much; they sleep over-long; but though they may apparently submit to injustice and moral



crimes from many sources, which bear down upon them in various and onerous ways, at length the hour comes when some one last act proves the spark in the social magazine, and the wronged ones, from mine and field, from factory and shop, arise as a mighty giant that throws off a spell and breaks all bonds. And then the betrayers of right, justice, and human progress behold with dismay that all the wrongs and usurpations which they had fondly imagined were forgotten have merely smoldered in the brain and heart of the people.

So long as there is general confidence in the judiciary, so long as the people believe that the poor man and the friendless will receive the same just consideration as the millionaire, and that the judiciary cannot and will not be influenced to swerve from justice in the case under advisement through prejudice, or personal or partizan considerations, there is no danger of a revolution of force. But let the people once see and feel that the judiciary is prejudiced, corrupt, or the tool of classes or parties, and all certainty of peaceful progress disappears. Hence, every moral wrong committed by a member of the judiciary, every usurpation of power not clearly within the rightful province of his office, every imitation of Star Chamber methods, every encroachment on the constitutional rights of free citizens in the interest of over-rich and arrogant trusts, corporations, or monopolies, sows the dragon teeth of social disorder and promotes anarchy a thousand-fold more than the loud mouthings of unbalanced brains who preach assassination and revolution other than by peaceful and constitutional methods.

I think it is quite safe to say that there are hundreds of thousands of intelligent American citizens to-day who believe that the judges who a few years ago issued injunctions against strikers in the vicinity of Hazelton and Latimer, Pennsylvania, peacefully marching along the highways and holding public meetings under the rights guaranteed by our Constitution, were directly responsible in the eyes of the higher law for the wanton slaughter of American citizens—the slaughter of innocent toilers who had committed no crime—at that time. And the conviction of this and similar great wrongs in flagrant abuse of the injunction power has done more to endanger social stability, by destroying the old-time reverence and confidence in the judiciary, than anything that has transpired within the last quarter of a century.

The exercise of the injunction power at the dictation of corporations that are in many instances outlawed by Federal

statutes has steadily grown during recent years, until a feeling is forcing itself upon the conviction of the nation that the temple of justice is becoming the armory and arsenal of lawless greed. It is safe to say, however, that no overt act of members of the bench has so aroused not only the toiling millions but the more thoroughly patriotic and thoughtful of our citizens, or has so alarmed all thinkers whose love of peace is second only to their passion for justice, as the recent injunctions of Justices Jackson and Kellar. The injunction of the former, coupled as it was with intemperate abuse and unjust language, was well calculated to startle the people; but the injunction of Justice Kellar was so revolutionary as to be almost incredible.

It will be difficult, I think, to imagine anything better calculated to exasperate and goad the strikers to overt acts of violence than this amazing injunction in the interests of the unlawful coal trust that has during the last summer plundered the American people out of millions of dollars while insolently refusing to arbitrate. This injunction called forth many noble protests from lovers of justice and peace, one of the clearest, strongest, and most fundamentally sound of which was the following open letter to the West Virginia judges from the eminent New York lawyer, Mr. Bolton Hall—who, it will be remembered, is the son of the late Rev. John Hall, D.D., was reared in affluence, enjoyed the best educational advantages, and mingled from earliest youth with the most exclusive social set of New York City. His inherent passion for justice and his love for his fellow-men, however, led him unhesitatingly to accept and defend the social philosophy of Henry George so soon as he became convinced that Mr. George's position was just and right. In his open letter, which first appeared in the *New York Journal*, Mr. Hall says:

"The injunction issued by Judge Kellar, of West Virginia, prohibiting the establishment of camps for men on strike, and following that of Judge Jackson, will no doubt call forth a storm of condemnation, as it should. But even though the storm should lead to a revocation or modification of the injunction, or even the impeachment of the Judge, the issue which he has so sharply put will still remain to be settled.

"Shall the people or the judiciary rule the United States?

"Since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the subsequent assumption by the Supreme Court of the power to pass upon the legality of acts of Congress (for which there is no warrant either in the Constitution or in the statutes), the judiciary, and especially the Federal judiciary, has been encroaching steadily upon the rights of the people.

"The first step was the assumption of the power to nullify laws passed



by representatives of the people. The second step was the revival of the English procedure of issuing injunctions against crimes, which had been abandoned by the English courts because their effect was to abolish the right of jury trial. Hitherto these injunctions have been issued chiefly against offenses recognized by statute and by the people as opposed to the peace of the community, and therefore did not arouse general alarm. The people were fooled by the cry of 'law and order,' and did not see that the power assumed by the judges was the worst kind of illegality and disorder. The third step has now been positively begun by Judge Kellar.

"Injunctions have of late cunningly blended the prohibition of statute crimes with the creation of new ones. Judge Kellar has boldly crossed the border line and cast aside the pretense of enforcing existing laws. He has made a law, and proposes to execute it, and to punish any one who disobeys *his* laws. This is the real question at issue.

"Government by injunction will continue to menace the freedom of the people until they take away from the courts the power of passing upon the validity of laws, as well as the power of punishing as contempt of court, without jury trial, acts committed outside of the court-room. The people have slumbered, and gradually the danger which Jefferson foresaw has assumed most threatening proportions. What is to be done?

"The first step is to meet the threat of punishment for contempt by absolute contempt for the judge and his unlawful decree. Let the miners pay no attention whatever to the injunction, but continue lawfully to maintain their supply camp. To let the judge fill the jails with victims of his unlawful acts will be the surest way to draw attention to the dangers of judicial usurpation. I will be glad to join with any public-spirited citizens in defying this injunction by contributing toward the supply camps.

"The next step is for labor unions to enter politics and elect men to Legislatures and Congress who will curb the powers of the judges and make them the servants instead of the masters of the people.

"The third step is to destroy the motive for the issuance of injunctions in labor troubles by abolishing the cause of strikes—the difficulty of obtaining employment. For this I know of nothing save the Single Tax on land values proposed by Henry George. The present injunction and those issued by Judge Jackson have been issued at the instance of coal operators, who claim ownership of the bounties of Nature. A tax on the value of coal lands which would make it unprofitable to hold them out of use would force so much mining land into use that the demand for miners would raise wages without need for strikes. Only by settling these questions on fundamental principles can they be settled to stay."

The abuse of the power of injunction is one of the gravest perils of the hour. It is destroying the respect of thinking people for the judiciary. It is bringing our courts into public

contempt. It is giving to lawless trusts, which are openly and brazenly breaking criminal statutes, a sense of security that emboldens them to sneer at public opinion, to refuse to arbitrate, and to levy extortionate exactions on the consuming millions. Why should these predatory bands arbitrate if they can find Federal judges willing and ready to enjoin the strikers from peaceably assembling for public discussion, or others from supplying them with food and in other ways giving them aid and comfort, and while they can make America's millions pay the cost of the strike by increasing the price of life's necessities?

The selection in three successive Administrations of corporation, trust, and railroad attorneys to prosecute the violators of the Interstate Commerce Act and the Anti-Trust laws, and the abuse of the power of injunction in the interest of lawless and over-rich monopolies, are more calculated to undermine the confidence of the people in the integrity of government and the security of their rights in the courts than aught else; and such phenomena necessarily promote dangerous social unrest.

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### PRESERVING FREE GOVERNMENT THROUGH MAJORITY RULE.

The aggressive campaign now being waged for the immediate success of majority rule in municipal, State, and national government, through non-partizan action, is incomparably the most vitally important political movement in the New World.

There is nothing new or revolutionary in the principle embraced in the demand for majority rule. Indeed, it is merely the practical adjustment of government under the republican ideal to the imperative demands of present conditions. No man who believes in the fundamental principles that differentiate democracy from monarchy or imperialism can consistently oppose the reasonable demand to give the people who elect their representatives the right of vetoing important measures that do not reflect the wishes or desires of electors, or the right to demand important legislation when, at the instigation of interested classes, the lawmakers fail to carry out the wishes of the people or properly to safeguard the interests of the masses from the rapacity of the few. And this is all that the program of the National Non-Partizan Federation for Ma-



majority Rule demands. What is unique in the present campaign is that by the method of procedure proposed, and known as the Winnetka System, the people may immediately enjoy the benefits of direct legislation or majority rule.

The following outline of the history and characteristics of the Winnetka System, written by Mr. George H. Shibley, will give our readers a clear idea of the method of procedure by which the Non-Partizan Federation, reenforced by the American Federation of Labor and the National Direct Legislation League, propose to push to early victory the program for majority rule throughout the nation:

"In Illinois the monopolists have prevented the voters in cities from deciding for themselves the questions pertaining to city monopolies, *and thereby have kept in the few men in the city council the power to give away the city monopolies.* Some years ago in Winnetka, Ill., a village of 1,800 people, situated sixteen miles north of Chicago, on the Northwestern Railway, the village board of trustees was about to give to a private corporation a forty-year franchise for supplying gas. At that time the citizens were holding each month a public meeting for the discussion of public questions—'Town Meetings' is the name they apply to these gatherings. While the pending forty-year franchise was being considered by the Elected Rulers (the few men who composed the Board of Trustees), the time came round for the 'town meeting,' and, very naturally, the question which came up for discussion was the proposed franchise of gas. It clearly appeared that the voters did not legally possess the power to veto the contracts negotiated by their agents (the village trustees). The unbusinesslike character of the situation appealed so forcibly to the citizens who were present that a resolution was framed asking that the trustees of the village submit the proposed contract to their principals, the voters. Then, when the evening came round at which the Village Board were to pass the ordinance, the leading citizens turned out *en masse*, and one of them, Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, secured the floor and talked for two hours. *He urged that the question be referred to the voters.* Finally the Board voted to do so. The Referendum Election was held, and the result was only 4 votes for the franchise and 180 against it.

"This settled the proposed franchise. And it did much more. *The experience taught the voters their power.* At the next primary election for the nomination of Trustees, the voters mutually agreed that only those men should be nominated who would stand up and pledge that, if elected, they would refer to the voters all important measures. The nominees thus pledged were elected, and they fulfilled their agreement. Each year the same procedure has been observed, and each year the Trustees have lived up to their agreement. To have broken their pledges and have attempted to give away an important franchise without consulting the voters might have cost them their lives.

"The essential principle of the Winnetka plan, namely, the pledging of candidates to enact into law the will of the voters when expressed by a direct ballot, has been applied elsewhere, and repeatedly. *The system is a simple and efficient method wherewith to instruct the people's representatives.* In a few places an additional step has been taken, as in Winnetka, that *all* important measures shall be referred to a direct ballot. Such is the case in Buckley, Washington. In Alameda, California, there is an ordinance for the Initiative. In Buckley the nominees for the city council are pledged, also, to the Initiative."

The importance and necessity of bringing the government back into the hands of the people, or, in other words, of making it again a republican government instead of a government dominated by trusts and monopolies, is steadily forcing itself on the conviction of sincere, thoughtful, and patriotic citizens in every walk of life; and now a plan is offered for the immediate realization of this vitally important demand.

The rise and rapid progress of the movement are largely due to the efficient labor of Mr. George H. Shibley, of Washington, aided by the outspoken demands of the American Federation of Labor, representing a million and a half of voters. Mr. Shibley is the chairman of the National Federation for Majority Rule, and in January, after the American Federation had indorsed the Winnetka System, he wrote a pamphlet entitled "Majority Rule in Combination with Representative Government in City, State, and Nation," which filled eighty pages and is one of the clearest and best brochures that have appeared on Direct Legislation. This treatise has been supplemented by another pamphlet entitled "History of the Winnetka System from January to June, 1902." The latter pamphlet contains much encouraging news of the progress of the movement.

The States of Kansas and Missouri have taken the lead, but various other commonwealths, from Connecticut to Texas, are moving forward. Missouri is perhaps the best organized State. Here a joint committee on Direct Legislation, composed of the legislative committee of the Missouri State Federation of Labor, is interrogating every Congressman as well as every legislative candidate. The State Federation of Labor is committed to only such candidates as pledge themselves to immediate action favorable to Direct Legislation. In Missouri this Federation of Labor is being ably seconded by the Direct Legislation League of Missouri. Other States are falling into line rapidly, and from the present outlook a very substantial beginning in the educational agitation that will go forward to



victory will be made in the autumn elections; while it is highly probable that several legislatures will be controlled by men pledged to majority rule.

The more one studies this subject the more he will be impressed with the overshadowing importance of the work. To Switzerland belongs the glory of practically solving the great problem of preserving a pure democracy in the presence of changed conditions and subtle forces essentially antagonistic to the spirit of republicanism. The result of the introduction of majority rule in combination with representative government in Switzerland has proved highly successful. On this point the following words of so careful, conscientious, and authoritative a thinker as Professor Frank Parsons will be of interest. When in Europe last winter Professor Parsons spent some time in the Alpine republic, studying their democratic innovations, and on his return he wrote as follows:

"In Switzerland, where the Referendum and Initiative have been so many years in use, the people are now substantially a unit in their favor. They have proved so useful in checking corruption and controlling monopoly, so wisely conservative and intelligently progressive, that even those who strongly opposed the Referendum before its adoption are now convinced of its value.

"I was recently in Switzerland for several weeks, visiting nearly all the most important cities and talking with men of every class—heads of government departments, presidents of cities, college professors, hotel proprietors, secretaries of chambers of commerce, lawyers, doctors, editors, business men and workingmen of every description—and *I did not find one man who wishes to go back to the old plan of final legislation by elected delegates without chance of appeal to the people.* I talked with men whose pet ideas had been turned down by the Referendum, and with men who were strongly opposed to important measures adopted by the people, the nationalization of the railways, for example, but they were all convinced that on the whole the Referendum was a good thing—the people made some mistakes, they thought, *but they did far better than a legislature acting free of the popular veto.* There are no lobbies, no jobs, no machine legislation; everything is fair and honest and even the legislators like it, because it gives them a life tenure practically (since the people frequently reelect the legislators at the same time that they veto some of their acts), and, more important still, it lifts the representatives into a purer atmosphere, adds to their dignity, increases the popular appreciation of their services, and frees them from the suspicions that attach to them under the lobby-ridden system of unguarded representation or government by an elective aristocracy having power by first vote to make laws the people do not want. Nothing could be clearer or more vigorous than the testimony of the Swiss people in favor of the Referendum."

The victory for the majority-rule program means the splendid triumph of democracy at a moment when the gravest dangers threaten our Republic. In the great struggle that is to-day going on no student of history can fail to see a battle for and against the very essence and spirit of republicanism. On this point it is interesting to call to mind the words of John B. Clark, LL. D., professor of economics in Columbia University. "Are we," says this eminent and authoritative thinker, "to have the Referendum in America? If what we mean by that word is the power to control legislation, the question is equivalent to asking whether we are to have democracy in America. . . . The real issue is whether we shall do our self-governing in an awkward and imperfect manner, which invites corruption, or in a direct and efficient way, which tends to suppress corruption."

In the presence of this practical program for majority rule no reader of THE ARENA should remain indifferent. It is a struggle quite as momentous and fraught with as much of glory or of gloom for humanity as was the great revolutionary struggle to which our fathers consecrated their substance and their lives. Its victory will again place our loved Republic in the van of the world's great moral powers—a leader, guide, and inspiration for Freedom's hosts; for the heart of the people is sound. Their love of liberty, of justice, of equity, is as strong as it was in '76. All that is needed are the ways and means for registering its will and asserting its desire, and this will be secured by the victory of the program for majority rule in combination with representative government.

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#### AN OBJECT-LESSON IN MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

The wanton waste of the people's wealth, as seen in the giving away of immensely valuable franchises to corporations by legislatures and municipal bodies, must be evident to every thoughtful person not blinded by the shallow sophistry of the special pleaders for corporations, if he takes the trouble to acquaint himself with the princely dividends paid and the enormous salaries earned by leading officials of street-railway companies, gas, electric-light, and other corporations operating public or quasi-public utilities for private gain. True,



through watered stocks and other devices to cover up the enormous earnings on money invested, the reports frequently fail to convey to the superficial investigator an idea of the actual amount gained from the people; while they enable editors of great newspapers, whose stockholders are also stockholders in the above corporations, to argue speciously against the people taking their own and enjoying in reduced taxes or increased municipal benefits the millions now being diverted into the pockets of the few. The street-railway company of Boston affords a typical illustration.

The report of the company operating these lines during the last year shows a net earning of \$3,456,395. This amount, it will be remembered, was over and above the princely salaries paid to the able manager and all other officials and employees. Under municipal ownership this vast sum would have gone into the city treasury and reduced taxes or contributed toward enriching the whole community, through schools, parks, and other municipal advantages that are for the benefit of all. Under present private ownership the great bulk of these millions goes to a few enormously wealthy New York capitalists.

In contrast with this the recent report of the town of Santa Clara, California, affords a striking illustration of the benefit of municipal ownership. The town has a population of 3,650 persons. Its tax rate is only \$3.50 on the thousand dollars. Last year the receipts from taxes were a little less than \$5,000, and those from licenses were \$1,600, or about \$6,600 in all. Yet the town expended \$10,850 and has to its credit \$3,100 as a result of the last year. That is to say, the expenses and the balance are \$7,350 more than the receipts from taxes and licenses. This amount was earned by the public utilities of the town operated by the municipality. Under the old way of letting a few people enjoy these profits accruing from the great natural monopolies, the taxes would have been almost double what they are.

If the natural monopolies were operated by the people, the almost fabulous revenues from these public utilities would go very far toward meeting all the legitimate expenditures of government; while the baleful influence of the great private corporations that to-day so largely corrupt legislatures and control public opinion-forming agencies would be largely removed.

## THE PEOPLE'S TRUST: A PROMISING CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

Our "Conversation" this month deals with the subject of co-operation in the New World. The day after giving this "Conversation" Mr. Washburn received a telegram urging him to take the general management of the flourishing coöperative associations established by Mr. Walter Vrooman and his associates in Missouri and Kansas. Mr. Washburn left immediately, and after careful examination of the field accepted the position, arrangements being made that will enable him to give half his time to pushing coöperative work in the East, while the remainder will be spent in supervising the Western work.

The People's Trust, as the new coöperative association is termed, differs in several respects from the Rochdale Coöperative Associations. The latter possess some points of superiority over the new American associations, but in other ways we think the movement of which Mr. Washburn is the new business head is superior to the English system, notably in the appropriation of twenty-five per cent. of the profits for educational purposes. In the more compact centralized business arrangements also there appears an element of strength that will better enable the new movement successfully to grapple with the powerful egoistic trusts than would be possible under the Rochdale system. On his return from the West, Mr. Washburn gave out the following interesting summary of the situation in the Mississippi Valley, together with something of the purpose of the work in which he is engaged:

"I found the stores identified with the Western coöperative association in a most healthy, progressive condition. The coöperative movement of that section threatens to revolutionize the business of Kansas, Nebraska, and Missouri in the near future. It is surprising what a tremendous hold the movement has already taken upon the people.

"To simplify the situation, we decided to unify the movements, and so merge the coöperative movement of the East with the three great coöperative associations of the West, under the name of the People's Trust of America. This will be the parent organization, which will extend the work and establish stores throughout the Union.

"We establish stores in localities where the coöperative sentiment is strong enough to sustain them, and then increase the investment as the patronage may warrant. We also arrange with dealers, by contract, to retain their equity and place their stores under our general supervision, while remaining under their own immediate management and on a stipulated salary, we to guarantee results and share in the profits. We



also purpose to bring affiliating movements under our general management.

"We have these departments to our movement: Mercantile, manufacturing, banking, publishing, and college. All these departments are under the general management of the parent organization. In our publishing department we have an official organ of considerable influence and circulation, called the *Multitude*.

"The stores are under the management of an expert staff, each store being distinctive in its operation from the other stores. There is thus a strong incentive to local effort, as one-half of the dividends go back to the purchasing members in each locality, one-quarter to the support of Ruskin College, and the remaining fourth to the general management for the extension of the work. This is a fascinating arrangement, and yet it is based on scientific business principles.

"I already have twenty stores, two factories, a bank, and a trust company under my management.

"We have professional buyers in the market at important centers, watching for opportunities to buy goods in quantities, which are shipped to our wholesale house and thence distributed to our chain of stores, thus enabling each store to meet the sharpest competition, and afford a profit in the shape of dividends."

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.\*

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SONGS OF THE PEOPLE. By J. A. Edgerton. Cloth, 220 pp. Denver: The Reed Publishing Company.

The poet of the people is one of the most effective ministers of progress. Historians rarely take note of his work; nor is his far-reaching influence recognized by conventional critics, who affect a contempt for singers whose imagination soars not on eagle wings of genius or whose phrasing sometimes lacks the deft touch of the schoolman. And yet the people's poet, singing the high hopes, aspirations, and dreams of justice, freedom, and fraternity into the brain of the masses changes the thought-world of millions of people, calling into life high, fine ideals that henceforth become life-molding influences and in a real though subtle way exalt the race and further true civilization.

Burns has done more for human amelioration and enduring progress by his songs of the common life than any score of popular dilettante poets who have basked in the favor of conventionalism since his day. The songs of Burns became an inspiration to Mackay and Massey, and these in turn, no less than Burns, kindled the ethical fires in the poet-soul of our own James G. Clark and other popular singers of our age and tongue; while all the time the ethical lyrics of the simple singers of the common life are filling the narrow and prosaic thought-world of the millions with high dreams of a nobler life and a truer order to which all that is best in civilization is tending.

Among the youngest and sweetest of our simple singers of the common lot is James A. Edgerton, of the editorial staff of the *Rocky Mountain Daily News*. Mr. Edgerton is a true apostle of progress, a man of high ideals and noble impulses; and, what is more, he is true to his convictions, ever striving to help the people into a broader, freer, and more joyous day. Few singers of ethical and progressive lays have had their verses so widely quoted in recent years as Mr. Edgerton; and his numerous admirers will learn with pleasure that his most popular poems have just appeared in a neat cloth-bound volume, under the title of "Songs of the People."

The volume contains many charming reminiscent poems and some very beautiful lays of affection; but for our readers the ethical verses will hold special interest. In the following stanzas, entitled "The Poet," we have one of the best representative poems of the book:

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\*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.



Thrilled by the immemorial mystery,  
He stands upon the borderland of life  
And hears the voices of another world.  
The things of time, the earth, the works of man,  
To him are shadows, fading with the years;  
While beauty, love, and truth before him gleam,  
Unchanging—the eternal verities.

He suffers with a poignancy of pain  
The world cannot conceive nor understand;  
There is a strange commotion in his heart—  
The battles of the spirit and the flesh,  
The devil and the Christ; and in his soul  
There is the burning of a quenchless fire,  
That heats and stirs and will not let him rest.  
His mind, like an Æolian harp, is tuned  
To all the harmonies, and he responds  
To every thought-wave of the unseen world;  
He is *en rapport* with the racial soul;  
He feels the discords, inequalities;  
He knows the hopes and heartaches of his kind;  
And he has joys that seem like agonies,  
And agonies that have a touch of joy.

He senses things for which he has no name;  
He feels a life that stirs within the rocks,  
A consciousness in blossoms and in trees,  
An embryo divinity in birds,  
A glimpse of reason gleaming through the brutes.  
He knows the soul of Nature, leans his ear  
Unto her lips as to an oracle;  
He is at home within the solitudes,  
Across the bloomy meadows, by the streams,  
Within the forests, or along the sea;  
He learns the silent language of the stars  
And kneels at worship on the mountain tops.

He has a faith as wide as humankind;  
Sees good in all religions and all men.  
A stranger unto dogmas and to creeds,  
He looks for God in Nature and in art  
And finds him in the temple of his soul.  
As primitive and pagan as the sun,  
He feels his kinship unto all that is;  
He knows the oneness of the universe.  
He fancies in a vague, subconscious way  
That he has lived in some forgotten past;  
He thrills to know that he will live again,  
That life is endless—backward and beyond.

He loves—and all the secret of his power  
Is bound up in that single truth—he loves.  
He loves the sunlight shining in the fields;  
He loves the trees, the blossoms, and the brooks;  
He loves the birds, and oft, at early dawn,  
When he has heard a robin's song, has thrilled,  
As at the touch of some old master's hand;  
He loves humanity, and he has felt  
The passion and the fire of liberty;

And he loves women; they for him have oped  
 The gates that lead to heaven and to hell.  
 They are his inspiration and his dream;  
 For while his soul holds gleams of paradise  
 His heart still clings to passions of the earth.

He sings—but what he sings to what he feels  
 Is as the breaking wave unto the sea.  
 Within his mind are epics; from his pen  
 Flow songs that seem inadequate and lame;  
 And so he journeys down the ways of life,  
 Poor, discontented, haunted by his dreams,  
 Yet stirred perhaps by nobler happiness  
 Than all the petty souls that drudge for gold;  
 For he is touched by that divinity  
 Which makes the light and music of the world.

Nothing is more needed to-day than a moral awakening. A profound ethical stupor has crept over the soul of the nation, very similar to that which prevailed in England during the ascendancy of Horace Walpole, but which was broken up when the Wesleys and Whitfield fired the conscience of the poor and startled the Church from her shameful lethargy, and when Pitt and other great statesmen who had been sneered at by Walpole as "the boys" aroused the moral sense of thinking Englishmen.

To-day college, pulpit, and press are as a rule silent in the presence of the shameful, unjust, and dangerous aggressions of lawless trusts and great monetary combinations, and equally silent in regard to—when, indeed, they do not apologize for—sickening deeds of inhumanity and savagery committed by uniformed officers of the United States Army who have without exception escaped punishment, though it has been proved that they laid waste fertile lands, that they commanded the slaughter of all over ten years of age, and that they resorted to hideous torture that was a legacy of the Spanish Inquisition. And these great molders of public opinion are likewise silent, when not publicly upholding Governor Taft and the Administration in making it a crime to publish or circulate the Declaration of Independence throughout a vast territory over which floats the flag that up to the dawn of this century represented the Declaration of Independence and all that it stood for.

The Republic is under the spell of gold-madness and lust for dominion, and what is most needed are such trumpet calls to conscience as will arrest public attention and compel people to think, and a persistent agitation looking toward stirring the noblest impulses of life—such agitation as shall make the people see and feel that unless we are just, unless we foster freedom, unless we fearlessly curb the criminal aggression of lawless wealth as promptly as we visit punishment upon offending poverty, unless we strive to express the spirit of the Golden Rule in public and social life, we are building on the sands as did Babylon and Rome in the olden time.

One of the great merits of Mr. Edgerton's verse lies in the high moral tone that pervades his rhymes and in his direct appeal to the con-



science of the reader. He strikes no false note; he is not blinded by the glamour of an imperialistic dream of wealth and power obtained by the slaughter of those whose only crime is fighting for their native land and by making fruitful lands a howling wilderness; nor is he deceived by sonorous words and meaningless platitudes, in which sound is substituted for sense, while the basic principles of freedom are being betrayed and precedents established that pave the way for imperialism at home as well as abroad. In the following stanzas, from three poems entitled "The Penalty," "The Law," and "The Gods of To-day," he utters words of warning that, as surely as a moral order prevails throughout the universe, are words of truth and wisdom:

We are mad—grown mad in the race for gold.  
 We are drunk on the wine of gain;  
 The truths our fathers proclaimed of old  
 We spurn with a high disdain.  
 But while the conqueror's race we run,  
 Our rulers should not forget  
 That the God who reigned over Babylon  
 Is the God who is reigning yet.

Would we tread in the paths of tyranny,  
 Nor reckon the tyrant's cost?  
 Who taketh another's liberty,  
 His freedom hath also lost.  
 Would we win as the strong have ever won,  
 Make ready to pay the debt.  
 For the God who reigned over Babylon  
 Is the God who is reigning yet.

The ruins of dynasties passed away  
 In eloquent silence lie;  
 And the despot's fate is the same to-day  
 That it was in the days gone by.  
 Against all wrong and injustice done  
 A rigid account is set,  
 For the God who reigned over Babylon  
 Is the God who is reigning yet.

The laws of right are eternal laws,  
 The judgments of truth are true;  
 My greed-blind masters, I bid you pause  
 And look on the work you do.  
 You bind with shackles your fellow-man,  
 Your hands with his blood are wet,  
 And the God who reigned over Babylon  
 Is the God who is reigning yet.

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'Tis a truth as old as the soul of things—  
 Whatever ye sow, ye reap.  
 'Tis the cosmic law that forever springs  
 From the unimagined deep.  
 'Tis shown in the manifold sorrowings  
 Of the race; in remorse with its secret stings;  
 That he, who grief to his brother brings,  
 In his turn some day shall weep.

To the man who hears his victim's cries  
 And hardens his heart at the sound,  
 At last a Nemesis dread shall arise  
 From out of the void profound.  
 Who sows in selfishness, greed, and hate  
 Shall gain his deserts in the years that wait,  
 For the slow and remorseless wheel of Fate  
 Forever turns 'round and 'round.

If ye give out mercy and love and light,  
 The same shall return to you;  
 For the standards of right are infinite  
 And the scales of the gods are true.  
 By its good or evil each life is weighed;  
 In motives and deeds is its record made;  
 In the coin ye pay ye shall be repaid,  
 When your wages at last fall due.

Majestic, sublime, 'round the great wheel of Time,  
 The earth through the ages rolls on;  
 From shadow to light, from the star-sprinkled night  
 To the gold and the roses of dawn;  
 But the hordes of mankind to the spectacle blind,  
 With faces bowed down in the dust,  
 Creep on to their graves as the manacled slaves  
 Of their selfishness, hatred, and lust.  
 They turn from the dream of the glories that gleam  
 In the deific light of the stars,  
 And cease to aspire, as they kneel in the mire  
 At the altars of Mammon and Mars.

'Twas Liberty's morn when our country was born,  
 The dawn of the era of right.  
 We're straying away from the light of that day  
 To the gloom of the old feudal night.  
 Our fathers began at the freedom of man,  
 But we have forgotten it all.  
 We seek our recourse in the doctrine of force,  
 The gospel of powder and ball.  
 In newly-born pride we are pushing aside  
 The Christ with his wounds and his scars.  
 We turn from the cross to the worship of dross  
 At the altars of Mammon and Mars.

Space forbids our quoting further from this noble little volume of "Songs for the People;" but we heartily wish that it may have a wide circulation in the homes of the toilers, where its simple and heartfelt lays will sing eternal truths into the brain and give shape to noble thoughts and resolutions.

AMERICAN COMMUNITIES. By William Alfred Hinds, Ph.B.  
 Illustrated, cloth, 434 pp. Price, \$1. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr  
 & Company.

This is a well-written and exceedingly valuable book giving a concise history of all the important communistic and semi-communistic



societies of the United States, from Colonial days down to the present. The work will prove interesting to students of social problems, although we could have wished that the author had accompanied his excellent historical and descriptive work with a philosophic survey of the subject, showing how the numerous communal experiments illustrate the widespread and deep heart-hunger of our age for a Fraternal State, and also the major causes that render failure inevitable to isolated movements in a time when the solidarity of the race was being emphasized as never before, when they were not held together by some strong common bond, as for example a common religious faith.

Though not so interesting to the general reader or so unique in character as many of these communal experiments, such as Brook Farm and the Oneida Community, yet the Amana Community enjoys the position of being the largest and most prosperous community in the United States to-day. It is a very wealthy society, and something of its character may be gathered from the following extracts from Professor Hinds's long and interesting sketch of the community:

"Of existing Communistic Societies, Amana has the largest membership, the highest commercial rating for wealth and credit (AA A1), and the best prospect of permanency. Its seventeen or eighteen hundred members live in seven villages near the center of Iowa. . . . The Amana villages are in the midst of a domain of 26,000 acres. Besides its enormous farm, supporting hundreds of horses and thousands of other stock, the Society has saw-mills, grist-mills, a tannery, a print-factory, two woolen mills, and seven stores. It makes cotton prints, yarns, flannels, and other woolen goods, and has a high reputation both in manufacturing and farming. Amana is supplied with water by a nine-mile canal from Iowa River, which it took three years to complete. An artesian well 1,600 feet deep yields warm, sulphurized water, used in the dye-works. . . .

"These Inspirationists are careful to say that they do not practise communism for temporal or pecuniary purposes, nor for the purpose of solving great social problems, but that they may better lead the true Christian life; and that their communism is based on faith, and requires self-denial and the love of God and man.

"The Amana villages are laid out generally in squares, with a main street extending perhaps half a mile. A few of the older houses are of stone; the greater number are of wood; some of those more recently erected are of brick. The families live separately—one or more families in a house; but they eat in groups of thirty-five to fifty, in the so-called kitchen-houses, of which there are fourteen at the principal village. Certain articles of food are regularly distributed to them. The milkman, I noticed, rang his bell at every kitchen-house night and morning. Food is carried in baskets to those who are unable to go to the eating-houses. They have three regular meals, and in summer two lunches besides, as at Economy. Their food is substantial, but unmodified by modern dietetic philosophy. Every house has a small patch of ground for garden purposes, in which you will generally observe, in addition to the common vegetables, flowers and grapevines, from the fruit of which the people keep themselves supplied with home-made wine.

"In their graded schools both the German and the English languages are taught, but German is almost exclusively used in their ordinary business and conversation, and all their religious exercises are conducted

in the same language. The Bible is read in their schools, which are attended the year round by children between the ages of five and fourteen years.

"There is singing, but musical instruments are not permitted in the society. . . .

"They are non-resistants; they furnished no volunteers in the Civil War, but hired substitutes to fill their quota. They, however, contributed during the war nearly twenty thousand dollars to benevolent objects. . . .

"Amana is a great example of Communism. More than seventeen hundred people here live in comfort and happiness, each one sure of enough to eat and drink and wear so long as he lives—sure, too, of a home and friends—sure, also, of such discipline and instruction as shall keep him constantly reminded of the supreme importance of a temperate, virtuous, holy life. They live in such perpetual peace that no lawyer is found in their midst; in such habits of morality that no sheriff walks their streets; in such plenty that no beggars are seen save such as come from the outer world."

In addition to the carefully prepared sketches of all the notable communal experiments of the United States written by a sympathetic and painstaking pen, we have also in this work brief notices of recent coöperative movements—movements that, unless all signs fail, will soon be mighty factors in the social and economic life of America.

In perusing this interesting volume the reader will be impressed with the fact that the nineteenth century, in greater measure than perhaps any other period, experienced the heart-hunger for fraternal life. These multitudinous reachings out for a brotherhood life were the prophet voices of the new coöperative order. They failed largely because poor, isolated communities could not cope with a mighty current whose key-note was coöperation and combination on the largest scale and where the warring and deadly competitive spirit was the life of trade. And yet they indicated the soul-hunger of the age; they foreshadowed the coming coöperative age, in which altruistic coöperation shall be pitted against soul-slaying combinations that were and are animated by the savage spirit of the old competitive age.

The volume is handsomely gotten up and is remarkably cheap for the kind and quality of the book.

**NATHAN HALE: A STUDY OF CHARACTER.** By William Ordway Partridge. Illustrated, cloth, 134 pp. Price, \$1 net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

In this work Mr. Partridge has made a timely and valuable contribution to the truly vital thought of the age. At present, when the anomalous action of our Government is confusing terms and justifying acts against which our nation for one hundred and twenty-five years stood as a mighty protest, it is well that the eyes of the thoughtful should be turned backward to the stirring days of the Revolution and that we should contemplate again the life of one of the noblest and most heroic martyrs to the cause of free government in the constellation of Liberty. No thought of expediency, no shrinking from the gravest danger, no



wavering in the presence of almost certain death came to this young Yale College man, who was also bound to life's young joys by the passionate devotion of the only woman he had ever loved, but who, on the very threshold of what promised to be an illustrious career, faced death with the one supreme regret that he had but one life to give for his country.

Mr. Partridge's statue of Hale on his way to the execution is one of the best specimens of modern American sculpture. Its creation occupied above five years, and during this time the artist brooded lovingly over his subject and studied every history to be found concerning Hale. As a result we have to-day the noble statue and this loving tribute, which should be read by every boy in the Republic. If more literature like this study were placed in the hands of our young, we would see a marked elevation in the moral character of youth and manhood. It has been said that "where there is no vision nations perish." And it is equally true that a people reflect the ideals that have a place in the public mind. The greatest peril to America lies in the substitution in a large way of the ideal of wealth and position as the aim and object of life in the place of character and loyalty to duty; but books like "Nathan Hale" will call the imagination of the young back to nobler dreams and conceptions than those held out by modern commercialism.

The volume is divided into four principal parts, the first being a charming chapter on "The Creation of an Ideal Work," in which we are taken into the sculptor's confidence and with him follow the steps that resulted in his remarkably fine statue. This chapter is followed by four chapters concerning the life and tragic death of Hale, after which there appears an admirable comparison of André and Hale, and the volume closes with a well-digested estimate of the life of Hale.

The following poem by Mr. Partridge on "Nathan Hale" faces a fine illustration of the statue of the sculptor who in bronze, verse, and prose has rendered an important service to our people by holding up to the gaze of a world too much given to grosser concerns the "ideal patriot"—one of the men who never die:

One hero dies—a thousand new ones rise,  
As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall;  
Then quite unknown, the name of Hale now cries  
Wherever duty sounds her silent call.

With head erect he moves in stately pace,  
To meet an awful doom—no ribald jest  
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face:  
His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest.

Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid  
Farewell to home, and all his heart holds dear.  
Majestic presence! all man's weakness hid,  
And all his strength in that last hour made clear:  
"My sole regret, that it is mine to give  
Only one life, that my dear land may live."

The volume is a beautiful specimen of book-making and is richly illustrated.

AS NATURE WHISPERS. By Stanton Kirkham Davis. Cloth, 70 pp. Price, 50 cents. New York: The Alliance Publishing Company.

Reader, was it ever your privilege in childhood to wander in the forest in springtime, when the wild crab-apple was glorifying the somber woodland with its mantle of snow lit up by the red tints of dawn? If so, you call to mind that strange and indescribable delight derived from the matchless fragrance of its blossoms. You will remember that long before you reached the tree you entered a zone of sweetness that satisfied but never satiated. The lily cloys. The fragrance of the orange blossoms sickens when you enter a grove of trees decked in their bridal glory. But not so with the wild apple. Drink however deeply you may of its almost intoxicating perfume, and your delighted senses call for more.

Or perhaps it was the wild grape arrested your wandering feet when as a child you searched the mossy banks for the opening flora of the woodland. If so you remember how that wonderful perfume affected you, lifting you for the moment above the petty things that at other times seemed large in this strange old world and bringing you *en rapport* with the mystery of creation and creation's God. If indeed in youth you have thus delighted in the matchless perfume found only in Nature's great laboratory, you will understand our pleasure in the perusal of this new book by Mr. Davis, when we say that it constantly reminds us of the charmed moments of childhood associated with the wild apple and the forest grape. Here is found beauty and sweetness that never surfeits, cloys, or satiates. Here is poetry—true, fine poetry, free from the fetters of rhyme and clothed in the flowing robes of stately prose. Here is a wealth of imagination rarely found in modern works, and, what is more, all the words and imagery are pure, sane, inspiring, suggestive, and uplifting. In style this little work frequently suggests the poems of Ossian. Here is the same noble simplicity, the same stately rhythmic flow of musical words that most naturally and perfectly describe the pictures in the poet's mind. But, if the style suggests the works of Macpherson, the thought is as far removed from that of the elder poet as are the best aspirations of the twentieth century removed from the dominant note of life in the rugged, rude days when the poems of Ossian were supposed to have been written. For here, instead of the thunder of war and the clash of arms, the hoarse cry of savage hate, the groans of the vanquished, and the loud shouts of bloody victors, the splendid calm of Nature prevails. The serenity of the wise soul who joys in peace, beauty, love, and life pervades the work. Here is inspiration, stimulus, and aspiration. Here Nature in her glory croons her lullaby to the careworn heart and whispers wisdom to the searching child of love. Here are hints and suggestions that, if followed, would bring health and peace and gladness to thousands of overwrought and sick men and women in the busy centers of life.



Back to Nature! This is the imperious call of wisdom to the wise. In this book the author emphasizes this cry while suggesting something of the beauty to be enjoyed, the benefit to be derived, and the wealth to be found by those who would come closer to the palpitating heart and soul of the universe.

Something of Mr. Davis's thought and style may be gathered from the following extracts, embracing in part the poet's invitation to wander forth from the abodes of men and learn from the august Mother more of life's great truths than can be found in the mad whirl of modern life:

"Child of Nature, let us wander, at our own sweet will, through hemlock woods and by the sea; across the upland pastures and over the mountain trails.

"Child of the magical Eye and the magical Ear, come let us roam with the wings of the morning and the heart of love, into the heart and soul of it all; and may this our hegira mark an era memorable for us. We shall shut the door of our cabins and enter the Hall of the Universe. We shall enter the forest and heark to the song of the Winds; wander by the bold rocky shore and hear the voice of the Sea. We shall roam over the snows on winter days, and draw round the hearth on winter nights and there listen again to the voices of the Winds, of the Sea, of the Far-Off Time—in glowing coals, or blazing logs, or driftwood fire. It may come to pass we shall see what we have not seen before; may catch some new strain; think some heroic thought; may find our hearts larger than we supposed; may conclude at last the Unknown is within ourselves—that there are the celestial spaces where swing the stars in their majestic orbits; that their Summer and Winter dwell and await our bidding, and so arrive at the root of it all at last and know it for what it is. And the stars are symbols, the sun a symbol, the serpent and the dove. There is one Voice albeit many voices; one Sun albeit many suns; twilight, moonlight, starlight, but one Light only.

"We shall sit amid the sweet-scented violets, the little white violets, on the edge of the placid brook, lulled by the cadence of the softly murmuring waters, the smiling sunlit waters, on these rare days in June. The bubbling medley of the bobolink seems but the echo of our own exuberant thought; the skimming of the tree swallows its graceful, rhythmic flow. Green pastures, green pastures, and the blessed peace of a loving solitude; O Elysian fields, O gardens of the Hesperides—here do we find you! Out of a full heart and in green pastures did the Poet bring you forth.

"This we call Nature is not what we have supposed it to be—it is a very beautiful veil. Who has seen the face behind the veil? This we call Man is not what we have supposed it to be, but also a veil, a mask. Who has seen behind the mask? The veil we name Diversity, but behind the veil is Unity. The Masters have ever perceived this; this has been their direction, from diversity to Unity, from the veil to the Face, from the apparent to the Real.

"We shall linger by many a rushing stream, but the fish we seek is not to be caught with flies; we must bait our hooks with other bait. We shall angle in very deep waters and in some rapids, and it will take more than one turn of a wrist to land our prize. There is in these waters a fish of pure gold. Occasionally some few have seen a sudden gleam upon the waters and have known it was passing. They it is who have changed their mode of angling. Genial, kindly men always; much given upon a time to consideration of split bamboo and lancewood, patent reels and landing nets; now grown indifferent to these, but still

cherishing affection for the brotherhood of fishermen, still alive to the old comradery; now seeking the fish of pure gold, silently watching the trout at the head of the pool with nose up stream that if it be possible they may gain some inkling as to the whereabouts of the fish they seek. They have not grown sour or exclusive, nor cranky—far from it. They have become weary of fishing in shallow waters, that is all. They no longer angle at the expense of the fish. It has come to them that they only played at fishing before; now they would fish in earnest. They are no longer dilettantes in Nature, in Art, in Life, but strong, magnetic thinkers; opposers of shams; opposers of dilettanteism; true woodsmen, lovers of Nature; lovers of mankind. The woods have won them over at last. The woods are genuine; dilettanteism is there poorly nourished. They have seen the gleam upon the waters.”

In these lines, from the chapter upon “Voices” the author, seated before the burning hickory log, thus describes the ancient sentinel by the roadside:

“In the open fire we hear the voice of the Woods. . . . The hickory stood at the cross-roads and the village boys clubbed it on their way to school; so in turn their sons, and again their grandsons. Under this tree the farmer drove on his way to town. Consider the loads of fragrant hay that passed that way and brushed against it, leaving wisps of straw dangling high above the road. Little processions took their way beneath this tree to the village graveyard, while the oriole sang overhead all unheeding, and the apple-trees were in blossom. The tree saw them first toddle to school and saw them carried away at last. What gales have roared about it and rattled its bare branches: what mighty reverberations resounded there! What sagas of the Ancient Forest has the Westwind told; what mighty chants the Northwind breathed, as the snow has come swirling over the pasture and clung to its branches! And then the silence of the winter days; the majesty of the winter nights when the village folk were abed and snoring, and the old hickory stood alone in the glittering snows, solitary witness of the unutterable glory of Orion. And at last came the axe sharper than beaver’s tooth; all this—and the voice bewails not, and the flames crackle cheerily and we are warmed and cheered as we sit about the hearth. What if our thoughts were as great as was the life of that tree—reflected the winter nights, the summer dawn, the October days, the ineffable silences!”

The volume contains five chapters, entitled “Exploration,” “Relationship,” “The Wild,” “Magic-Play,” and “Voices.” It is a good book—a book that will rest the mind while stimulating thought; that will broaden the vision while strengthening the nobler resolutions. It is a book that all lovers of Nature should possess.

THE CONCISE STANDARD DICTIONARY. Abridged from the Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary by James C. Fernald. Cloth, 480 pp. Price, 60 cents. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

We have several times referred to the Standard Dictionaries as, in our judgment, the very acme of excellence in dictionary making. The Unabridged Standard has no peer, not only in that it possesses a much fuller vocabulary than any other work, but also in its excellence of defi-



nition, its completeness in indicating permissible pronunciations, and the clearness with which it indicates precisely how a word should be pronounced. Since its appearance, though we have had other leading dictionaries at hand, we have rarely used them.

This new small dictionary contains 28,000 words and phrases selected from the Unabridged Standard with the special view of meeting the wants of the general reader. The definitions are clear yet concise. There are 500 illustrations that further illuminate the meaning of certain words. In the appendix is an admirable list of geographic, historic, and other proper names, and a list of foreign words and phrases common in literature. Altogether it is a valuable dictionary and merits very wide circulation.

VESPER SPARROW; Or, WHAT THE BIRDS SAY. By Margaret Kern. Cloth, 210 pp. Price, \$1. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

This is a well-written and rather unique work calculated to do for birds something of the good that "Black Beauty" did for horses. It consists of twenty-nine chapters, in which birds do the talking. It is a volume that children would enjoy, and its influence could not fail to be most beneficial. Indeed, it is hard to see how a child who entered sympathetically into the work could afterward kill a bird. In the book the bird is continually arraigning the "humans" for cruelty. Thus, for example, the ground-bird says:

"We, Birds of the Air, are bearing our share of the world's sorrow. The burden laid upon us by humans has been heavy indeed. We have suffered to satisfy their vanity and to appease their appetite. We have suffered that they might have the pleasure of wantonly slaying us. We must suffer imprisonment to gratify their lust for money. . . . Could I but dare to tell you that which I have seen in the eyes of the dumb brute, and the caged Bird, you would stand aghast, horror-stricken at the secrets locked up in Nature to be seen through the windows of the soul—the eye."

It is a good book, and especially valuable where there are children, whose plastic minds are day by day being hardened or rendered pitiful by the books they read, the words they hear, and the acts they behold.



#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Currents and Undercurrents." By Sara E. Browne. Cloth, 242 pp. Price, \$1.25. New York: The Abbey Press.

"Perfecting the Earth." By C. W. Wooldridge, B.S., M.D. Cloth, 326 pp. Cleveland, Ohio: Utopia Pub. Co.

"Money: Its Nature and Function." By Chas. Bonsall. Cloth, 103 pp. Published by the author, Salem, Ohio.

## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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TWO important additions to our Board of Associates have been made since the announcement of this expansion of our editorial scope in the last issue—the Rev. Adolph Roeder and Mr. Carl Vrooman. We have also instituted a Board of Special Contributors, to which will be added, from month to month, some of the best known writers in America—beginning this month with Justice Walter Clark, LL.D., of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; the Hon. Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo; Dr. Henrik G. Peterson, a very able scholar and thinker, and the Hon. Boyd Winchester, ex-Minister to Switzerland.

Mr. Roeder is one of the most prominent clergymen of the New Church denomination. He is now stationed at Orange, N. J., but has held charges at Baltimore, Md. (his birthplace), and elsewhere. He is president of the German Synod of the New Church, an organization covering the United States, Canada, Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Switzerland; founder of the New Jersey State Federation of Civic Clubs; member of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, and author of many successful books, among which are "Light in the Clouds," "Handbook of the Science of Correspondences," "Sea Pictures," and "Cities of the Word." His unique contribution to this number of *THE ARENA*, on "The Civic Oversoul," suggests his capacity for close observation and clear thinking.

Mr. Vrooman is regent of the Kansas Agricultural College and a remarkably brilliant young man. He spent most of last year in Europe, making economic studies, and his sociologic papers will be found of deep and helpful interest to our readers.

The opening article of this issue throws much new light on the problem of Anarchism by reason of the superior illuminating power of fact over theory. It may be regarded as the testimony of an eye-witness, as the author has written much on the same subject for the official publication of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, of which he is a director, having had special facilities for getting information at first hand.

Our story this month introduces an element of occultism that we believe will not prove unwelcome. The writer, Mr. W. J. Colville, is known internationally as an author and lecturer of exceptional gifts. "Life and Power from Within" and "The Throne of Eden" are among his latest and best books. A portrait and biographic sketch of this writer appeared in *Mind* for September.

Archdeacon Glover, of Oregon, will contribute a timely paper to our November number on "The Personal Power of the President."

J. E. M.



*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.  
They master us and force us into the arena,  
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

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# THE ARENA

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## THE PRESIDENT AND THE TRUSTS.

THE President of the United States says that the National Government cannot reach the great trusts and combines, and he wants a constitutional amendment to give Congress power to deal with them, to secure publicity first, and after that whatever else the facts may require. That was the essence of his address in the Boston Symphony Hall on his recent tour of New England, and according to press reports he said substantially the same thing in other places. In the Symphony Hall address he also eulogized Attorney-General Knox.

No one who is at all acquainted with Theodore Roosevelt, or has had any dealings with him, can doubt for a moment his absolute honesty. No trust or combine is big enough or powerful enough to secure a conscious deviation on his part from the strict line of his duty to the country as its President. It is not impossible, however, that he may be mistaken in his conclusions now and then. Neither is it impossible that he might take his idea of the law in relation to trusts from a lawyer who had been for many years a leading trust attorney, if that lawyer happened to be the Attorney-General of the United States and was a man whose character and attainments won for him the confidence of the President.

Yet it seems quite clear that a man whose interests had been for many years identified with the interests of the trusts would not be the most likely to bring out the means of effective oppo-

sition to them or control over them. He might be perfectly honest in his opinions, but the natural bent of his mind would incline him to a more ready acceptance of the conclusion that the Government has no adequate power of controlling the trusts than would be the case with a man the whole trend of whose thought and feeling was against aggressive monopoly. It would be specially easy to accept the conclusion just mentioned if either by conscious or unconscious cerebration it were recognized as an admirable solution of the political difficulties of the party to which the attorney belongs—if Congress has no power to deal with the trusts it becomes quite easy to explain why Congress does not deal with them, and if a constitutional amendment is necessary in order to give the Government power to control the corporations and combines, and the party in power advocates such amendment, which will require several years of effort for its procurement, there is strong reason for insisting on the continuance of the said party in control of the Government; whereas, if Congress has power to deal with the trusts, the fact that it does not use that power would be a reason for the election of a different sort of Congress.

Let us turn from the psychology of the matter to the proposition itself. Publicity is an excellent thing, no doubt; but it does not follow that Congress would act upon the facts even if it knew them all. Investigation after investigation has been made of the beef combine, Standard Oil, coal trust, etc., and their aggressions and violations of law are thoroughly known to the public and to Congress, but no rational and effective action of any kind has been taken. Legislation to break up the trusts, abolish industrial combination, and go back to the days of individual operations and competition, is utterly impractical. You might as well legislate against the law of gravitation. Industrial organization is right and must and will go on. The thing to do is to see that it is managed with due regard to the public interest. This Congress has not attempted to do. It has not even proposed a constitutional amendment to meet the case, if it deems one necessary. When serious evils are known to exist, if Congress really wished to remedy them,



one would think it would use the power it has to the utmost, and if it found its powers were not sufficient it would take at once the necessary steps to secure the needful amendment. Publicity is good, and the President's wish for more of it is right; but we have already publicity enough to know that an aggressive trust or combine, or giant corporation that constitutes a virtual monopoly and is managed for the private profit of a few, is contrary to the public welfare.

It is perfectly natural that Congress should not have acted effectively against the trusts, for the trusts themselves form a most important part of the influences that elected the present Congress;—they are more likely to dominate Congress than Congress is to dominate them. But the question what Congress could do if it wished is a very different one. In his estimate of the relations of Congress to the trusts, I think the President has mistaken "will not" for "cannot." The advocacy of a new constitutional amendment to give the Government more direct and complete authority over trusts and corporations is all right, but the idea that Congress cannot reach the trusts *without* an amendment will not stand fire. The Federal Government has at least six powers, any one of which is sufficient to enable it to deal with the trusts. They are:

1. The power to control interstate commerce.
2. The power to provide for the public welfare.
3. The power of eminent domain.
4. The power to tax.
5. The power to control the postal service.
6. The power to make contracts, and grants of land and money.

(1) Under the power to control interstate commerce the Government could require all trusts and corporations doing an interstate business to incorporate under Federal law. And in the National Corporation Law Congress could make whatever provisions it deemed best for the control of the said trusts and corporations. It could require them to open their books to public inspection and secure at once all the publicity the President desires. It could require them to arbitrate labor diffi-

culties, and prices too, if it saw fit. It could establish any scale of fees it might deem proper for the privilege of doing business under the law. It could compel the trusts to be co-operative instead of aggressive. It could provide penalties of fine or imprisonment, or both, for evasion or violation of the act.

A law to control the railroads under this interstate power has been on the statute-books for years, and, though it has failed to accomplish all that was intended, the trouble is well known to arise, not through any lack of power in the Federal Government to deal with the roads, but from mere technical defects in the machinery of the law, which Congress can remedy at any time it sees fit.

(2) Under the power "to provide for the public welfare" Congress may do whatever is needful for the public good, and is not specifically forbidden in the Constitution. Aggressive monopolies in private hands are clearly contrary to the public good and should be subjected to a control that will secure their management with a fair regard to the interests of labor and of the public as well as of capital. Congress has power to accomplish this under the "welfare" clause by enacting that, in case of great trusts, corporations, and combinations, regulative power as to wages, prices, etc., should reside in a Court composed of three members: one appointed by the Government to represent the public interest; one chosen by the association of employees; and one selected by the trust or combine to represent the capital involved, or, if it refused to act, then the third member of the Court could be selected by the other two. The right to appeal to the Court might be given to each of the three partners in interest: the public, labor, and capital—the three factors that create the value of every trust and combine.

In the case of the coal strike, for example, the machinery of the Court could be put in operation by the local, State, or national authorities, the miners' union, or the owners. The decisions of the Court would be final (subject to writ of error on faulty construction of the law), and enforceable like the decrees of any other court.



Congress has power to do this, and it would settle the trusts, not by dissolving them, but by placing the regulative power where it belongs; namely, in a body representing all three partners, instead of only one. Combination is evolution. Organization is civilization. We should not try to destroy it, but to claim its benefits, or a fair share of them, for the people, who make it possible and give it its value.

(3) Through the power of eminent domain the Government can deal with the trusts, directly at the root. It can take over the coal fields and operate them or lease them under fair conditions. Pennsylvania would probably be glad to have the Government do this. Pennsylvania could do it herself, if she chose.

In New Zealand, where the steamship monopoly owns the principal coal mines, so that the coal ring and the shipping ring are in a combine like the coal ring and railroad ring of Pennsylvania, the situation has been met by the national ownership of coal mines under the law of Nov. 7, 1901. The Prime Minister, the Parliament, and the people believe that the Government is simply the people's general agent to do any business for the people that their interests may require it to undertake.

Instead of taking the coal fields the National Government might take the coal roads, through which it could practically control the working of the mines. Or, better still, it might take both the railways and the mines.

If the Government would nationalize the railway and telegraph system of the country, or the most vital parts of it, as it unquestionably has the power to do, it would have all the big trusts and combines on the hip.

(4) Again, "the power to tax is the power to kill." It is also the power to develop and to control the form and direction of energy and organization. Put a high tax on combines of the aggressive order, which refuse to open their books to public inspection or to allow the fixing of wages and prices by arbitration, and a low tax on coöperative combines, and capital will be forced into coöperative organization.

Capital seeks the aggressive form of organization now be-

cause profit lies there. Tax the profit out of that sort of enterprise and attach it to coöperative business and capital must flow in that direction.

Federal taxes must be "uniform," but this only means that persons of the same condition and corporations of the same size and character must be taxed alike in all parts of the United States. "A tax is uniform when it operates with the same force and effect in every place where the subject of it is found."\* A plumber does not have to pay the same license as a pilot, nor a temperance house the same as a hotel with a bar. And there is no reason why the coal trust, oil trust, beef combine, etc., should not pay a big license for doing business in the United States, unless they will be temperate and do business on the coöperative plan.

There is room enough for the taxation of trusts without touching the income tax. But even that field is open. The decision in the Pollock case (158 U. S., 601), declaring the income-tax law of 1894 to be unconstitutional, was put on the ground that the law taxed rents and interest on bonds, etc., and that these were direct taxes within the meaning of the Constitution and must, therefore, be apportioned among the States in proportion to population. As this was not done, the law was held void. But there was and is no question as to the right of Congress to tax incomes from business, trade, profession, or employment. The right to tax rents and interest (not arising from State and municipal securities) is also undenied if the tax is duly apportioned among the States. And finally the general opinion of the bench and bar is that even the ground actually covered by the Pollock case is error, and that Congress really has power under the Constitution to tax all incomes, with the exception of the salaries of Federal Judges, and perhaps a few other unimportant items; so that, if the President should judiciously exercise his power of increasing the number of Judges in the Supreme Court, Congress could pass a general income-tax law, and make it progressive, too, if it wished, without danger of blockade.

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\*U. S. Supreme Court in 112 U. S., 580, 594.



Even taking off the tariff on trust articles would have some effect until the trusts get themselves well organized internationally.

(5) Again, there is the Federal Post-Office. Congress has a right to forbid the use of the mails by or on behalf of any trust or corporation that is acting contrary to law or against public policy. The Hon. John Wanamaker killed the Louisiana Lottery by getting Congress to pass a bill excluding it from the mails. It is likely that any sort of trust or combine that is against public policy can be ostracized and conquered in the same way, if care is taken to legislate only against the evil—not against organization *per se*, but against aggressive, antagonistic, non-coöperative organization.

If the Government would take the telegraph and telephone systems so as to control all the principal means of transmitting intelligence, its power over the means of communication would enable it to dictate whatever terms it chose to any trust or corporation in the country without reference to any other power. And the right of the Government to take the telegraph and long-distance telephone is beyond question. Committee after committee and Postmaster-General after Postmaster-General have recommended the taking of the telegraph, and some of the highest authorities on constitutional law have declared that it is not only the right but the duty of the Government under the Constitution to add the telegraph to its postal facilities.

(6) Finally, the Federal Government could make grants of land and money to trusts and combines that would agree to do the square thing. A subsidy bill like that would be worth far more to the country than any ship subsidy. The Government could also refuse to deal with aggressive trusts or to buy their goods, and could make it a definite and understood policy to get its supplies only from concerns that dealt fairly with labor and the public. Under the contract power it could also secure agreements with capitalists controlling trusts (or others who would undertake to get control of them), whereby such trusts and combines should be managed fairly and justly on agreed

terms, in return for specified franchises, privileges, etc. Any one as rich as Uncle Sam can do almost anything he wishes through the contract power. J. Pierpont Morgan with a few millions can control a lot of trusts and combines. Uncle Sam with ninety billions or more could control everything in sight—if he would take a few lessons from Morgan. If Morgan had the United States' Government and ninety billions at his back, or either one of them, he would manage the earth.

No doubt President Roosevelt's constitutional amendment would be a good thing—give the Government still further powers over trusts and corporations: the more power the better—but the immediately important and entirely practical thing is to elect men to Congress pledged to use with vigor in the public interest the powers already in existence.

FRANK PARSONS.

*Boston University.*



## PERSONAL POWER OF THE PRESIDENT.

I HAVE studied the polity of every modern nation classed as "civilized" without finding any one ruler having such personal authority as that possessed by the President of the United States. The King of England, ruling as a constitutional monarch, has no such power as that exercised by our President. Edward indeed reigns, but he does not *govern*. He signs State documents, thereby legalizing them, but in no State case is he regarded as final authority. The King, moreover, appends his name to such papers, not because he finds in them an expression of his own will, but because he is *obliged* so to do. He has no controlling and effective veto power, nor does he find himself the arbiter in national disputes. He stands aloof, by virtue of being a constitutional King, far beyond the possibility of controlling even his most intimate ministers, who rise or fall at the will of the British Parliament. England, of course, cannot do without her King, but that ruler's hands are tied in the exercise of actual political authority.

The English sovereign appears to be naught but a kind of incarnation of British glory, in whose person his faithful subjects would behold the central pivot of the whole empire—an ideal center of English civilization, around whose royal person and house English world-power revolves in its career of universal conquest. King Edward exerts vast personal *influence* in society, in army circles, in the navy, and in Parliament; but *power* he does not enjoy, at least as we in America understand the term.

And the same may be said of the sovereigns of other European lands. They *reign*, but do not *govern*. In some, like Germany and Austria, the monarch is indeed supreme in the army and navy, as the only effective means of preserving their respective thrones; but beyond this military power I know of no

monarch exercising that personal, ultimate power that lies in the hands of our own Presidents if they choose to use it.

Even the Czar of Russia is not an exception, for his Imperial Council and Bureaus do everything, and often set at defiance the wishes of their imperial master. The Czar has no great power for good or for evil. He cannot militate against the arbitrary sway of the nobility. He must move with the tide, except so far as a strong personality may give him influence. The Czar is with the peasantry to-day in their struggle against medievalism and the oppression of the great nobles; but he cannot lift a hand to better his people's condition for lack of personal or delegated authority. In Russia it is the *ministers* who rule, for, unlike the British cabinet, they are not at the beck and call of a popular parliament. The Czar, therefore, is at the mercy of his own ministers, with not even a legislature to help him for good or evil.

But what of our own Presidents? As time goes on we clearly see a greater and greater concentration of power in the hands of the Executive, until in our own day—during the present Administration—the President exercises an ultimate personal power displayed in no European monarchy, barring Turkey, which is primarily Asiatic.

Our *early* Presidents were possessed of no such exalted personal authority as is the President now occupying the White House, and the people were jealous of much increase. The early Presidents ruled by the Constitution and precedent, so that they stood more in the light of servants of the people than Presidents do to-day. They had about as little personal authority as the present constitutional kings of Europe have; they posed as national representatives, and, like King Edward, affected the course of events by means of strong personalities. Like modern kings, they “reigned,” but did not *govern*. Now they do both.

To-day President Roosevelt is exercising both legislative and judicial power, not to speak of authority over the army and navy. The new Army bill, creating a General Staff, is for the express and undisguised purpose of placing the army directly



under the President, the chief of staff to be the President's own appointee through the abolishment of the present office of Lieutenant-General.

This concentration of military power in the President's hands at all times, in peace as well as in war, is one of the many evidences of the trend of things toward a condition unknown to our fathers, and by which our Presidents may become more monarchical than monarchs themselves. In the Schley-Sampson trouble the President actually sat as a final Court of Appeals, and became for once the Supreme Judge. Beyond his verdict (amounting to a sentence), under the circumstances, nobody dared appeal. In fact, there was no other Court to appeal to.

But it must not be said that the Executive set *himself* up as such a final court. It was the act of the parties to the case—the act of the whole people, who, through the press, demanded of the President that he become, for the first time in our national history, the ultimate source of appeal in an important and troublesome controversy. By so doing the people surrendered some of their democratic principles, besides establishing a new and very dangerous precedent—the very precedent upon which was built up all the power of the Roman Papacy. *An "appeal" to one man!* The President had no more right to sit as judge in the naval affair than did the least-known citizen; for had not the duly organized Board, under Admiral Dewey, sat, deliberated, and handed down its verdict? The arbitrary setting up of the President as a court of appeal,—*final* appeal,—if not unlawful, was at least un-American and a precedent that, if followed in the future, may furnish the occupant of the White House with untold power when applied to government and to politics.

And just as the people allowed and advised the making of our President a supreme judge in an affair affecting the naval history of our country, so has it been in the Philippine matter. The sovereign people, by vote of their Congress, surrendered the whole Philippine case to the President, empowering him to govern the Islands as an autocrat, subject to nobody, and

supreme over both the civil and military branches of the Government in everything affecting our new possessions. And so it goes on—the people relinquishing their own sovereignty into the President's hands in order to get rid of the trouble of *themselves* governing, and the President always accepting such authority as the people refuse to exercise.

It may have been a quick way of ending the naval controversy to have made the President final judge and arbiter, and it may also have been an easy way to manage the Philippines to have given all power into one man's hands; but the *precedent* was bad, and may be the outward sign of that rapid concentration of political power in the President's person toward which all careful Americans look with some feeling of dismay and dread.

As they now stand, a constitutional monarchy under a wise monarch is safer than a democracy under a President into whose hands the people are so prone to place unlimited authority in political, governmental, or judicial affairs, as fancy may suggest from time to time.

In very early days—in antiquity—the chief, or king, stood supreme. Then followed feudalism, absolute monarchy, constitutional monarchy, democracy, in the natural course of human evolution. Is not our American democracy somewhat of a return to the primitive condition—the rule of *one* by consent of the many?

A. KINGSLEY GLOVER.

*Portland, Ore.*



## THE AGRICULTURAL NEGRO.

THE more I see of the life of our people in all parts of the country—the more I study the problem in connection with their elevation—the more I am convinced that, for many years at least, the negro should be encouraged to own and cultivate the soil: in a word, to remain in the country districts. He is at his best in most cases when in the country—in agricultural life; he is at his worst in most cases when in contact with city life.

I want to see more of our educated young men and women take hold in a downright, earnest, practical manner of the fundamental industries and employments that constitute the prosperity of our people. I would ten times rather see a young colored man graduated from college and go out and start a truck garden or dairy farm, or a wheat or corn farm, and become a first-hand producer of wealth, than become a parasite, living upon the wealth of another or seeking an uncertain and unsatisfactory livelihood in temporary or questionable positions.

The young man who leaves college and goes to his father's farm and teaches him how, with less labor, to raise fifty bushels of corn on an acre where only twenty-five were produced before, does the same thing. The colored minister in the South should spend a larger proportion of his time and effort in lecturing to our people on the importance of buying land, of building decent homes, of getting out of the one-room cabin, of ceasing to mortgage their crops, of putting money into the bank, and of building decent school-houses and prolonging the school term.

In the case of the negro artisan we should be careful to follow the same course as in regard to the agricultural negro. We should find out the kind of skilled labor for which the race is best fitted, and the kind that offers the greatest encouragement,

and lay stress upon it. If the greatest demand is in the direction of iron-work, emphasize iron-work; if in brickmasonry or plastering, emphasize it.

Many of the trades that were formerly in our hands have in too large a degree slipped from us—not because there was a special feeling against our working at these trades on the part of the native Southern white men, but because, I fear, we failed to fit ourselves to perform the service in the best manner. We must not only have carpenters, but architects; we must not only have persons that can do the work with the hand, but persons, at the same time, that can plan the work with the brain.

Go into the North or South and ask to have pointed out to you a negro who has learned a trade; in many cases you will find that his trade was learned during the days of slavery. If we are wise and patient, we may use *all* forms of service in a way to elevate ourselves. In the days of slavery a common negro brought about \$700, and a slave who was a mechanic brought about \$1,400. While you could get \$700 for a common negro, you could not get fifty cents for the best white man. When we became a free people we had possession of all the trades in the South, but in the succeeding twenty years we lost nearly all we had learned during the two and a half centuries of slavery.

The time has come when our young men and women from college must use their brains in starting first-class farms, laundries, and other honorable forms of labor. I can remember when all the barber shops were in charge of black men, but now we hardly find a first-class barber shop owned by a negro. Some of our race say: "Don't talk about those commonplace things." They want to hear about Mars and Jupiter. The colored man had a dingy shop. Then the white man came along and opened a shop that he made attractive with pictures and carpets, made a new kind of chair, etc.—and that despised calling was "dignified." When the white man makes such a change he also changes the name. The negro was a barber: the white man is a "tonsorial artist." But it is the same *work*.

The colored man for years did all the whitewashing, outside



and inside. He attempted no improvement on the bucket and long pole on his shoulder. The white boy who went through the public school and a college of technology used the knowledge thus acquired, improved the character of the work, and changed the name of whitewasher to that of the "house decorator." It is not for the negro to get education merely, but to learn the proper method of applying it.

Recently I read an account of a young colored man in the District of Columbia who graduated from college and later from a school of technology—and then what? He did not go about seeking a position that other brains and other hands had created, but used his knowledge of chemistry and mathematics in creating a bootblack establishment where he manufactures his own blacking and polish. Starting with one chair, he now has a dozen; starting with one place of business, he now has several. What matters it with this man whether Republicans or Democrats or Populists are in power at Washington? He knows that he has a business that gives him independence, and with its expansion and growth will come wealth and leisure and the highest educational opportunities for his children. Oh, for a thousand men with the force of character and common sense to begin on such a foundation!

The fundamental industry of agriculture will enable us to lay a foundation upon which will grow wealth, habits of thrift and economy, and will enable us in the end to give our children the best education and moral development. No race can be uplifted until its *mind* is awakened and strengthened. Along with industrial training should go mental training. But the mere crowding of abstract knowledge into the head means little. We want more than the mere performance of mental gymnastics. Our knowledge must be harnessed to the things of actual life.

Make yourself useful by doing common things in an uncommon way; make your services indispensable, no matter what the calling; try to do something better than any one else can do it.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

*Tuskegee, Ala.*

## NEEDED POLITICAL REFORMS.

(*Number One.*)

DIRECT LEGISLATION; OR, THE INITIATIVE AND THE REFER-  
ENDUM, AND THE RECALL.

### I. INTRODUCTION.

THE editors of THE ARENA have turned over to me a very interesting letter from John M. Garrett, Esq., of Concord, N. C., in which he says: "I would be glad to have you publish a specific article on the Initiative and Referendum clearly to explain them. Considerable is now being said about them, and I want to be satisfied about their meaning." He then goes on to refer to Direct Primaries and Direct Election of United States Senators—and mixes them. This is typical. Accordingly, THE ARENA has asked me to define the principal political reforms now before the public and state their scope. This I have partly done myself, securing others to define those reforms with which they are more familiar.

It will be noticed that such subjects as the Single Tax, Socialism, the Tariff, Prohibition, etc., are not included here. In one sense they are political, but only in the sense of trying to accomplish their aims through politics. They are not reforms of the political system. In their real essence they are economic reforms, not political reforms. It is characteristic of purely political reforms that, while most of them are in the platforms of the Socialists, the Single Taxers' where they have started a party, and in many of the Prohibitionist platforms, they may be and are believed in by those who oppose one or all of these parties. They are essential to good government and not an integral part of any economic theory or scheme.

This series of articles aims only to define these reforms with sufficient illustration to make them clear, but not to argue for them.



## II. DIRECT LEGISLATION.

Direct Legislation concerns only one of the three departments of government—the drafting and enacting of laws. In one sense it has nothing to do with the duty of the executive, which is the administration of the laws, or with the duty of the judiciary, which is the judging under the laws. But, inasmuch as simple and proper laws are easy both to execute and to judge under, if Direct Legislation will produce strong, simple, and fit laws, it will be a reform that will have a great effect on both the other departments of government. And inasmuch as the executive only executes the laws that the legislative makes, and the judiciary only judges under them, both these other departments are secondary to the legislative. In these two senses Direct Legislation is a primary and fundamental reform.

Direct Legislation is law-enacting by the electors themselves as distinguished from law-enacting by representatives or by some aristocratic body, or by a single ruler, such as a king, emperor, or czar. In small communities this is accomplished by the electors meeting together and voting on every law or ordinance by which they are to be governed. This is done in the New England town-meetings, the Swiss and Teutonic *landsgemeinde*, and the Russian *mir*, and was done in the early Grecian and Italian *agora*, or market-meeting, and in fact in all simple and early communities. Of the New England town-meetings, Jefferson said over a century ago that they were “the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government and its perpetuation.” And Charles Sumner said: “The towns of Massachusetts, like the municipalities of Switzerland, have been the schools and nurseries of freedom. In these small bodies men were early disciplined in those primal duties of citizenship which, on a grander scale, are made the foundation of our whole political system. The true glory of the towns then was that they were organized on the principle of self-government when that principle was not generally recognized, that each little town by

itself was a little republic where the whole body of the freemen were voters, with powers of local legislation, taxation, and administration." And Professor James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," says: "The town-meeting has been the most perfect school of self-government in any modern country."

In communities too widespread or too numerous for the voters to meet together and decide on the laws by which they are to be governed, Direct Legislation is accomplished by the use of imperative petitions, through what is known as the Initiative and Referendum.

By the Initiative, a reasonable minority of the voters, by signing a petition for a law, can force the council, legislature, congress, or parliament to consider and vote on the proposed law; and if it does not pass as petitioned for, it then goes to a Referendum, or a vote of the people at the next election. If they vote in favor of it, it becomes a law, not needing any legislative or executive sanction, but enacted by the people. At present members of the legislature are the only ones who have the power of initiation, and in this country even that is often seriously limited by the smothering power of committees. The executive has large powers of suggestion in messages and can effectively influence public opinion, but he cannot directly initiate laws. The judiciary has no powers of initiating laws, and by common custom it rarely ever suggests or tries to influence public opinion.

The Initiative means the proposing or starting of a law. There are two forms of it. One is that by which the full text of the law is petitioned for. If passed by the legislature as petitioned for it is not submitted to the people unless a Referendum petition be signed and filed. If not passed, it is submitted to the people, and, if a majority vote in favor of it, it becomes a law enacted by the people. The other form of the Initiative is that in which the full text of the law is not embodied in the petitions, which simply ask that a law for a certain purpose be drawn up and enacted by the legislature. This is in the nature of a resolution, and it goes to a poll of the people. If a majority of the people favors it, it is then the duty of the



legislature to draft and pass a law for that purpose. Usually the legislature of its own volition submits that law, when drawn up and passed, to a second poll of the people, and at times the people reject the method while favoring the purpose. Both forms of the Initiative are used in Switzerland, but the latter is more frequent. In the agitation in this country the first is the one usually understood. The form of submitting a resolution, instead of the full text of the law, to a vote of the people is sometimes called a *plebiscite*, to distinguish it from the Referendum. Thus the people of the whole of Canada voted on September 5, 1898, on the liquor question, and the Liberal party, which is the one now in power, pledged itself before it went into power that it would obey the will of the people and enact such a law as the people might decide by this plebiscite. This it has not done, alleging that the majority was too small, and there is no power that can compel it to live up to its pledge and obey the will of the people expressed at the polls. Hence, this is not a true Referendum, or enacting of a law.

The Referendum means the vote of the people on a measure. There are five or six forms of the Referendum:

1. The Compulsory Referendum, which provides that all laws, or all laws of the class to which it applies, shall be submitted to the people. We have this Compulsory Referendum on constitutional amendments in every State in the Union save Delaware. In Missouri, California, Minnesota, and Washington there is a Compulsory Referendum on city charters; in other States on incurring debt, moving the capital, chartering a bank, and a great variety of other questions. The cantons of Berne and Zurich have had the Compulsory Referendum on all laws for nearly thirty years, and it works admirably. But the Compulsory Referendum is not what is usually understood in this country when the word "Referendum" alone is used. It is rarely if ever advocated in this country for all legislation, although it works well on our constitutional amendments and the many other questions to which it is applied.

2. The Optional Referendum is generally understood when the word "Referendum" alone is used, and the word is fre-

quently considered to include the Initiative as well. The Referendum is optional where the vote of the people is had on a law for which a reasonable minority of the people sign a petition for its reference to popular vote. This right is naturally accompanied by the provision that no laws shall go into effect till the opponents of them have had time to get signatures to the petitions, such as thirty days for a city, sixty or ninety days for a State, and four to six months for the nation. Usually there is an exception of laws that are immediately necessary for the preservation of the public peace, health, and safety. These are classed as urgent laws and can go into effect at once, though very frequently it requires more than a majority to pass them. But should the Referendum be demanded on these laws, they would be repealed from the date of the vote, provided a majority voted in favor of such repeal. On other measures, if the requisite number sign a petition, the law is withheld from operation till a majority vote in favor of it.

3. The Executive Referendum provides that the executive—President in the nation, Governor in a State, or mayor in a city—has the power to refer a matter passed by the lawmaking body to the people. This was strongly advocated for and actually came near insertion in the constitution of Belgium when it was revised ten or fifteen years ago. It is in the charters adopted by the cities of San Francisco and Vallejo in California regarding certain forms of legislation, such as the granting of franchises, and will likely soon go into other city charters. It is in use in some local and State matters here. The dissolving of the British and colonial parliaments by the executive and the calling of a new election is a crude form of this Executive Referendum.

4. The Legislative Referendum provides that a number of the legislators less than a majority can refer a law to a vote of the people. The proportion advocated is usually twenty or twenty-five per cent. of either house. It is a form not in general favor.

5. The Disagreement Referendum is a form of the Legislative Referendum. Under this, when there is a disagreement



between the two houses of a legislature the bill can be referred to the people by the lower or more popular house, or by either. Sometimes the law must be passed twice in the lower house. This form is quite extensively advocated in Australia, where bills to put it into effect have been introduced in all the colonial legislatures. In New Zealand such bills have passed the lower house and probably in the near future will pass both houses. It was strongly advocated for incorporation in the constitution for a federated Australia recently drawn up and adopted at a Referendum of the people. It is what is usually understood by the word "Referendum" in England.

A curious variation of this form has arisen in Australia in the discussion of it, called the Dual Referendum, which means that any law referred to the people must be passed both by a majority of those voting on it and by majorities in a majority of the States composing the federation. This it is thought would preserve States' rights. But it is a useless precaution, as the experience of a century shows that a case has never occurred where a majority of the States were on one side and a majority of the people were on the other. Usually the majority is very decisive in both methods of counting.

6. The Judicial Referendum provides that, whenever a law or a part of a law is declared unconstitutional by a supreme court, that law must be submitted to a vote of the people at the next election, and if a majority—some say two-thirds or three-fifths majority—vote in favor of it, it becomes a law, anything in the constitution to the contrary notwithstanding; although it does not repeal that part of the constitution with which it comes in contact, save for the special instance mentioned in the law voted upon. This is very generally advocated among a certain class in this country as being a control over the courts. It has never been advocated elsewhere, because the power of declaring laws void on account of unconstitutionality is not vested in any other courts than those of the United States.

Certain other bodies are sometimes invested with the power of the Referendum in certain cases—such as the G. A. R. in certain matters in Iowa. But the above are the main forms.

## III. THE RECALL.

If the Recall was in force in any locality, whenever a petition signed by any number over one-half of the registered voters of that locality for the recall of any officer of that locality was filed, that office would become vacant. If it be an appointee's office, the appointing power fills it in the usual way. If it be an elective office, an election is held and the people fill the office. Thus, if the mayor of a city pursue a course that may not even be wrong at all, but that is unpopular, his opponents, if they are numerous enough, may put him out of office by simply signing and filing a petition for his recall. He is at once sent into private life.

This is frequently known as the Imperative Mandate, but the more proper, simpler, and easier understood name is the Recall. It is imperative enough, but a mandate is a command to do something, and this is a command to do nothing—to go back to private life. Hence the title, "The Recall."

The Recall is kindred to Direct Legislation because it relies on the use of petitions, gives them a real value, and gives the people a constant control over their elected servants where now they have it only on election days. The same arguments are used against it that are used against Direct Legislation. The main one is that it would mean a constant turmoil. To this there is the same answer—that the very fact that it could be used would make its frequent use unnecessary.

There is no question that in theory and practise it is intensely democratic; but it has not spread with the rapidity and steadiness of Direct Legislation, and where the two have been adopted together Direct Legislation has been sufficient to make the servants of the people so continually responsive to the people's needs that even the threat of the Recall has become unnecessary. Moreover, it differs from Direct Legislation in that it involves the personal element in a manner allowing for reprisals and political revenge.

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## SOME THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC REFORM.

PUBLIC reform concerns itself with questions, methods, and policies pertaining to the improvement of the public service. It assumes—not an unwarranted assumption—that conditions exist in the administration of public affairs that are not ideal; that these conditions, or some of them at least, are susceptible of certain and exact reformation and improvement; that it is the particular business of the reform movement to secure, or make operative, better conditions in public affairs. Public reform, therefore, may be defined to be a sincere attempt to promote the best administration of public affairs consonant with our representative form of government. It includes alike in its consideration measures that may be proposed to secure the desired end and men to carry such measures into execution. Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of any effort in behalf of the advancement of present conditions, social, political, or economical, that would divorce the one from the other.

A meritorious measure, for instance, which sought to establish the more equal and equitable distribution of the burdens of government by radical changes in the laws of taxation, would scarcely receive the cordial support of a large constituency if it were generally understood and believed that its most enthusiastic friends and champions were known to be members of that class of patriots (?) who are the most skilful and astute tax-dodgers. The disinterestedness and sincerity of the so-called tax-reformers would be at once challenged. So, too, another scheme, seeking to attain the same end, plausible, it may be, but manifestly impracticable, proposed by a well-meaning and honest man, is defeated because of want of merit in the suggested plan. Thus it will be seen that any attempt at public reform takes into account both men and measures. They are, and of necessity must be, "one and inseparable."

It is doubtless true that adverse criticisms, however intelli-

gent, however honest, however just, are rarely welcomed by those who hear or read them, and are frequently made the subject of vituperation and abuse; and the motives that prompt them are often impugned, sometimes belittled, and not rarely distorted or condemned.

Now, the very idea of reform involves adverse criticism, and public reform involves the criticism of public affairs. It is evident, therefore, that any proposition that starts out with the assumption of condemnation of existing conditions in governmental matters will be unable to obtain a hearing unless there is something intrinsically meritorious in the proposition or worthy in its promoters, or both.

In a republic, the prevailing opinion seems to be that in public affairs the acme of human perfection is reached, and any attempt to discount this idea is always viewed with suspicion and distrust; hence, to go before the American public with a suggestion for real reform in public affairs requires, not only courage, but the highest order of statesmanship, positive rather than negative qualities, constructive and creative rather than destructive talent. Any one can find fault. But not only to discover the existing evil in our government, but to devise the adequate remedy for that evil, so that greater evils do not supervene, requires the highest order of intellect. The true reformer is such a person.

In the discussion of the means to be invoked in order to secure a better public service, it will be necessary to consider, somewhat, the present state of public affairs; and especially with reference to such conditions as it is believed, from the viewpoint of this paper, do actually exist, and as to some of which the suggestions herein may specifically relate. It would be exceedingly difficult to propose solutions, or even to indicate what may be deemed to be the effective weapons tending toward such solutions, however comprehensive or unique, until the problems themselves have been first stated.

In other plain words, a reform movement in public affairs, if it is to be even tolerably successful, must indicate the existence of an actual evil; it must propose what appeals to the aver-



age mind as an adequate remedy. Nor is this all. It must *prove* to a legal certainty the existence of the evil indicated. Merely saying that there *is* an evil is not enough. And it must provide the means and methods for making effective the appropriate remedy. Finding fault with existing conditions will not be sufficient. It is just such a policy or attitude that serves to apprise the public evil-doer that he is being distrusted, and that he must be more cautious and circumspect in his methods of procedure. A loyal and intelligent constituency, asked to support a movement in the interest of good government, has a right to demand more than this. A reform movement, therefore, if it is to be worthy the name, must embody and include in its missionaries and friends all the essential qualities that make for true statesmanship—that quality which sees not only the existing evil in human government, but also the altogether sufficient remedy; that quality which is able to destroy the one and to construct the other in its stead, without permitting greater evils to intervene than it is sought to extirpate.

There is much said nowadays, and perhaps there is even more written, about corruption in official life. It is freely charged that the average individual in office, and that means the great majority of the office-holding class, is always for sale in dollars and cents; that official influence is a thoroughly purchasable commodity; that official integrity is, practically, an unknown quantity; that an honest man in business or professional life becomes at once a rascal and a criminal so soon as his garments become contaminated with the political arena. These are very grave charges, and alarming if true. That there is more truth in the foregoing statements than many of us are willing to concede is doubtless capable of exact proof. How to make such proof effective is one of the problems with which we are now dealing.

In conversing with a prominent business man about municipal matters in a western city, the writer was assured that the administration of the city affairs was very largely dictated by what he termed the "hold-up policy," pure and simple. When asked to explain this "policy," he did so in the following man-

ner: A concession is asked of the common council, or other appropriate body or board, as, for instance, permission to extend a show-window over the side-walk, or to extend a power system from one building to another, necessitating the use of a public thoroughfare, or to get an appropriation for a particular purpose, which purpose is believed to advance the interests of the individual working for it. Now, these concessions can never become operative unless the parties seeking them are ready to "come down" with the hard cash for them. It is the "hold-up" policy. Tribute money for the protection of gambling-hells and brothels is another form of the same "hold-up" plan. Votes at the polls are also purchasable, and the price is sometimes extremely low. It may be the promise of office, a few dollars in money, an insignificant present, a drink of liquor, a cigar, a receipt for a worthless debt—any, or a part, or all of these. The buyer is denominated a shrewd political "boss," and the seller thinks he is as well off anyway. Both speak boastingly of the transaction, and neither meets with the condemnation of his fellow-citizens, as he should. Thus it is that bribery and corruption go on in public life, and the rottenness of the public service continues unabated. Reports are given out that a portion of the school fund has been diverted from its proper object without any authority of law, and a treasurer is charged in a loose and haphazard way with having paid out the public moneys illegally.

These are samples of conditions that actually exist in public affairs to-day. They emphasize *the need of radical change*. What is the significance of them? Always absolute and sometimes irreparable loss to the best interests of the public service. Why? Because, at most, it results generally in but *a change of rascals in office, not to a defeat of the rascals*.

It is in connection with such general, wholesale, and indefinite but measurably truthful charges as to existing conditions that one of the most effective weapons of genuine reform can accomplish much good by *developing what are the facts* in a particular case. The truth is that so much is said about official malfeasance or misfeasance, and so little is established to a



certainly, that the public has become indifferent, not justly or wisely it may be, but nevertheless indifferent, and inclined to discount all statements made along this line and to disbelieve most of them.

This is our contention: *The exposure of official corruption and the pointing out of defects in the methods and systems in use in the administration of public affairs are, when rightly and wisely used, incontestably the most effective instruments tending, and naturally tending, to promote genuine public reform. Indeed, they cannot be permanently overwhelmed.*

One writer, in speaking of municipal corruption, says: "The remedies that seem to me likely to be most effective are *wide publicity of the conditions that invite corruption* and careful scrutiny of the financial condition of candidates." This writer seems to think that an independently rich man will be less inclined to sell his official influence than another man who is hopelessly involved in financial difficulties.

Another writer, in discussing methods and remedies to reform abuses in voting, says: "There should be absolute frankness and plain dealing with ourselves and others. . . . We need to learn the exact facts before a remedy can be devised. And so long as local vanity and commonwealth pride deter people from seeing and admitting the truth concerning their own States, we shall be and continue to be irreformable. The truest friend of any locality is the man who, in a proper spirit, tells the truth to that locality."

This policy of exposure, however, must be used with wise judgment and great caution. Every statement should be so well fortified with what can be proved, specifically, at any time and at any proper place, that it carries conviction with it. This method supplants mere rumor and suspicion with hard, cold, convincing facts. It forms the basis of intelligent action on the part of the honest voter. And the honest voter is, after all, always in the majority. This method dignifies the truth and pushes it to the front; it denounces falsehood and relegates it to the rear.

Undoubtedly, to make this weapon of public reform really

effective requires a vast amount of detailed work among those who are earnestly seeking improved conditions in public affairs. Its great strength and virtue lie in the ability to disclose, specifically, and if need be at great length, the evils complained of. In such a case, the true reformer will be so sure of his position that, if it involves a public official in the violation of the criminal code, his discoveries will be first published through the appropriate processes of the criminal courts. His redress will not be sought by an inflammatory statement in the partizan press, nor by an appeal to the masses in a stump speech. Such methods are no part of the effective work of the genuine reformer.

The overthrow of the Tweed ring in New York City some years ago is a case that illustrates what is the contention of this paper. So long as the public said that this ring of thieves was corrupt, everything went as merry as a marriage bell with its members. The ring continued to grow rich and the public treasury continued to be depleted. And the marvelous success of the nefarious schemes of this wicked gang of officials was the talk of two continents. It was not, however, until thorough and detailed work in the interest of good government was begun that any really effective work was accomplished. A single newspaper, in the first instance, took up the almost herculean task of exposing the frauds and corruption in New York City in its official affairs, and was able, by its carefully wrought out plans and proceedings, to land the leader in prison. And the same paper, pursuing the same methods, was the cause of other members of the ring fleeing from the country or being brought to justice. It well illustrates what well-directed effort can do to accomplish real reform in the administration of public affairs. Great numbers are not necessary to accomplish this work. The honest masses will always support such an effort; but they cannot be expected to take the initiative.

The work of the Lexow Senate Committee in unearthing the rottenness and the criminality of the police department of the metropolis of this country is another illustration of what detailed work and publicity can accomplish. The disclosures of



this committee appalled the public mind. And the startling developments made possible a better police service in the mis-governed city.

The criticism of the methods and systems in vogue in the administration of public affairs, if it involves no one in crime, can be left to intelligent discussion and suggestion. This can be pursued in many ways, and the real point at issue placed squarely before the people for their consideration and determination. But the criticism should be definite and specific, not general or doubtful. Our public service is probably not perfect; but defects must be clearly indicated, and sufficient improvements suggested, before the cordial support of good citizens can reasonably be asked or expected. Distrust in proposed correctives and want of confidence in those who propose them have made impossible many really worthy attempts at improved governmental conditions.

The work of hunting down corruption and wrong-doing in public affairs cannot be trusted to mere hired men and underlings. It is a work for persons of strong personal qualities and incorruptible parts. It requires persons whose identification with the work, personally and intimately, will be a guaranty of its thoroughness and trustworthiness. The work of exposure cannot be safely delegated to the young, or the inexperienced, or the vicious. It is preëminently the work for thoroughly trustworthy, experienced, and intelligent persons—those who have the cause of good government sincerely at heart and are willing to make sacrifices to secure it.

The practical value of this weapon of reform has been alluded to in passing. Its effectiveness is evident from many points of view. It helps to make healthy public opinion—always an important factor in a representative form of government. It is an inducement to be honest in the discharge of official duties. It is a constant menace to the official wrong-doer. It makes operative and efficient the penal code. It discovers the defective methods in the administration of public affairs. It suggests and devises appropriate and reasonable remedies for such defective methods. Above all else, *it is the only weapon of public*

*reform in keeping with the true spirit of democracy, for it can be made effective in the hands of the many as well as of the few, and its power can be felt if wielded by only a single person.*

The ballot may be made an effective weapon of public reform. But its efficiency is confined to its use by the individual, not to its use through the machine of a political party. For no political party can be truly denominated a reform party, and no genuine reform is secured as a result of the induction into power of a political party; nor can it be truthfully said that any distinctively reform movement was ever inaugurated and prosecuted by a political party. It is conceded that political parties may have done something to intensify the conditions that made a reformatory effort possible, even successful; but this was incidental, not primary. Until the despotism of parties is greatly lessened, the ballot will hardly be an effective weapon of reform through the political machine. Public reform will never find its origin or momentum in them as now organized and manipulated. Indeed, much of the real work of reform finds its most fertile field in one or more of the existing political parties. It is the rottenness and corruption that pervade the avenues of political parties that make the need of the true reformer. It would be too much to hope or expect that a political party would consent to assist in an organized or covert raid upon itself.

There is a class of blind adherents to a political party who are intelligent and honest, but who seem careless and lukewarm if not positively indifferent to their civic duty when it comes to public affairs. They lack intelligent interest. They neither study politics nor concern themselves in the current public questions of the day. They have independent convictions, and if once aroused to political activity they could be made effective weapons of reform. They are too valuable a class to be out of political harness, at least in the better sense of the adjective qualification. But it is difficult to make them feel that in a democracy they owe the State a civic duty—a duty that cannot be delegated and that cannot be adequately discharged in a mere



passive, half-hearted, and careless manner. The disposition of many of them not to attend the caucuses, the primaries, and the polls is a distinct loss to the cause of good government, and cannot be too strongly deprecated. Many of this class go so far in their manifestations of indifference as not to vote at all. The repeater, so called, who votes, or attempts to vote, more than once, is called a criminal, and is treated and punished as such. We call this meting out justice to the wicked. But how much worse is such a one, from a purely moral point of view, than that other citizen in a representative form of government who, for no just or patriotic reason, declines to vote at all?

Legislation is a means of reform. It supplies the foundation for definite action. A reform movement will hardly succeed unless it be well-sustained by law. Legislation, however, is not the panacea for all the ills found in public affairs, and it is sometimes but the crystallization into statutory enactment of pioneer effort in behalf of good government. It gives form and emphasis to public opinion, and when dictated by sound judgment augments the effectiveness of other reformatory endeavors. Legislation that gives the government authority to examine the books of quasi-public corporations, for purposes of a purely public nature—as to determine the amount of earnings, in order to fix the rate of taxation, or for the purpose of fixing rates of transportation—is reform legislation of the positive kind. But it is patent to most of us that much faulty legislation is placed on our statute-books, supposedly in the interest of good government. This legislation, however, is so narrow, and paternal, and puritanical, in its nature and purpose, as scarcely to furnish a pretext for reform action. It is certainly legislation of a most reprehensible type. The Connecticut Blue Laws and prohibitory liquor laws are samples of legislation of the reprehensible character.

The most effective reform never comes from or through organized effort in the first instance. It is the *individual* effort that counts. It is a mistaken notion that in organization is strength in reformatory work. If the reform sought is genuine, if the evil is not visionary, if the reformer is wholly unselfish

and sincere, then the movement for better government is not only inherently right but is also impregnable, so far at least as ultimate results are concerned. It is the want of sincerity and constructive ability in the average reformer that casts a halo of suspicion and doubt upon the work championed by him. It is the absence of well-directed and statesmanlike efforts against patent evils of large proportions that make public reform so uncertain and slow.

The very idea of reform is distasteful to the average American citizen. It asks for the recognition of conditions that the loyal citizen dislikes to concede—conditions that he is unwilling to believe exist in public life. It is only when the proofs are forthcoming, the truth of which is guaranteed by men who have the confidence of the public, that encouragement and support will be extended to purely reform effort. The reform idea involves so much that is purely chimerical, and numbers among its most enthusiastic and zealous friends so large an army of malcontents, hypocrites, and knaves, that the wonder is that the movement has been able successfully to withstand the “infliction” of its indiscreet and unworthy friends.

Effective reform, real, substantial, and worthy, must be wrought out by the people as a whole. A class cannot and ought not to do it. It is only as the great mass can be impressed with the need for these changed conditions that they will be taken up and carried into the practical affairs of the public service. And it is to the common people after all, to the so-called middle class of our citizens, that the reformer must chiefly look for aid and support in making operative better governmental conditions. The wealthier classes, the multi-millionaires, will not do it; the low, and ignorant, and vicious cannot and should not do it.

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## THE DIVINE QUEST.

(*Number Three.*)

### LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE FRATERNAL STATE.

#### I.

HOWEVER valuable was the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More in indicating the essential savagery, injustice, and unreason of political conditions in his age, by describing a juster, saner, and happier State, and however important was the Inca civilization in affording a practical working illustration of a government in which no such thing as poverty, starvation, or want was known, and where, through all toiling a reasonable number of hours a day in a coöperative instead of competitive manner, opulence obtained on every hand, these illustrations, as was the case with most of the social dreams and practical experiments that had preceded them, lacked the element of permanency and normal evolutionary expansive growth, because they rested on the imperialistic or paternal rather than on the republican ideal. The right of the king or hereditary ruler, or of a special class, to legislate for the millions who constituted the State was assumed as a fundamental fact not to be questioned. Thus government, however beneficent, was aristocratic instead of democratic, paternal instead of fraternal in essence; and history proves nothing more clearly than that arbitrary power in the hands of a ruler or class not responsible to the true source of government—the people—invariably degenerates into a despotic or unjust rule, in which the masses are exploited or opposed for the benefit of the rulers or ruling class.

No Fraternal State can be founded, possessing the element of permanency and normal growth, which fails to recognize (1) the people as the true source and fountain-head of government, and (2) the inalienable right of the people to enjoy the great natural gifts which the Father of Life has vouchsafed to

all his children. Furthermore, no Fraternal State could be established that was not antedated by the advent of liberty of thought and of action in a larger degree than had been known in the civilizations of Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Rome, or medieval Europe. Freedom of thought was essential if civilization was to continue in its onward march, with a true Fraternal State for a goal. Liberty was essential as the means for the supreme end.

## II.

The great revolutionary epoch of the first and second centuries of Modern Times inaugurated a battle for freedom of thought, primarily as it related to religion, but secondarily as it pertained to education, scientific research, and social advancement. In this great conflict the Netherlands took the most aggressive and inspiring stand. This wonderful little land, from which should later rise the Dutch Republic, not only blazed the way for freedom of thought in religion and a noble liberty in State, but established new ideals in the minds of the people without which the further and healthy growth and unfoldment of the dream of Fraternalism would be impossible.

The prevalent and vicious idea of the divine right of kings had to be forever overthrown, and all dogmas that chained reason, fostered superstition, and made men fear to think, or that erected arbitrary barriers and exalted classes, had likewise to be overthrown before the coöperative commonwealth could become aught but a haunting dream. The long, brave, and tragic struggle of the Netherlands was not only marked by a consecration, a heroism, and a self-sacrifice that light up the darkness of the period with deathless splendor, but it drew to itself kindred souls from England and elsewhere who in turn carried the broader vision of liberty, justice, and right to their native lands. This was especially true in regard to Great Britain, where the seeds of liberty were sown broadcast and the idea of the divine right of kings, so long and tenaciously held by the people, began to give way before a growing conviction that the Parliament representing the people, rather than a king, should be the supreme source of power.



From the Netherlands the revolution shifted to England, where the despotism, perfidy, and reactionary temper of Charles I. called forth Eliot, Pym, and Hampden—three noble champions and apostles of freedom, who electrified the nation and in a large way broke the age-long spell of the “divine right” idea. Eliot, after splendid and effective services for the State, became a martyr to the cause. Pym, though suffering much, as the apostles of progress are wont to suffer, even when they escape the martyr’s crown, lived to give shape to the oncoming revolution; while Hampden—brave, wise, and altogether noble Hampden, most splendid type of a prophet of progress—fell on the battle-ground, only to be as strong in death as he had been in life.

What Holland had done in a partial way the revolution inaugurated by the Parliamentary party and led by Eliot, Pym, and Hampden carried broadly forward. This tremendous political upheaval, which brought the faithless Charles I. to the scaffold, with all its faults and crimes was at root a bold, brave, and true attempt of the people to assert their own right. A mighty wave of moral sentiment and enthusiasm, nowhere better voiced than in the stately verse of John Milton, marked its rise and left an indelible impress, not on England alone, but also upon the new Western world, peopled by the Anglo-Saxons. The people were feeling their way toward the light. After Eliot, Pym, and Hampden, it was forever impossible for absolutism or despotic personal rule to become permanent in England or the lands that sprang from Britain.

The course of civilization is marked by action and reaction—the coming and the going of the tide. So long as the heart of a people is sound; so long as the moral ideals are potent in dominating national life; so long as the people may be aroused by agitation and struggle for the supremacy of the higher law—the general course of life is upward. The receding tide returns, touching a still higher level than ever before. It is not until the noble surrenders to the base, until sordid materialism gains ascendancy over divine idealism, that a nation or a civilization goes the way of ancient Rome.

After the reestablishment of the Stuart dynasty, on the accession of Charles II., a violent reaction took place, and it seemed for a time that all was lost. Yet a great truth once published to the world, or a high political ideal when once materialized so that it appeals to the conscience and imagination of man, can never be destroyed. This baleful reaction, however, lasted longer than the Stuart dynasty; for, though the accession of William and Mary witnessed many important political reforms, and though during the rule of the first two Georges Parliament, and especially the Ministry more than the Crown, really governed, the cynicism touching the deeper and holier things of life and the materialism and gross sensualism that marked the reaction from Puritan austerity stretched far into the eighteenth century; and had it not been for the presence in England of great philosophers who by the authority of genius compelled the attention of thinkers and stimulated the liveliest and freest controversies, it is doubtful whether the nation would have made that progress toward free and popular rule which, with few halts and interruptions, has marked her general trend since the overthrow of the old *régime*. It would indeed be difficult to overestimate the influence of these philosophers, of whom Hobbes and Locke were the most illustrious.

Hobbes during the stormy years of conflict between the people and the Stuarts wrote some of the greatest philosophic works England has produced. His "Leviathan" stimulated a general philosophic controversy—something of great importance and disastrous to political, social, and religious orders whose power rests upon arbitrary authority, tradition, prejudice, and precedent. Whenever the interrogation point is raised by intellects of the first order, unrest grows, and ultimately progress and human advancement follow. And the discussions occasioned by the "Leviathan" and other works of Hobbes prepared the way for John Locke, one of the greatest master thinkers of the ages—a man who as an apostle of civil and religious liberty wrought an inestimable work for the cause of progress and human emancipation.



This great philosopher brought all the resources of his massive intellect to bear upon the intolerance and despotism of his age, holding as he did that sovereignty and authority lay with the people; that they had the right to govern themselves in the way they deemed expedient and best; and that, possessing this fundamental and inherent right, it was within their province to change or modify government from time to time to meet changed conditions. He thus struck at the root of absolutism, the "divine right" idea, and the fiction of rights by virtue of birth or class rule. These ideas had been voiced from time to time, it is true, but this great philosopher compelled the thinking world to hear him by the authority that genius ever commands; and they who heard, if they were open to reason, became convinced. He was one of the first masters of the revolutionary epoch—one of the truest leaders among the champions of freedom; and the effect of his philosophy not only permeated thinking England: it spread over the Channel and across the waters, and tinged when it did not color the writings and utterances of thought-molders throughout western Europe and the American Colonies.

It was impossible that such high and ennobling thought as that of John Locke could be widely disseminated without producing results, and such results were indeed seen from his time constantly operating in England. Very markedly were they emphasized in the life of William Pitt, later the Earl of Chatham. Pitt was one of a group of young statesmen who sought to carry exalted ideals and ethical enthusiasm into politics at a time when the long and memorable career of Horace Walpole was drawing to a close. The great prime minister viewed this effort with cynical interest. He characterized the younger statesman and his fellows as "the boys," little dreaming that their influence was about so to impress the conscience thought of England as to give Democracy a new impulse throughout the world. Yet such was the case; and simultaneously with this blossoming forth of broader and purer ideals among statesmen and secular thought-molders came that wonderful religious awakening of which the Wes-

leys and Whitefield were the master spirits. Charles Wesley was born in 1708, in the same year that William Pitt first saw the light of day. His brother John was five years his senior, and George Whitefield was born in 1714. Thus this group of great men who wrought so profoundly on the moral convictions of England and America were contemporaneous. These great religious leaders who founded Methodism gave a spiritual impetus to the thought and life of the poor that was as genuine as it was far-reaching. Had it not been for the awakening of the conscience of the masses, who had been largely drifting from moral and religious moorings, it is hardly probable that England would have moved so surely and peacefully along the line of democratic advance.

But the hour now approached when the "*divine torch*" was to pass from England to the Continent and over the sea. Thus far Great Britain had been preëminently the revolutionary power since the struggle of Holland against the absolutism of Spain and the forces of the Inquisition. Britain's march, though often arrested, had been on the whole toward freedom. The republican ideal had been the pillar of fire before her hosts. Her children had laid the foundations for the new political philosophy that should supplant the age-long pretensions of absolutism, of hereditary rule, and of class government. And now the underlying principles advanced by Locke began to bear fruit in the unrest of the American Colonies at the injustice of the mother country, while already in France the reasoning of this great philosopher was exercising a far-reaching influence among the more thoughtful and independent minds. Already there had appeared men whose writings were, ere the century closed, to make France the revolutionary storm center of that transition period.

In 1748 there appeared a work that produced a profound impression on France. It was entitled "*On the Spirit of Laws*," and was written by the great French philosopher, Montesquieu. The author of this epoch-inaugurating work was one of the most illustrious philosophers of France in the eighteenth century. He had traveled extensively, spending two years in



England, where the views of Locke greatly impressed and influenced him. His previous works, especially "Persian Letters" and "Considerations on the Causes of the Grandeur and Decline of the Romans," had made him famous; but the reception of the treatise "On the Spirit of Laws" could not have been so cordial had not the French people been in a manner prepared for it. Within a year and a half of its appearance this revolutionary work had passed through twenty-two editions; and the advocacy of liberty and humanity made in its pages had deeply affected the thought of the nation. Of this philosopher, Voltaire observes that "the human race had lost its titles; Montesquieu found and restored them."

Next came Diderot, who will be forever immortal as the master spirit and directing genius of the "Encyclopedia," which was perhaps only second to the "Social Contract" as a promoter of the great revolutionary crisis in France. And lastly followed Rousseau's "Social Contract," bolder, clearer, and more outspoken than the commanding revolutionary works that had preceded it. This book opened with the startling declaration, "Man is born free, and he is everywhere in chains." And four chapters further on the author proceeds to assert that "since no man has natural authority over his kind, and since strength does not make right, there remains only agreement for the basis of all legitimate authority among men."

These were daring words to promulgate in an absolute monarchy—words that could not have gained general circulation had not the people been so awakened and educated that they welcomed such bold and revolutionary thought. Certain it is that the "Social Contract" of Rousseau crystallized and augmented the revolutionary sentiment of France to such a degree that only the prompt and wise recognition on the part of the government of the more imperative demands of enlightened conscience and the popular sense of justice could have averted a revolution of force. Had the throne of France in 1776 possessed the wisdom displayed by the throne of England in 1846, Turgot might have averted the bloody upheaval as did Sir Robert Peel save England from a crisis of force by bowing to

the demands of the people. But the prejudice and self-interest of the throne, the Church, and the nobility alike opposed the wise statesmanship of Turgot, and the doom of the old order became inevitable.

Meanwhile over the seas the American Colonies had proceeded to act upon Locke's conclusions touching the rights of the people. These Colonies, which were weak and rich only in moral enthusiasm born of a conviction of the righteousness of their cause and the compelling influence of lofty ideals, met the mistress of the seas, who was also one of the mightiest nations of earth, and vanquished her. The uprising of the American Colonies was the second great act in the revolutionary drama, of which France furnished the third.

England had led the way, but, when she became unjust and faithless to the ideal of popular sovereignty, America took up the sacred work and established a freer government than had heretofore existed, while giving to the revolutionary impulses of France new inspiration from a tangible illustration of a living Republic, more powerful than England, so soon as England became reactionary.

Next France became the theater of action. Here absolutism and the ideal of freedom fought in a life-and-death struggle. Here was a supreme crisis. Here was the storm center. With foes within and almost all Europe assailing her from without, France, under the spell, or frenzy if you will, of an idea, throttled oppression at home and hurled back the allied strength of Europe's greatest nations. That blood flowed, that gigantic crimes were enacted, that the innocent often suffered with the guilty, was inevitable. But France was saved and absolutism everywhere heard its death-knell sounded. The long struggle from the days of Charles I. in England, the heroic and victorious stand of the American Colonies, and the whirlwind and fire of the French Revolution, all contributed to establish certain great fundamental principles of government absolutely essential to the upbuilding of a true Fraternal State.

That historians in the face of the past and the present can persist in viewing the French Revolution as a failure would be



inexplicable were it not that as a rule they make the same mistake that the revolutionists made in regarding liberty as the end instead of the means for securing justice, equity, and happiness to the people. Mazzini perhaps more clearly than any other thinker of the nineteenth century pointed out the fallacy of this position. Liberty, as he insisted, must not be considered as an end but as an essential—absolutely essential—means to achieve social justice and as a means of establishing the basic principles that shall at once take away special privileges and secure to all citizens equal and exact justice, or, in a word, carry into government the spirit of the Golden Rule and establish a Fraternal State.

The revolutionary era that dawned with the Reformation and reached its climax in the French uprising broke the spell of absolutism without inaugurating the social anarchy that prevailed during feudalism, while it further broadened the freedom of man and in a very real way laid the foundations for social equity. History, as our greatest philosophical historians recognize, reveals a slow evolutionary growth in civilization. In the old time the lot of the many was that of slavery. Next their condition became modified in serfdom. The third or present stage is found in wagedom, or a less marked condition of servitude, and yet one in which the millions are under the whip of necessity and obey the “masters of the bread,” or those who through accident of birth, monopoly in land, or special privileges are enabled to levy a tribute and assume virtual command over the many.

The next step will be coöperation—not, as to-day, of the few for the exploitation of the many, but of all for the mutual benefit of all. Of this impending step, this coming revolution, we shall next speak. At present it is well to call to mind the fact that civilization’s drift, in spite of periods of depression and ebb tides, is upward. Absolutism gave place to individualism, and individualism in time will yield to coöperation or mutualism that will blossom in the Fraternal State.

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## REAL ORIGIN OF AMERICAN POLYGAMY.

### A REPLY.

THE August ARENA contained an article by Joseph Smith, president of the "Reorganized Church of Latter-day Saints," in which the writer attempts to give the origin of plural marriage, or polygamy, in America. Why this effort should be made at this late date, when plural marriages have not been solemnized for many years in the church founded by Joseph Smith the Prophet, is not explained. The purpose appears to be, under the plea of absolving that religious leader from the charge of teaching and practising plural marriage, to brand with wilful falsehood all his successors in the prophetic and presiding office, and also a large number of men and women of unimpeachable character and high standing in the church, some of them still living and others deceased, who have given the most direct and solemn testimony that Joseph Smith taught them the doctrine of plural marriage as contained in the revelation dated July 12th, 1843, and many of them that he practised what he taught. This number includes several highly-respected ladies who have given evidence, under oath, that they were sealed to Joseph Smith as his wives for time and all eternity, and that they sustained this relation to him while he was living.

It is on this account that the undersigned, son of Hyrum Smith the Patriarch, and nephew of Joseph Smith the Prophet, makes this reply to the statements and deductions contained in the ARENA article under consideration. There is not the slightest doubt in the minds of the officers and members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which was organized on April 6th, 1830, and has continued uninterruptedly and with an unbroken line of authority to the present date, having its present headquarters in Utah, that plural marriage was in-



troduced by Joseph Smith in Nauvoo, Ill., and that the revelation herein mentioned was proclaimed by him to the prominent officers of the church, and was written under his dictation by William Clayton, whose testimony is on record, as sworn to by him before the Hon. John T. Caine, notary public, in Salt Lake City, February 16th, 1874. He testified further that Joseph Smith married to him, for time and eternity as a plural wife, Margaret Moon on April 27th, 1843, at the residence of Elder Heber C. Kimball; also that he, William Clayton, officiated as an elder and married Lucy Walker as a plural wife to the Prophet Joseph Smith at his own residence on May 1st, 1843. This lady is still living and willing to repeat her evidence when necessary.

There are numerous affidavits recorded, certifying to the plural marriages solemnized by Joseph and Hyrum Smith, sworn to by the parties themselves and many others giving particulars of the explanation to them of the doctrine of celestial or eternal marriage, including the plurality of wives, made by each of those church leaders in the city of Nauvoo. Among them are the affidavits of Joseph B. Noble, Benjamin F. Johnson, Lorenzo Snow, Wilford Woodruff, S. A. Woolley, Orson Pratt, Lyman O. Littlefield, Thomas Grover, Joseph C. Kingsbury, Erastus Snow, David Fullmer, Howard Coray, Edwin D. Woolley, and many other prominent "Mormons" whose character for honesty, veracity, and general uprightness of life is unspotted and beyond reproach. Among the ladies who have also made similar affidavits are Eliza R. Snow, Emily D. P. Young, Eliza M. Partridge Lyman, Melissa Lott, Lovina Walker, Mercy R. Thompson, Lucy W. Kimball, Sarah Ann Whitney, Helen Mar Kimball, Fanny Young, Rhoda Richards, and many others whose word would be received without question by all persons acquainted with them.

There is a lady still living in Salt Lake County who testified to Mr. R. C. Evans, who is at present counselor to the writer of the article in *THE ARENA*, when he visited this city some months ago, that she was married in Nauvoo by Joseph Smith to Hyrum Smith, father of the undersigned, as a plural wife.

Her name at the time of marriage was Catherine Phillips, now known as Catherine Phillips Smith. This evidence, in connection with the testimonies already mentioned, is doubtless well known to the president of the "Reorganized Church." He and his brothers have visited this city and have met ladies who assured him that they were united in marriage to his father in the city of Nauvoo, but, to use his own language, he "prefers to believe the contrary." That is to say, positive, definite testimony of living witnesses to a given fact, corroborated by written documents and indisputable circumstances, are to be counted for nothing in view of a preference to disbelief in their accuracy!

It has been urged in contradiction of this evidence that some of the ladies whose names are here given signed a statement, which was published in Nauvoo, to the effect that they had never been taught by Joseph the Prophet or his brother Hyrum the "spiritual wife" doctrine, which was held and promulgated secretly by John C. Bennett and other persons who afterward apostatized from the church. But when this is investigated it will be found that the corrupt and licentious ideas entertained by Bennett and his associates were as far removed from the plural marriage system set forth in the revelation of 1843 as lechery is from virtue and foulness is from purity.

In a feeble attempt to impeach the evidence of those estimable ladies, the writer in the August ARENA dismisses the proofs against his position thus afforded by the statement that in a suit prosecuted by the "Reorganized Church" before the judge of the circuit court of the United States, in the western district of Missouri, this testimony "failed utterly to maintain the statements of said Utah women." If the writer had been as much disposed to be fair as he was anxious to make a point in support of his unbelief, he would have made it clear that the issue before the court was not the correctness of their testimony but the claim of the so-called "Reorganized Church" to land owned and possessed by a religious body called "Hedrickites," which the body now represented by Mr. Smith was seeking to wrest from the latter. And he would further have stated that the



decree of that court was subsequently set aside on appeal to a higher tribunal. So much for his endeavor to depreciate the force of direct and unimpeachable evidence that plural marriage was taught and practised by his father and uncle, Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

A somewhat plausible argument is presented in the *ARENA* article, based on the evidence that in the earlier days of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints monogamic marriage was advocated and upheld; but no one has disputed that. All the quotations made from church works and discourses to prove this are so much wasted verbiage. The question is not what the church taught and practised in relation to marriage when it was first established and for some years afterward, but what was taught and practised from 1840 to 1844 in Nauvoo under the teaching and administration of Joseph Smith the Prophet.

The revelation on celestial marriage, including the plurality of wives, given as explained on July 12th, 1843, bears the impress throughout of the spirit and language of the other and earlier revelations through Joseph Smith, as published in his life-time in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. It bears no literary resemblance to the revelation contained in the same volume, given through President Brigham Young. It has special reference to affairs in the family of Joseph Smith, which would be meaningless if concocted after his decease. It contains commandments to him personally and to his wife, Emma Smith, and to them alone. It also refers to the wives that had already been sealed to Joseph Smith, in a manner that would be without sense or relevancy, except for its application to those individuals during his life-time. The persons thus spoken of were well known by a large number of trustworthy witnesses to have been his wives in Nauvoo, in every sense of that relationship. His son, in the *ARENA* article, makes the bald assertion that there was no issue to any of these marriages. That is a mere assumption, which he is not able to prove, and which cuts no important figure in the dispute; for lack of offspring can scarcely be viewed as disproof of the marriage relation, or

what would be the social status of many estimable couples in this country?

The ARENA writer makes a quotation from the Book of Mormon that is equally astray of the point in contention. He cites a commandment given to the people who lived on this continent several hundred years before the Christian era, and that was declared for their particular and special guidance. They were limited to one wife each. The reason for this is given, which was that they were too wicked and abominable to be permitted to enter into those sacred relations and covenants comprehended in the divine order of celestial or plural marriage. In referring to that ancient inhibition, which has no bearing upon the present age or the people of these times, the writer, as he did in relation to the suit in the Missouri courts, omitted an important and essential part of the case. The Book of Mormon declares that the Nephites of that early period should have but one wife. But this clause follows that commandment, and was carefully left out by that writer:

*"For if I will, saith the Lord of Hosts, raise up seed unto me, I will command my people; otherwise they shall hearken unto these things."*

The quotation of that clause would have taken away the entire ground of his position. The commandment that the Nephites should have but one wife was for that people and that time, with the intimation that a further and different commandment might be given at another time and to another people, and that the law then declared was but temporary. Careful reading of the law of God to the church in these latter days, in its earlier years, will show that, while its members were then required to practise monogamic marriage, the declaration, as quoted by Mr. Smith, that "one man should have one wife, and one woman *but* one husband," bears the implication that a man might possibly be permitted at some time to have more than one wife, while a woman was to have "*but* one husband." Be that as it may, the revelations to the church from the beginning were to the effect that later and more advanced truths were to be made known, and the church was commanded to receive



them as the word of the Lord, as the Prophet received them from Deity. At the organization of the church, April 6th, 1830, the following commandment was given by revelation: "Wherefore, meaning the church, thou shalt give heed unto all his words and commandments which he shall give unto you as he received them, walking in all holiness before me; for his word ye shall receive, as if from mine own mouth, in all patience and faith."

All through the history of the church, intimations will be found that God would reveal from time to time His word and will, and that all things that had been lost should be restored, this being "the times of restitution of all things spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world began." In a revelation given January 19th, 1841, the following occurs:

"And verily I say unto you, let this house be built unto my name, that I may reveal mine ordinances therein unto my people; for I deign to reveal unto my church things which have been kept hid from before the foundation of the world, things that pertain to the dispensation of the fulness of times."

In the same revelation the doctrine of baptism for the dead is set forth, wherein the saints of God, who have been baptized themselves and have received the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands of men holding divine authority, may be baptized for and in behalf of their departed ancestors who had no opportunity of receiving the gospel in the flesh. This, it is shown, must be attended to in a temple or house of God erected for that purpose. This doctrine and ordinance was one of the tenets added to the faith of the church at the time mentioned, but was not a part of its creed in the beginning of the church. There are other ordinances mentioned in the same revelation that were not required or made known until some years after the church was organized. Will Mr. Smith also repudiate them because they were not part of the church doctrine in the beginning?

Continuous and added revelation is one of the fundamental doctrines of the church established by Joseph Smith the Prophet. Therefore, the notion that, because plural marriage

was not taught in the early years of the church, it was not declared in later times, is a fallacy, and contrary to the very order and progress that are essential features of the body. That some principles and policies of the church, even in the days of its youth, were required to be kept back for a period because of the hostility of the world, is indisputable when its history is perused. It was the same in the days of the Saviour, who said to his disciples, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

The religious body over which Mr. Smith presides, and which repudiates the doctrine of plural marriage, is called the "Reorganized" church, and came into existence in the year 1861, he being called to stand at its head as the son of the martyred seer. Its establishment was a virtual declaration that the church established April 6th, 1830, had become disorganized through the death of its presiding officer. The fact is that there was no disruption of the church through that lamentable event, for it was so organized that it could continue intact, no matter what officer therein should die or be excommunicated. When its members were expelled by mob violence from the city of Nauvoo, all its essential authorities, priesthood, ordinances, ceremonies, associations, discipline, doctrines, gifts, powers, blessings, and spirit remained and continued with it through all its journeyings, until it established its headquarters on the spot now known as Salt Lake City. It has never been dissolved. It is the same church that under divine inspiration was founded by Joseph Smith the Prophet, who predicted its occupancy of the vales of the Rocky Mountains and made provision before his cruel death for the exploration and settlement of this western region. It was the life-work of Brigham Young, as it has been of his successors in office, to carry out the plans devised and revelations received by the Prophet Joseph Smith, whose divine mission they accepted with unshaken faith and devotion. They would no more think of falsifying his words and intents than they would of denying Christ or defying the Eternal Father.

The attempt made by the writer in the August ARENA to re-



lieve his father from the responsibility of introducing plural marriage is an endeavor to justify what is called the "Reorganization" of a church that was never disorganized. But in doing this he becomes an accuser of the brethren; for, if his position is correct, then the worthy and great men who have succeeded his father in the presidential office of the church are branded with infamy as wilful and deliberate liars, and the hosts of good men and women who testify to the same facts as they have declared are numbered in the same category. Against this the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, represented by the undersigned, enters its most solemn protest, and proclaims to the world that, whatever may be thought of the truth or error of the doctrine of plural marriage, it was introduced by Joseph Smith the Prophet as revealed from heaven, was practised by him, and taught plainly to the apostles and other prominent church ministers in Nauvoo; and the proofs of this are overwhelming and beyond honest controversy.

In rejecting the revelation on plural marriage, the son of the seer will have to repudiate also the doctrine of marriage for eternity, which is an essential part of the same communication, and which is one of the most sublime and glorious principles ever made known to mortals. Under it a man and a woman may be sealed together here as husband and wife "in the Lord," and it shall be sealed in heaven, not merely until death shall part them, but through the countless ages of eternity. In that are comprehended glory and exaltation and perpetual increase, dominion, and power in worlds without end. Plural marriage is but a part of the doctrine made known in that communication, and that it came from or through the Prophet Joseph Smith during the latest years of his life is as certain as that the sun shines when its meridian is reached in the heavens.

This reply to the leader of the "Reorganized Church" is not intended as an argument in favor of plural marriage. That is not the question at issue. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints decided to submit to the law of the land, after a long contest in the courts, when it was finally settled by the Supreme Court of the United States. Therefore, arguments as

to the right or wrong of plural marriage are needless. A dead issue need not be exhumed. But that the eternity of the marriage covenant—by which a man and his wife may be sealed on earth to be one through all eternity, and it shall be sealed in heaven—was taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that connected with this doctrine was the law of the holy priesthood by which men holding it, under divine command, might receive more than one wife in that covenant, under given restrictions and regulations, is established by evidence as perfect and complete as anything ever offered in a conclusive case before a court, and is accepted without the shadow of a doubt by the many thousands of intelligent persons who compose the church which he founded under divine inspiration, and which was never disorganized or discontinued, but stands to-day as a monument to the genius and inspiration of one of the greatest prophets who ever lived on the face of the earth.

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## DESIRABLE REFORMS IN MOTHERHOOD.

WHAT a sweet, good old Anglo-Saxon word is *Mother*! How preferable it sounds to "Ma" (often pronounced "maw"), or "mama," or "mater"! There is a softness about this word that makes it precious to us from childhood to old age. What a flood of memory wells up within us when we pronounce that sacred name! It calls up a vision of all that is pure, noble, and lovable concentrated in that face, now perhaps old and careworn, which is best remembered as the face that looked kindly into the upturned baby eyes and answered the thousand and one questions that were ever on the prattling tongue when the little innocent had made a first discovery and wanted "Mother" to explain all about it.

If the word calls up a pleasant and restful feeling, how great is the contrast implied by its negative—*motherless*! Is not that one of the saddest words in our vocabulary? What is more piteous than the sight of motherless babes? And yet, sad to say, it were better for many a one in these days if that one had been left motherless before its little brain could realize that its mother was only a modern "fashionable" woman who thought as little about the immortal souls intrusted to her care as the viper thinks about its offspring—if naturalists tell the truth when they say that "the young vipers care as little about their mother as she about them, for they immediately go out into the world to seek their own fortunes, and become strangers to one another." Look at the average modern mother and try to conceive what the world will be like in the next generation if the majority do not soon realize the sacredness of maternal responsibilities and understand a great deal more of the mysteries of motherhood.

Many theories are put forward by enthusiasts and backed by plausible arguments for reforming the world. Temperance workers, preachers of all denominations, philosophers, social-

ists, honest politicians—all have their pet beliefs that, if the world would listen to them and read, mark, and learn what they advocate, the millennium would soon be reached and Utopia be a living, universal reality. But is it the teacher, preacher, lecturer, or philosopher who will reform the world? I trow not. As the twig is bent, so will it grow. A great man once said, "Give me the child until it is seven years old, and I will make it what I please." The wisest of all men said, "Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it will not depart from it." Yes; the making or marring of the life of a man or a woman is begun and consummated in childhood—in the period when the receptive faculties are ever open to surrounding influences; when the memory is keen and plastic, and first impressions are indelibly engraved on its tablets; when all the emotions are fresh and vigorous and are easily played upon by her who is, or ought to be, constantly present to regulate and harmonize them with all that leads toward true womanhood and manliness.

The young life should be tended as is that of a delicate hot-house flower. The skilled gardener knows when to shield his treasure from boisterous winds, when to supply it with cool, refreshing water, and when to encourage it with gentle heat; and finally he knows when and how to place it out under the broad roof of heaven among its more hardy companions, occasionally giving it a helping hand when the need arises. But how much more solicitous care and constant watching are needed by the mother who has her human flowers to tend and guard, and whose golden motto should be "*Mens sana in corpore sano*"!

Let us see how some modern mothers construe their duties in this respect. We will first take the example of the now too common "female lecturer." Without going into the right or wrong of women ousting men from certain employments, there can be no question of the crime attaching to the skirts of women—who are mothers, but devoid of motherliness—constantly to be seen on public platforms professing to be intensely interested in reforms. I once called at the house of a prominent woman of this class and found her three young children at



home neglected, dirty, shabby, and quarreling with the maid who was left *in loco parentis*. I soon afterward met the mother near the house, returning flushed and excited from a meeting where she had been holding forth to a number of women on "How to Make Home Happy." I walked back to the house with the lady, as it was my duty to interview her for my paper; but the burden of her conversation was about a little lap-dog that she carried in her arms and fondled lovingly, constantly playing with the little blue ribbon and bell around its neck. Only one thing definite could be obtained from her, and that was information regarding her forthcoming lecture, which she had announced for the following week, entitled "A Woman's Duty to Her Husband."

More common still is the unmotherly mother who neglects her family and devotes her time to adorning herself—in trying to look "young," but making herself in most cases a target for ridicule. She it is who delights in attending parties, socials, and balls, and who brazenly appears in the ball-room with her dress very much décolleté—like some of her indecent sisters who have but one desire in their minds when they appear with naked shoulders, necks, and arms. She teaches her daughters that their sole aim in life is to "catch" some man who is able to support them, that any means adopted is fair in "love," and that the average man does not care about the *worth* of woman so long as she has outward attractions; and she sighs with an immense amount of relief when she is able to bestow her daughter on some hapless male, and consoles herself with the thought that she will thenceforth have more time and money to look after her own dress and pleasures.

Then there is the slovenly, slatternly mother, who cares as little for her children's personal appearance as she does for their morals. Such a one is the first to assert that "*my* children would not do such-and-such a thing"; and if they are corrected at school she will invariably take their part against the teachers, and by indiscreet remarks before her offspring raise a spirit of rebellion against constituted authority that manifests itself both at school and in the broader walks of later life. I recall

one such mother who protested against the father giving their three-year-old son a mild chastisement for committing a gross offense, and which he well understood he was committing. The mother actually kept her bed for a week as a protest against the "cruelty" of her husband! To-day that son is a thorn in her side, and despised by all the good people who know him.

Some might argue that the father has as much influence as the mother in forming the character of the child. But a moment's reflection will surely dispose of this. The father, as a rule, is away from home the greater part of the day; the mother is, in most cases, constantly with the child from its birth till it becomes of school age. She has opportunities of noting all its little acts and of listening to all the budding thoughts naïvely expressed in its own peculiar way, and can check the bad or encourage the good *immediately*, and form its character little by little every hour. Then, again, we doubt if the necessary ability, patience, and attention to trifles (so called) can be displayed as well by man as by woman. Sons of clergymen too frequently grow up to be worthless members of the community. Is this the result of the father's attempts at home training, or is it because habitual familiarity with sacred subjects breeds contempt? It may be that, as "no man is a hero to his valet," so no preacher is a paragon in the eyes of his son. There are times, of course, when the strong arm of the father is needed; for though, when properly managed, most children can be trained to obey with readiness, occasionally some dogged, obstinate child must be visited with corporal punishment in proportion to the offense committed.

The weak, vacillating mother will declare openly to a neighbor that Bob is too much for her and that she cannot do anything with him; and there is five-year-old Bob looking up at the mother he is already beginning to despise with the cunning, saucy, and defiant expression of one who has gained a victory. Little cause is there for wonder that our reformatories are filled when such mothers infest the homes of honest, hard-working men and prove curses to both husband and children.

Still, the man is partly to blame, for he often chooses a



woman, not for the goodness of her inner nature, nor for her domestic accomplishments, but simply because of her showy appearance and her purely physical attractions. Such mothers, if they can afford it, will teach their daughters that it is "bad form" and quite plebeian to learn anything of housekeeping, nursing, washing, the care of children, and many accomplishments that really enhance the value of a woman in a good man's eyes; but they will give them lessons in music (on the piano especially), a little smattering of German and French (just enough to make them prigs), and a great deal of drilling in "deportment." Above all, they will fill their minds with shallow ideas that nowadays pass for the "finishing touches" that young ladies assume in order to bait their hooks and "catch some man" with more money than brains.

The best mother is the one who understands how to work—how to cook, how to prepare the washing, etc. If she is fortunate enough when married to afford to keep servants she will be able accurately to judge their merits and demerits; while, on the other hand, if she is forced to do her own work her knowledge of domestic life will make her a helpmate instead of a burden to her husband, and she will in both cases be able to *train her daughters* in the practical knowledge of *wives and mothers*. No true lady is ever ashamed to do that work which circumstances require of her.

Bickerings and fault-finding would oftentimes be non-existent if our modern mothers were more practical. The husband, if honest, is tempted to award more blame than praise when he sees how deficient his life partner is; and there springs up the coolness that is quickly noticed by the alert children, and they receive a constant object-lesson in domestic strife. Now, what must be the natural result of such home influence on the children when they hear remarks that should only be made when the little ones are absent? Such a mother does not realize that she is accountable for every word spoken and every act done in the presence of her children, and that the plastic little minds are molded daily by what they hear and see.

All the wickedness of the human race can be traced to in-

competent motherhood. The mother may be a well-meaning soul, and succeed in training some of her children to become reputable citizens; but she tries, maybe, to manage them all in the same manner, forgetting that they have diverse natures and that what is food for one may be mental poison to another. If the boy wants to be a blacksmith she will insist on his swelling the army of unemployed doctors. If he wants to be an artist, and shows exceptional talent for art, she has made up her mind to put him into business, and to an office stool he must go—to become a dismal, dissatisfied failure. This she will call “firmness,” and will insist on her right to choose a profession or trade for her son, just as she insists on her right to choose a husband for her daughter.

If every mother were to do her duty honestly, diligently, and unflinchingly by *all* her children, we should need no reformers but *mothers*, and the next generation would be leavened with more honest, truthful, and sincere men and women and by fewer of the pessimistic and cynical money-grabbers of to-day.

Mothers are teaching their children that appearances are everything—they must hasten to get rich and indulge their animal appetites; consequently, this old world of ours is becoming overcrowded with dissatisfied, helpless, selfish human microbes, polluting and contaminating the healthy lives of the minority and making obsolete the old-fashioned virtues of honor, chivalry, truth, and justice. They try to pass froth and glitter for rhetoric and pure gold; sharpness for a business transaction; hypocrisy for religion. And if they do an apparent kindness it is wholly with the intention of exacting usury at the first opportunity.

But are there no good examples from whom mothers might copy? Are there no mothers who have retained the love of their children till death parted them? Not to mention the noble examples in Holy Writ, we have the mothers of Garfield, McKinley, and Alfred the Great; the noble Volumnia, proud mother of Coriolanus; the brave Spartan mothers who taught their children to love honor and scorn a mean action, and the good Queen Victoria who has left many instances of her de-



votion to the upbringing of her children. Yes; there are still many homes where the pure mother is as the life-giving sun, shedding all around her the warmth and glowing comfort of her kindly presence; one who is a true comforter in pain and sorrow; one to whom it is a duty and therefore a pleasure to bring up her children in habits of unswerving honesty; one who has a glad smile and a heartfelt welcome for her life partner; one who constitutes herself the nurse in the sick-room, and who loves with all a true mother's love the child who has the hectic flush of fever as dearly as the one who wears the rosy cheeks of health; one who enters into all the joys of the play-room, the puzzles of the school-room, and the troubles that await in the cold outer world. No wonder is it that so noble, devoted, and unselfish a mother should win and retain the worshipful respect and love of those whom she has succeeded in launching into life fully equipped with all that is useful. No wonder is it that her gray hairs go down with honor to the grave. Our regret is that such mothers are so rare.

ALICE ROLLINS CRANE.

*Dawson City.*

## THE EDUCATIONAL SIDE OF ART.

IN our utilitarian age, one not infrequently hears the question, Of what value is Art? Apparently, from the purely external point of view, one could do without many of the amenities of life. The demand for art, the craving for the beautiful, however, is rooted and grounded in the deepest centers of our being. Far back in the infancy of civilization we see manifested in various ways this soul cry for the beautiful. Even the wandering savages of prehistoric times, though for the most part given to warring with man, the wild beasts, and Nature, have frequently left carvings on shell, bone, or stone that bear witness to this universal yearning of the spirit; and it is interesting to note that what they have left behind of art is of vital importance to us to-day in determining their character as well as the period in which they lived.

So we find that art is both historical and educational in nature. Among the earliest races there was no such intercommunication as we have in these later times. The age of machinery, invention, of steam and electricity had not yet dawned. There was no quick way of doing things or of going from place to place. Photography had not been discovered. Hence, originality of native genius was not fettered by incentives to copy, as at the present time; and whatever men desired to do in an artistic way was individual and original, not the product of copy-books or of schools. The whole life of a country was largely individual, and for that reason those gifted with artistic feeling were constantly inspired to depict something of the life of the people or to chronicle the great events of the nation.

In those olden times there could be little stealing of ideas or copying from other nations, for it was only on rare occasions that scholars visited other countries, and on such occasions they came back either filled with disgust or with some slight addi-



tion to their mental equipment. In the main, citizens were true to their own nation, and artists remained true to their individual thought and action. The thing nearest to them was the daily life of the people, and they found time and opportunity to depict that life and leave behind them that which is of immense value to the race in historical and educational ways. Thus art became of the utmost importance to humanity in tracing periods in national existence and in mirroring forth the habits of life of a people. We read more easily from the graven picture than from the written word, as only a few great scholars are conversant with ancient languages; but every one may read for himself in the pictures on the walls of ancient temples and in the tombs of ancient kings something of the life, amusements, and aspirations of a people long since mingled with the dust of ages. Thus one can readily see how essential is art as a source of information to after ages.

Gradually, however, as the race-man has taken on more intellectuality he has used his mental powers in other ways and has drifted more and more after the non-essential things. The emotional, imaginative, and spiritual elements of his being have not kept pace with his intellectual development. He has found the power of money too strong to resist, and he has entered upon the mad rush after power, gold, and other ephemeral baubles instead of fostering originality of thought, honesty of purpose, and even that national spirit that frequently stimulates to great work.

Greece was the last nation on earth to have a distinctly individual and original art. Rome copied Greece, and the rest of the European world has copied Rome since. Holland gave us a history of her people and a distinct school of painting, and we have to-day in her pictures a faithful representation of her early life. Here, indeed, the Dutch left us something of great permanent educational and historical value.

To-day France stands alone as having individuality in her art. All other nations go to Paris and there copy France, little thinking that France alone will leave to posterity art that can be distinguished from the mass of mediocrity called art to-day,

the greater part of which is nothing more than the cunning piecing together of varied copied parts. So clever is it that some time elapses before one runs across the good work from which it had its origin. Our modern artists will tell you that they have no time to think. They must keep their men at work in their factories.

In America to-day we find all sorts of art organizations for the reform of art, and incidentally existing in order to fill the pockets of art promoters who secure a quiet living in this way. They foster imitation and the commercial side of art. So clever have these promoters become that they have succeeded in deluding the public while discouraging genius and sincere, original work.

The art of Greece was the last really individual national art. France has approached more nearly to an original national art than any other nation; and there is absolutely no reason why we Americans cannot have originality and power in our work. We have made a good beginning and would doubtless already have produced much of educational value and permanent worth had not the politico-art-reform movement arisen in such a way as to retard natural, orderly development of native genius. Guilds and societies have tended to destroy great individual art and to crush genius. They have ever retarded movements toward original national art and the free, untrammelled expression of men of great imagination. So baleful has their influence ever been that it is wise to destroy organized art control in the beginning, else we shall leave no satisfactory record of our intellectual progress.

There can be no great art where there is not freedom. In America to-day we are in danger of drifting into the hands of cunning manipulators who make art a business and run factories for the production of what can never be real art. It is the man who copies, who steals or appropriates an idea, and then has it executed by younger or inferior men, who is constantly clamoring for art reform and constantly informing the public that it knows nothing about art. And thus, instead of giving our great men of genius that opportunity which they



should have to develop original art, great and enduring in character,—art that will live through the ages and shed a luster over our time and nation such as remains a fadeless crown of glory over the Athens of Pericles,—we are heeding the voice of the friends of “art control”: mediocre artists, mere copyists, who do not care to exert themselves enough to think along original lines, and who in order to stand at all must band themselves together.

It is impossible to overestimate the immense value of art as a means of educating and uplifting the race. True art inspires men with a desire to chronicle noble deeds and to leave behind in sculpture and pictures a record of great lives and events. The true artist—the man of real genius—possesses a godlike mind. He receives without effort. So clear is his vision that he needs no ancient models to copy from. He goes direct to life, scorning to steal from others their ideas. He receives his power direct from the world of causes and defies the small, cunning ways of the imitator. He cannot be destroyed. Even when they have killed his body, and his soul has returned to the Source of Light, his works remain to attest the God-given power that he would not debase for the paltry things of commerce.

Art is the life of man. It is not something apart from his daily existence; it is his life. Every act is artistic to those who are sincere. From the trailing of the plow to the finest touch of the painter's brush there is no essential difference, save in degree. It is the same divine love that makes the farmer admire a straight furrow which also fills the artist with unspeakable joy when something has come from his brain and hand that he has known little about, only that it has come to earth through forces that will not seek inferior channels.

This question of freedom for art is a vital one. It concerns every intelligent man and woman interested in the future of our land and people. Shall we in America let the coarse, unthinking manipulator of art organizations, and his less worthy artist associates with him, turn us from our individual artistic life? Shall we be led away from the true ideal of art, or shall

we stand for the freedom of the individual artist, so that he may leave behind him a faithful record of the life of this people? If we are to have a great art, worthy of our Republic, it can only be realized through the public at large refusing to join in any and all of the so-called movements for the reform of art. It is not art that needs reforming, but the men and artists who are debauching a noble profession. The world forgets the trader, and even the crowned king, but never her artists; they have been and always will be teachers of the people.

FRANK EDWIN ELWELL.

*New York.*



## A DREAM OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

I T was New Year's night of the twentieth century. The new cycle of a hundred years had been ushered in by chimes and bugles, by jollity and revel, and I was wearied by all the excitement, and, sleeping, dreamed a dream. I dreamed that it was the first day of the *twenty-first* century, and that I, an old woman, somehow sojourning still upon the earth, was seeking knowledge as to the new conditions. My instructress was a radiant creature, in flowing, graceful robes—a healthful, glorious girl of the period: the product of a century of freedom.

"Tell me," I said, "what evolution has done for you, my fair Feminine Type." The maiden answered: "We have made such advances that I fear to seem egotistic if I tell you, for I have heard that at the beginning of the twentieth century the world actually considered itself civilized! I have tried to read the history of those early days, but ignorance, cruel injustices, and utter irrationality existing in a supposed free land affect me as unpleasantly in retrospect as the Spanish Inquisition affected you."

I felt somewhat insulted at this reflection upon my own times, and replied: "But we of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries made marvelous additions to the wealth and knowledge of nations. We invented the automobile, wireless telegraphy, and the Roentgen ray; we gave you a fine system of education, a democracy——"

"Not so," she interrupted. "You gave a republic; a corrupt, subsidized government, manipulated by greed, controlled by one set of selfish mercenaries after another, under partizan leaders; a one-sided affair at best, where only one sex voted, and an absurd electoral college registered the votes of States instead of counting the majority of the people. Now, we have unqualified equal suffrage—for all of the citizens are educated, and women are among the best voters; also the initiative and

referendum, complete civil service, government control of public utilities——”

“Stop!” I cried; “I never could straighten out those technical names.”

“You see,” she explained, “in your day millionaires were made by getting control of that which the people were obliged to have, and charging what they wished, as if they were imitation gods, having a monopoly of Nature. They almost charged for the air you breathed! We have abolished oil trusts, private ownership of mines, railways, electric-light plants, and express and telegraph companies; and you would be amazed to see how the frightful discrepancies in individual wealth are done away with, without any artificial schemes of ‘dividing up’ personal property and giving the belongings of the industrious man to the shiftless. Ambition and individuality are still allowed; also private incomes. All these businesses are run as smoothly in the coöperative spirit as the Post Office ever was; and they pay for themselves, besides allowing the poorer people to use the necessities and comforts for a nominal sum. I wish I might tell you of the marvelous changes wrought along industrial lines, but the instances are too numerous to explain.”

“You mean that sweat-shops are abolished?”

“All such, and a thousand other evils once considered almost a requisite of trade. The hours of labor in every department of work are greatly reduced. By using all the adults, permitting no dependent classes, either tramps, paupers, or idle rich, we have found that the world’s work can be done by each healthy individual working five hours a day. You will readily understand how this benefits the indolent by compelling exercise, and the industrious by affording leisure, not to speak of the good that accrues to society by having all its members in a normal state, with time at their command for inventions, art, and letters.”

“This accounts, also, doubtless, for the good health that seems to prevail?”

“There are many reasons—increased happiness, development



of science, perfect sanitation everywhere existing. The abolition of slums was brought about chiefly by women."

"In my time, excepting the college settlement workers and the Salvation Army, there were few who seriously labored along such dirty lines."

"Some time ago women began to comprehend that, not alone for the safety of their own loved children but for that of all little ones, in the alleys as well as on the boulevards, there must be an eradication of disease, that the rising generation should not begin life hampered by unclean bodies and tainted morals. Hindered at first, by not having official power, the women did their best with the insidious, left-handed influence that always was recommended to them by men; but when given political freedom they went to work with enthusiasm, using the 'influence' *necessary* to effect transformations—the ballot. And so we have a fine sanitary condition and a healthful race."

"Marriage is as of old?" I timidly ventured.

"That depends upon what you consider was in vogue in your time. Monogamy was officially recognized but not universally practised, we have been told."

"I thought perhaps it is now abolished," I retorted.

"Oh, no; it is almost universal with us. The improvement in the average income has done away with the barrier of poverty, and a higher moral standard has abolished that nineteenth-century horror—the city bachelor. Every one marries, and the number of ideal unions is really very large. The age of marrying is a trifle higher, following the tendency of your time; but this is as it should be, for every one stays in college until at least twenty-two."

"Every one?"

"Yes, our compulsory education extends through college, and all, including universities, are free. As in your day, the happiest marriages were those formed by the products of co-educational colleges; so now, you see, all the unions are happy ones."

"I do not see many children?"

"No; they do not swarm the back streets like rats. But you

will find, by our statistics, that the increase is sufficient to keep the race extant."

"Goodness! Are families regulated by law?"

"Hardly that; but the advance of civilization seems to go hand in hand with a decrease in population. The tendency toward having fewer children has been encouraged instead of censured by public opinion, which now, as ever, is the greatest ruler of mankind. Instead of bewailing the 'good old families of fifteen' or acting hypocritically, we frown upon people who bring more than two children into the world, unless they, by virtue of excessive wealth, health, morals, or talents, seem unusually well qualified to educate and nurture a family. Social Control suggests that men and women devote much thought to the minds and hearts of their youth; consequently, the character of children has increased marvelously as the number has decreased. Even their longevity is now prolonged, and the death-rate of infants is remarkably small."

"All this is strange and fascinating, though it would have shocked my contemporaries," I ventured.

"It is not unnatural. It is but the logical working out of civilization. Another cause for the finer type of childhood to-day is the tender love and congeniality existing between parents. The abolition of multi-millionaires prevents mercenary marriages, and a few simple laws discourage discrepancies in age between men and women; but, unless physically and morally unfit, two persons strongly attracted to each other are expected to wed."

"All this is most remarkable; and, I doubt not, the inventions and all material matters have kept pace with these social and moral innovations. But how could such radical transformations be wrought—improvements, I grant, and desired by the prophets of my day—while human nature remained sordid, selfish, grasping, and sensual? Surely your last hundred years have not revolutionized the *heart of man*?"

"I think it is mainly due to our rational religion. It was a mighty struggle to overcome dogmatism, superstition, ritualism, emotionalism, and conservatism, especially as the leaders



of our great Religion of Humanity had nothing exciting, dramatic, pompous, or mystical to offer in place of the old. But simplicity and sense at last conquered. The only weapon of the new church was Education; and at length all the old creeds crumbled away, and now are preserved in libraries, with the Icelandic myths and Vedic hymns, to record the development of the mind of man in its groping toward God."

"Is the new religion Christian?"

"Yes; its essentials are based upon the moral teachings of Jesus, but it does not fear to inculcate the best that has been worked out by every people that has struggled and suffered and aspired beneath the sun. It does not scorn the simplest death-song of an Indian if this expresses some noble conception of immortality more clearly than do the sages."

"And it is this world-religion that has wrought so many reforms in politics, economics, and morals?"

"Yes, and it has done more. By destroying the spite and fight over hair-splitting theological problems it has enabled men and women to turn their zeal and energy into practical ethics and philanthropy, and to believe that if all men are indeed children of God, and brothers, they must act as such; and so we have attained Universal Peace!"

"Indeed? This must be something like heaven. The Bible proclaimed 'peace on earth,' but for two thousand years Christians seemed content with bloody war."

"We are not yet perfect, but we are no longer pessimists. The low rumble of insurrection heard in your day has died away, and all of us are bending every force toward the serious business of making life worth living and this world habitable, in a moral as well as in a material sense. Criminals, paupers, and tramps are practically unknown, and the strong public feeling toward one standard of purity—and that the highest—for men and women has elevated the social life of the whole world."

"I should think you would want never to die!" I cried.

"The rate of mortality is much lower than formerly; we know little of old age, in the sense of decrepitude, as of yore.

We live better as well as longer lives, too," said the beautiful woman. "We do not profess any didactic knowledge of a future existence, but we hope and long for personal immortality, as people always have hoped and longed, and our scientists and psychologists believe they are about to prove it. We all try to live so that if our activities continue after death we may have somewhat approximated perfection upon this earth."

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I awoke—to hear the ragged little newsboys (products of an imperfect social system) bellowing forth the financial crashes, murders, suicides, and scandals so glowingly regaled by the "yellow journals." I turned my face to the pillow, and prayed: "O God, may I live to do my small part of the world's work, and help to hasten the conditions that I dare dream will prevail in the twenty-first century!"

WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY.

*Grand Rapids, Mich.*



# A CONVERSATION

WITH

GEORGE H. SHIBLEY,

*Chairman of the National Federation for Majority Rule,*

ON

THE PROGRESS AND PROBABLE FUTURE OF THE OPTIONAL  
REFERENDUM AND INITIATIVE.

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Q. Mr. Shibley, as chairman of the National Federation for Majority Rule, I feel that you are in a better position than any other worker for the Referendum and the Initiative to give our readers something authentic in regard to the present status of the movement, especially along the lines of the Winnetka system. In the first place, will you tell us something about the work in the cities? Has there been any substantial progress made?

A. In practically all municipalities throughout the Republic the workers for majority rule through the Referendum and the Initiative have become acquainted with the Rule of Procedure system for installing it—the Winnetka system. A campaign has been entered upon in many cities, and in two of them the system has actually been installed—Detroit, Mich., and Geneva, Ill. At Chicago a majority of the aldermen elected last April were pledged in writing to adopt the system as to franchises for city monopolies, but as half the number hold over there is not as yet a majority who were elected on that platform. A rule of procedure was introduced in the Council last June and will be pushed to a vote, now that the summer vacation is over. Before the spring election rolls round the system is likely to be installed—the aldermen who desire a reelection must vote for Majority Rule or be defeated. In

Detroit the election of aldermen takes place in November, and last June there was a unanimous vote for the Majority Rule system. When election day is close at hand the aldermen are responsive to the will of the majority. In several cities there are organizations for installing the Winnetka system. Among these cities are Norwalk, Conn., Hartford, Conn., Paterson, N. J., Niagara Falls, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Port Huron, Mich., Minneapolis, Minn., Evansville, Ind., and Topeka, Kans. In these and in other cities where the Rule of the Few prevails, it is expected that the Unions will inaugurate a non-partizan movement for installing the Optional Referendum and the Initiative in the spring campaign.

Q. Is the work in regard to State affairs in as promising a condition as that in the municipalities?

A. Yes, in State matters the movement for Majority Rule has made splendid progress. Last June the people of Oregon, by a vote of 11 to 1, and at the request of all the political parties in the State, adopted the Optional Referendum and the Initiative as to all State legislation except laws immediately necessary for the preservation of the public peace, health, or safety, and the support of the Government and its institutions. This is the third State in which the voters have installed the system by amending the written constitution. The voters of South Dakota in 1899, and of Utah in 1900, adopted the system for municipal as well as State questions. In Nevada the last legislature voted to submit to the people of the State the question of the Optional Referendum as to State affairs. In all the other States of the Union there is a movement for the system in State and municipal affairs.

Q. Missouri is now one of the principal storm centers, is it not?

A. Yes, indeed. Organized labor has for years been demanding Majority Rule in place of Rule by the Few, and the labor forces have received the hearty and effective coöperation of the Missouri Direct Legislation League. This latter organization, through the chairman of its legislative committee, Mr. H. F. Sarman, and its secretary and treasurer, Mr. S. L.



Moser and Dr. William P. Hill, has carried forward an immense amount of effective educational work. Mr. Moser is an extremely brainy man, and Dr. Hill is not only strong and energetic, but he has contributed largely from his private funds to provide a vast amount of literature.

At the last session of the legislature (1901) a bill submitting to the people a constitutional amendment for the Optional Referendum and the Initiative was nearly passed. The defeat was due to a few Democratic State senators who are noted for serving the trusts and other special interests.

When next the State Federation of Labor met in annual convention, a resolution was adopted whereby the delegates declared that in the next election for members of the General Assembly they would vote only for such trustworthy men as were pledged to vote and work for the Referendum and the Initiative. A second resolution recited the control of the General Assembly by the owners of special privileges, and set forth that, therefore, to secure labor legislation the first step is to change the legislative system to Majority Rule. The following resolution was adopted:

*"Resolved, That the Central Labor Unions of this State each be asked to appoint a committee of three members, which, together with the legislative committee of three members of the State Federation of Labor, shall constitute a special committee to be known as the 'Joint Committee on Direct Legislation,' the purpose of which shall be to interrogate all candidates for legislative positions upon the subject of direct legislation, and to secure the pledges of candidates on this proposition, and such other legislation as is demanded by the Missouri State Federation of Labor, and to make public such information, to the end that the next General Assembly may be composed of men who may justly conform to the wishes of the toilers in securing 'equal rights for all and special privileges for none.'"*

After the convention adjourned the chairman of the legislative committee corresponded with the Central Unions and secured the appointment of the desired committees by all but one or two. Next an Address and Questions were agreed upon in consultation with Dr. Hill, Mr. Moser, myself, and others.

The program provides for the submission of a constitutional amendment, installing the Optional Referendum and the Initiative as to the statute law of the State and the ordinances of municipalities, and the Initiative as to the State constitution itself, and for a statute empowering voters in municipalities to propose questions of public policy and have them put to a direct ballot, the ballot to be advisory. This last is intended for use until such time as the Initiative can be installed in cities.

Success is assured in Missouri. Organized labor, by questioning the candidates of all the parties, has brought to the front the question of Majority Rule; and the pledging of the candidates on this issue has resulted in out-generalizing the monopolists and their tools. When the party in power in Missouri met in State convention the delegates declared unequivocally for the full program. The Democratic platform, adopted at St. Joseph, Mo., July 22, says:

"We hold that franchises to municipal public-service corporations should not be granted without a direct vote of the people, and we favor Direct Legislation wherever practicable."

This last clause is taken from the national platform of the Democratic party. Strong as it is, for it includes the establishment of the Referendum and the Initiative by the Rules of Procedure and the Instruction of United States Senators to install that system, yet the dominant party in Missouri came out in a more explicit way. Its platform adds these words:

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic party of Missouri, in convention assembled, does hereby pledge its candidates for office to use their votes and influence and to adopt all proper means to secure the submission to the people of this State, by the next general assembly, of a constitutional amendment providing for the application of the principle of Direct Legislation through the Initiative and Referendum."

The plank above quoted is a pledge by the Democratic party in Missouri to change the system of government—to change from Boss Rule to Majority Rule—should the voters favor it at the polls. Other planks in Missouri platforms corroborate



the view that there is a complete change in Democratic politics in Missouri. For example, the platform says:

"We further declare that contribution by corporations to political funds is an improper use of corporation money, is wrong in principle, and tends to public abuses, and such contributions should be forbidden by law in both State and nation. . . . Professional lobbying has become a positive menace to good government and the public welfare. Ceaseless war should be waged against this evil until it is thoroughly extirpated."

Then follows the plank for the Referendum and the Initiative, the only effectual remedy.

The plank devoted to the legislative demands of organized labor, as distinguished from the demand for a change in the system of government, is as follows:

"We declare that labor has the right to organize for mutual benefit and protection, and we sympathize with the efforts of the wage-earners of the country to better their conditions. We pledge the Democratic party to the enforcement of just laws for the arbitration of differences between employers and employees. We favor laws to prohibit the employment of child labor in mines, shops, or factories, and we believe that the full right of education should be enjoyed by all the children of the State. We are opposed to government by injunction, and declare that laws, both State and national, should be enacted to preserve intact the inalienable right of trial by jury and to protect the liberties of the people."

In Kansas, Iowa, Texas, and several other States active campaigns along the same general line are being pushed.

Q. Do you think it will be possible to inaugurate the Initiative and the Referendum in national politics without the long delay incident to securing a constitutional amendment?

A. Most certainly. The Winnetka plan is as practicable and feasible in national as it is in State and municipal legislation. The movement is purely republican in fact and essence. It has been the accepted and practically unchallenged theory of government ever since the disintegration of the Federal party. In fact, there is no record of the election of a candidate in modern times who openly opposed Majority Rule. And,

what is more, the only persons who would oppose it would be the enemies of democracy, who seek to destroy the principles of free government and establish class rule for the rule of the majority. Now, it is the purpose of the friends of Majority Rule to support only Congressmen who are willing to pledge themselves to the enactment of the Optional Referendum and Initiative, and to support in State legislatures only such candidates for the United States Senate as will pledge themselves to these democratic measures; while hold-over Senators will be instructed by the electorate. This plan will enable the voters to install the Referendum and the Initiative in national affairs at a very early date—something of great importance.

Another strategic feature of our campaign is that the Optional Referendum and the Initiative are not to apply to all questions at once, but only to the more pressing ones, viz., Interstate Commerce (the Trusts), Subsidies (the Ship Subsidy), Injunctions and Trial by Jury, Dependencies, Wages and Conditions of Labor, Postal Savings Banks, and Direct Election of Senators.

These questions are the dominant ones. Every one who thinks at all would like to see adopted a system whereby each of these questions can be separated, so that the voters can approve one and reject another, instead of being obliged, as at present, to accept the entire program of a party or reject it for the program of the other leading party. The increasing complexity of civilization requires that the voters shall possess the power to veto the bills that pass Congress. The effect of such a system is far-reaching.

Q. Will you give us some of the beneficial effects of the Optional Referendum and the Direct Initiative?

A. In the first place, the legislative body would be shorn of final power. The final power, and therefore the supreme power, would be transferred to the voters. They would become masters. Furthermore, the legislative body would become the true representative of the people's interests, because it would be manifestly useless for the monopolists to invest money in campaigns in order to elect men who are pledged to



their interests. Therefore, the representatives would be nominated to represent the interests of the several classes in society other than the monopolists. They who have long preyed on the people through special privileges would be defeated by the people. With the legislative body again representative of the people's interests, no really vicious legislation would be enacted, and the only questions that would come before the people for a direct ballot under the Optional Referendum would be questions in which there is a reasonable ground for differences of opinion. And when there is, as sooner or later there will be, proportional representation, there will be no need for even these occasional votings. The people in general will pay no more attention to the details of legislation than they now pay to the details of medicine or of architecture. Specialists will be employed in both fields. It will be only the broad questions of public policy and the details of installing a new policy that will command the attention of voters. Education as to the steps in social evolution must needs go on, but the schools and universities will be opened to the truth instead of closed to it—the present system of false teaching. And each Referendum campaign will be a school for the teaching of all the inhabitants.

## THE HOME ACROSS THE WAY.

### AN OCCULT STORY.

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BY LAURA N. ELDRIDGE.

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On either side of a quiet and respectable street in the city of M—— stood two houses exactly opposite each other. One was a two-story structure, which with the lawn surrounding it was always kept in first-class order. The other was a three-story tenement, somewhat out of repair. In front of this was a small grass plot, with a few scrubby dandelions in blossom.

One of the visible occupants of the better kept house was a man who acted rather mysteriously. He was probably fifty-five years of age, and of medium height and build. He had a cold steel-blue eye, muddy complexion, and light brown hair, sprinkled with gray, as was the red beard that covered the greater portion of his face. He came and went, but no one in the vicinity was able to discover his vocation.

The other inmate of this house was a woman of uncertain age—no longer young, rather stout, sullen, and ill-bred. She paid no attention to the children in the neighborhood, even when they spoke to her. Yet the extreme cleanliness of the dwelling was maintained by the labor of this woman—usually performed at two o'clock in the morning. During the summer she was robed in white, which the children declared was her night-dress; and for this reason they called her "the ghost." They also believed she chose this early hour for work to avoid being seen or questioned by any one.

The gossip concerning this eccentric couple attracted the attention of James Hawthorn, a young man living on the first floor of the tenement. Hawthorn was near the age of twenty-eight; he was tall and slender, with large, pensive, brown eyes, which grew singularly bright when provoked to laughter, and he had a mouth that showed two rows of beautiful teeth be-



tween his full, well-shaped lips. This young man lived entirely alone, and was much given to meditation. He was nearly always to be seen at his desk, sitting in a large easy-chair, dressed in a house-coat of a soft, dark-blue material, and looking the picture of perfect comfort and contentment.

After a time Hawthorn became exceedingly curious regarding the enigmatical couple in the house across the way. He saw many people go to the door and ring the bell, but all failed to gain admittance. He also noticed that the mysterious man, whom he had named "the Sphinx," walked with a soft tread, looking neither to the right nor the left when going to and from the house.

One day at high noon a closed carriage was drawn up before the dwelling. A man possibly thirty-five years of age, fashionably attired, sprang from the carriage and ran lightly up to the door, letting himself in with a latch-key. He remained there less than an hour, when he came out and was rapidly driven away.

This unusual incident was not lost upon Mr. Hawthorn. It increased his curiosity; and the evening of the same day, as he sat in the twilight meditating, his thoughts drifted to the house across the way and to what had occurred during the day. The moon threw a flood of silvery light upon the building, making the five front windows appear as if illuminated from within.

Hawthorn had sat but a few minutes in this mood, when his own room and his surroundings seemed to fade from sight. Suddenly he found himself standing at the door of the house upon which he had been gazing. To his surprise he walked in, going up the stairs with a bound. Hearing a voice, he turned in its direction, and instantly he stood in the middle of a room staring at the man whom he called "the Sphinx," who sat there repeating these words, "Be thou mad, *mad*, MAD!" Hawthorn looked around the room to see whom "the Sphinx" was addressing, but he saw no one. He wondered why this man did not look up at him as he stood by his side—he was apparently oblivious of his presence. Then Hawthorn noted the fact that "the Sphinx" had his eyes riveted upon a door in front of him.

At this moment a team of horses drawing a heavy wagon passed over the hard pavement, jarring the house. A tremor ran through the frame of the young man, and, suddenly opening his eyes, he found himself in his own room. Imagine his astonishment! "What does it all mean?" he exclaimed. "How did I get into that house, when all others have been denied admittance? How was it the old 'Sphinx' did not see me, or know that I was in the room?" These and many other questions crowded in upon him as he sat thinking over what had just occurred. Deriving pleasure as well as astonishment from this experience, Mr. Hawthorn persisted in cultivating the condition that brought it about—namely, concentration of thought, pure and simple.

After becoming accustomed to reaching the upper room where "the Sphinx" sat, the daring young fellow determined to find out what was behind the door upon which "the Sphinx" had gazed so fixedly. As quick as thought he found himself in the next room, which was scarcely larger than a closet. It was scantily furnished, and had a small sky-light in the roof. To his utter amazement, Hawthorn found himself standing by a small iron bedstead to which was chained a beautiful young woman, evidently a sufferer. Her long golden hair had fallen loose, almost reaching the floor, and the chains had made deep red marks on her shapely white wrists.

As Hawthorn entered the room she turned her large gray eyes toward him and asked whether he had come to help her. Sympathy and kindness were portrayed upon his face; so she told him of her trials. She was an orphan, and had been married to a man after a short engagement and his loud declarations of undying love for her. She inherited a large fortune, which in case of her death she had willed to her husband—who had proved to be a scoundrel, and loved her money only. He wished to be free from her, and had hired a man—an alleged physician—to throw her into a hypnotic trance. The hypnotist had brought her to this house in an unconscious state and chained her to the bed. Every evening at twilight, she said, a strange sensation passed over her and she heard voices all



about her crying, "You are mad, *mad*, MAD!" Then the poor creature declared she would certainly *become* mad, for she could not bear the torture much longer and retain her reason.

This visit was more surprising to James Hawthorn than his first had been. That the young woman was cognizant of his presence and could clearly describe such dastardly conduct, and moreover that he could see her and hear her speak, astonished him beyond measure. Her grief made so strong an impression upon Hawthorn's sensitive nature that even in his bewilderment he resolved to rescue her at any cost, and also to expose "the Sphinx" and bring the recreant husband before the bar of justice.

While his thoughts were intent upon this subject the door of the room suddenly opened. "The Sphinx" entered hastily, and to the woman said: "I heard you talking. To whom was it?" With a great effort to appear calm, she quietly replied: "A man stood at the side of the bed. I was speaking to him." The old "Sphinx" turned, and shaking his head he muttered, "She must be mad indeed, for no living person could get into this room without my knowing it." The noise made by "the Sphinx" entering the room and the shock that accompanied his presence brought Hawthorn to full consciousness, and he found himself in his own room, lying back in his chair, completely exhausted and more puzzled than ever.

Early next morning he set out to notify the proper authorities regarding the state of affairs in the house across the way. After being shown into a private office in the Police Department, Hawthorn related his experience to the Chief and several of his officers. He gave a full description of his trips to the house, and told what led up to them. The Chief and his men were inclined to make light of the story and insisted that he was dreaming all the while, as it was "impossible for such cruelty to exist under present social conditions." Hawthorn, however, held to his statement and urged them to go with him that he might convince them it was not a dream. Each man in turn gave some trivial excuse for not going. Driven almost to despair, Hawthorn jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "My

God, gentlemen! Is it possible for you to allow that poor woman to die, or, what is still worse, to be driven insane without raising a hand to help her? Do you refuse to go with me for proof that what I say is true?"

After talking for a few minutes in undertones among themselves, the officers decided that three of their number should accompany the young man on what they considered a wild-goose chase. This was enough for Hawthorn, and, thanking them gratefully, he proceeded with the trio toward the mysterious house.

"The Sphinx" had been thinking with no small degree of alarm over the visit he paid to his victim on the previous night, and of her statement regarding the presence of a man in her room with whom she had conversed. This latter incident he could not understand, and it perplexed him. His mind was on this subject when he saw Hawthorn and the three officers approaching the house. He hastened to the telephone and called up the husband of the young woman, telling him that officers of the law were at his door demanding admission. He asked what he should do. The answer came back, "Do the best you can under the circumstances, and I'll do the same." The officers were pounding on the door, and threatening to break it in if it were not opened at once.

Looking hopelessly around him, the old man quickly seized a bottle from the mantel and drank its contents—as the officers, with Hawthorn in the lead, burst into the room. Frightened and weak from the effects of the drug he had swallowed, "the Sphinx" made no resistance. In fact he said nothing until questioned by the officers, who showed him a warrant for his arrest. To this he merely replied: "It is too late; I shall be gone in a short time;" and, pointing to the empty vial on the floor, he sank upon a couch.

For an instant young Hawthorn looked upon him with pity. Then he exclaimed, "Come, gentlemen; let us hurry to the aid of the woman!" And, opening the door, he said: "Here is the victim of whom I told you. Is it a dream?" The officers rushed to the bed and peered into the woman's face, scarcely



believing their eyes. Finding that she was alive and awake, they proceeded at once to release her. She was soon freed from the chains that held her, but before she could find words to express her gratitude she swooned in the arms of young Hawthorn. A carriage being hastily called, she was conveyed to the office of Doctor Thomas, a skilful and reputable physician who lived near by. Her pitiable plight as well as her beauty and evident refinement at once interested the doctor and his wife and enlisted their sympathies. From them she received every care and attention, and both of them assured her that their home was hers during her convalescence. Rest and kind treatment soon restored her to health. Then she related to Doctor and Mrs. Thomas the details of her history, giving the name and address of her unfaithful husband and expressing the hope that he might be found and brought to justice.

When officers of the law arrived at the handsomely furnished apartments of J. Robert Bruce, the base and cowardly husband, everything was found in disorder, plainly showing that he had fled in haste.

A policeman had been detailed to take charge of "the Sphinx" and his house. The drug that the old man had swallowed soon had its effect, and the life flame went out.

It was found that the house-woman was a deaf mute, and little information could be obtained from her beyond the fact that she had been hired by the "Doctor" in New York City, which was her home. She did not know of a lady being in the house, she said. Later the woman was permitted to return home, and the remains of the alleged doctor were taken to the morgue to await a claimant. A seal was placed upon the house, in accordance with the law.

Of course, these exceptional circumstances were soon known throughout the city, and they created no end of excitement and gossip. Telegrams were sent throughout the country instructing the police officials to detain the fugitive, J. Robert Bruce. In his hurried flight Bruce had failed to call upon his banker. He hoped, however, that on reaching Canada he could procure all the funds he needed. He made the attempt and received

word that his draft would not be honored, as payment had been stopped by Mrs. Bruce, through her attorney.

This communication between Bruce and his banker informed the officers of his whereabouts. It also served to convince Bruce that he was no longer safe, even in Canada, and he immediately secured passage on a steamer bound for Australia. This steamer was out of the harbor but a few days when in a dense fog she collided with an incoming vessel, which stove a hole in her port side. She sank in less than twenty minutes, J. Robert Bruce being among the number lost.

After her recovery Mrs. Bruce begged Dr. Thomas to send for Mr. Hawthorn, that she might thank and reward him for his efforts in securing her release. The following evening young Hawthorn called, and, in the presence of Mrs. Bruce and Doctor and Mrs. Thomas, narrated his singular experiences in visiting the house where Mrs. Bruce was held a captive. He also talked of his occupation, prospects, and ambitions in life, but firmly refused any reward for the part he played in rescuing Mrs. Bruce.

The remarkable occurrence opened up many avenues for discussion. Dr. Thomas, in his calm and quiet manner, asked Hawthorn what he knew of the laws concerning the "astral trips" he had taken. Hawthorn frankly admitted that he knew absolutely nothing. "Well, then," said Dr. Thomas, "you did not know that the old rascal was a hypnotist, and by the power of suggestion was intent upon making Mrs. Bruce insane; neither did you know that by your own passive nature and by the power of concentration you were able to realize what you had been most desirous of knowing?" "No, sir," said young Hawthorn; "please tell me how I did it, for I am sure *I* cannot tell."

"It is quite evident to me," said Dr. Thomas, "that you are not acquainted with your own psychical powers—of which the projection of your astral body is one. Some men have these powers consciously developed; others are unconscious of their possession until an emergency calls them into action, as in your case. The intense condition of the hypnotist's mind acted upon your



sensitive mental retina and drew you to him at the very hour when he was making his villainous suggestions to his victim. Being naturally meditative, you found concentration very easy; consequently, it was no trouble to project your astral body to the house across the way."

"I wish you would tell me, Doctor," said Hawthorn, "why it was the hypnotist did not see me, or know that I was in the room?" "I will," replied Doctor Thomas. "It was because he was not a seer; he was not soul-sighted, or clairvoyant. If he had been so he would have seen you, and then you would not have known his secret. When a soul projects itself from the body it can be seen by any one who is clairvoyant. Every soul has an astral covering and can be seen through its light; for each soul has its astral light, as each body has its astral fluid."

"Doctor, please explain what you mean by astral light," said Mrs. Bruce.

"Astral light," replied Doctor Thomas, "is both an element and a power. It is not thought, but rather a vehicle of thought. 'Astral light is the sensorium of the world,' says Chevalier de B——."

At this point Hawthorn interrupted the physician by saying: "Dr. Thomas, as I was ignorant of the laws and rules of action concerning soul projection, do you mean to say that I made my first astral trip while unconscious of the power I possessed?"

"I do," replied the Doctor.

"Well, sir," said Hawthorn, "if that is the case, how did I make the succeeding trips, as I was then as ignorant of the law as on the first occasion?"

"I have been expecting you to ask that question," quietly replied the physician. "You compelled the projection by main force, or will power. Do you not remember how rapidly you moved when your desire was strong, and you willed to see what was behind the door upon which the hypnotist was gazing while muttering his incantations?"

Before Hawthorn had time to reply, Mrs. Bruce exclaimed,

excitedly: "If it was not the material body of Mr. Hawthorn that stood at my bedside, but his astral body, how was it that *I* saw him?"

"I will tell you," answered the Doctor. "Being a subject of hypnotic control, you became temporarily soul-sighted, or clairvoyant. The faculty of inner perception had become developed in you; and in the case of Mr. Hawthorn, although he was not under hypnotic pressure, his perception of hearing was unfolded to such a degree that his soul was cognizant of all you were saying. These perceptions belong also to the soul, and should be cultivated by every one."

"This subject of hypnotism is entirely new to me," said Mr. Hawthorn, "and I wish I knew more about it."

Dr. Thomas said: "The power of suggestion, more commonly called hypnotism, is the dominating of one mind over another—for either good or evil. If used for good, it may prove a blessing to those in pain; if used for evil it is of course a curse. One using hypnotism for evil is in reality a sorcerer, a black magician, a public enemy. Hypnotists may injure persons without much risk of being discovered; for the victim cannot defend himself as he might if it were open warfare. Paracelsus says that witches and sorcerers make a bargain with evil spirits and cause them to come in contact with other people, without their knowledge, in order to do them harm. The practise of hypnotism or the power of suggestion for evil is invariably followed by adequate punishment to the hypnotist, as in the case of 'the Sphinx.' The agencies employed will in turn react upon the operator. There is no escaping the penalty. The black magician may think he is exempt because of his superior wisdom in the art, but for him also the law is immutable. 'God is no respecter of persons.'"

The evening was now far spent, though none of them realized the lateness of the hour, being entirely absorbed in the Doctor's subject. James Hawthorn sprang to his feet, and, thanking Dr. Thomas for his instructive talk, proposed that they form a little club, to meet once a week, for the purpose of investigating and experimenting along occult lines.



The physician expressed his entire willingness, and young Hawthorn then bade them good-night.

The following week the little group met again, and its members continued to hold meetings through the autumn and winter, to their mutual benefit.

Mr. Hawthorn had by this time become very much attached to Mrs. Bruce, who still made her home in Dr. Thomas's family. But, being too modest to show his regard for her, and too impecunious to express it, he was at times very unhappy, for it appeared to him like a hopeless case. He was a struggling author with a reputation to make, while she was young, charming, and wealthy. He was quite certain she would not look upon him with favor, except in a grateful friendship for the service he had rendered her.

Dr. Thomas, with his acute perception, noted these symptoms of love in Hawthorn, and was determined to assist him. How this was done we will not relate; but the deep regard and gratitude that Mrs. Bruce entertained for James Hawthorn soon ripened into love. A few months later, amid the bloom and beauty of spring flowers, they became man and wife.

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

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## A NEW CHAMPION OF THE PEOPLE'S CAUSE.

A new and a commanding figure has arisen in political life—one that is typical, as was Lincoln typical, of robust, sincere, manly, and rugged Americanism—a morally courageous and a conscience-guided man; yet one withal who is eminently practical and possessed of that shrewd common sense and knowledge of men and measures that characterized Mr. Lincoln.

In Mayor Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, the American people have a leader such as from time to time arises in nations enjoying a reasonable degree of freedom, and who by moral conviction, by courageous loyalty to an ideal, and by fearless opposition to intrenched corruption and law-bulwarked injustice furthers in a lasting way the principles of liberty—kindling anew the love of right and the passion for pure democracy that are the hope of civilization.

The career of Mr. Johnson is typical as the man is typical. He was born into a home of comparative poverty, in 1854. Like Lincoln, he first saw the light of day in Kentucky, but in early boyhood he moved across the Ohio River, was educated in Indiana, and at the age of fifteen received a position as clerk in the office of the street-railway company of Louisville, Ky. While here he invented a number of valuable devices for street railways and also early displayed that wonderful aptitude for business, that intelligent grasp of multitudinous details and inherent ability to organize and operate great enterprises, that has marked his business career. In 1875 he bought a street-railway line in Indianapolis, Ind. Later he became largely interested in street railways in Cleveland, O., Detroit, Mich., and Brooklyn, N. Y. He was also a large and eminently successful iron manufacturer. Into his business enterprises he carried untiring industry, enthusiasm, and push. His executive ability and capacity for the organization and successful carrying on of large enterprises, coupled with rare business judg-



ment, led to great financial success. Everything he touched seemed to prosper, and the poor boy became a very rich man.

He always possessed a love for serious reading, and amid his multitudinous labors found time to peruse many able works. One day there came into his hands a volume from the able pen of Henry George. His attention was immediately arrested by the luminous presentation of an economic philosophy that impressed him as being at once thoroughly democratic in principle and spirit, fundamentally just, and imperatively demanded by civilization in its present stage of advance if the principles of free government for which the noblest sons of humanity in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries sacrificed their all were to be preserved to bless the coming ages.

Mr. George, he found, demanded the widest measure of freedom for the individual compatible with justice and the freedom of the other units in society as essential to the highest achievements. But the philosopher insisted that equality of opportunity be made a guiding principle of statesmanship; that equal rights for all and special privileges for none be made a living aim instead of an empty and meaningless shibboleth; and that inasmuch as the land and the water, the sunshine and the air, were the free gift of the Creator to all His children, and were moreover absolutely essential to their development, their happiness, and their very life, any attempt to monopolize any of these gifts of the common Father to His common children by an individual or a group of individuals—be the aggressor emperor or king, hereditary aristocracy or any other class—was a moral crime in that it deprived some of earth's children of a common inheritance essential to their being and compelled them in a measure to become subject to others in order to live. He further noted that the philosopher, though radical in his premises, was not only loyal to the demands of justice but also advanced no measures that would cause social upheavals or the destruction of homes. On the contrary, he strove to increase the homes, the independence, and the happiness of the people by so taxing land values that society as a whole should receive the benefit of this common gift of God to His children. Mr. George also clearly showed that the chief element in land values frequently, as in cities, for example, depended not on the land or its possessor so much as on society. It was the community that increased the value. Thus an acre in a city held idle and vacant, though it might be stony and non-productive, and though the possessor did nothing to increase its value, nevertheless rose in value, as the city grew, from a few

dollars to hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of dollars. Yet this unearned increment, which depended wholly on the people, instead of going to benefit them reverted to the pocket of the individual who held it from uses to which adjacent land was put.

Mr. George furthermore believed that the natural monopolies, such as the steam and street railways, water, gas, electric lights, telegraph, telephone, etc., should be owned and operated by the people for their own benefit. He also insisted that free trade, so thoroughly altruistic and broadly Christian in spirit and essence, should be adopted; that under the beneficent operation of this great peace-promoting and fraternal principle the shelter of unjust and oppressive monopolies, second only to that directly due to private ownership of land and the resources of the earth, would be destroyed; and that all these things were not only in harmony with the genius and spirit of democracy but essential to its perpetuity, which demands as the condition of its very life free men, who can only exist where equality of opportunity for all and special privileges for none are the dominating aim of government.

This broad, new, and fundamentally just economic philosophy appealed to the mind of Mr. Johnson, capitalist though he was, very much as the noble philosophy of John Locke appealed to many of the finest minds in England when his splendid new thought fell on the affrighted ears of the upholders of the "divine right" idea, and as at a later day the broader thought contained in Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws" and Rousseau's "Social Contract" appealed to many of the noblest thinkers among the aristocracy and privileged classes of France in the last half of the eighteenth century. Mr. George had aroused in him a realization of the duty that a man of influence and ability in a republic owes to the cause of free government. He entered politics, making a successful run for Congress in his home district—a district overwhelmingly Republican. In the national House, Mr. Johnson's strong individuality, superb moral courage, and that rare disinterestedness that puts the public weal above all thought of private gain, soon made him a positive force among his colleagues. It was during this time that the tariff on steel was under consideration. The great ironmasters were there in force, working for a tariff that would enable them to do as they are now doing—charging every citizen of the Republic a far larger sum than they charge the citizens of England and other foreign lands for the same article. In other words, they were fighting for a tariff that would



enable a few men to become multi-millionaires by the exaction of exorbitant prices from millions of users of iron in our country. At that time Mr. Johnson was one of the great iron-masters of the land, and the predatory bands that have become the supreme menace of our Republic through laws that place every American citizen at their mercy counted on his aid, inasmuch as the high tariff would enormously augment his profits. But Mr. Johnson, to the amazement and indignation of the iron monopolists, boldly fought for the interests of the millions in opposition to legislation that would pecuniarily benefit him. This action was strictly typical of the man.

The great dissatisfaction with the Administration throughout the nation, occasioned largely by Mr. Cleveland's ignoring the tariff issue on which he had swept the country and his intimate connection with Wall Street financiers, which culminated in the secret bond deal by which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates secured United States bonds that if put on the market in small lots would have yielded several million dollars more to the United States treasury than was realized, led to a Republican tidal wave that swept the Democracy of the North from power, retiring most of its Northern leaders.

At the expiration of his term in Congress, Mr. Johnson next turned his attention to his business enterprises, which had necessarily been somewhat neglected. He was, however, always ready to aid in the dissemination of the principles of democracy and the economic philosophy of Henry George, in the virtue and beneficence of which he was so firm a believer; and when Mr. George was nominated for mayor of New York on a public-ownership and good-government platform, Mr. Johnson threw all his energy into the campaign and in every way possible aided the great philosopher who was combating at once the beneficiaries of special privileges, the plutocratic and anti-democratic elements of society, and the corrupt rings and machines of the metropolis. He was at Mr. George's side at all times during that thrilling and memorable campaign, which came to so sudden and tragic an end when the great exponent of pure democracy fell on the battlefield, a martyr to the cause of justice and good government.

It is highly probable that the moral enthusiasm of Mr. George, the purity of his purpose, and his lofty passion for justice and the rights of the humblest and least protected citizens, aroused Mr. Johnson to a new and deeper sense of his duty as a man of wealth and ability to aid in the titanic battle of democracy against the new feudalism of capital. He knew full well

that the next few years would be marked by an unprecedented struggle between the dollar and manhood for supremacy in the nation. He knew that America was confronting a supreme crisis involving the question of whether the trust magnates, the monopolists, and the beneficiaries of special privileges should become more powerful than the government or, in fact if not in theory, superior to the sovereign people. He saw very clearly the increasing power of corporations and the baleful influence of plutocracy over the people's servants and the public opinion-forming organs. Certain it is that he determined to retire from business, enter public life, and consecrate his splendid energies to the service of the people and the furtherance of sound republican principles and honest government. He entered the mayoralty campaign in his home city of Cleveland, Ohio. At that time that city, in common with most large American municipalities, was the victim of corrupt ring and machine rule. There were from time to time overturnings in party government, but always it was found that the servile tools and instruments of the corporations operating public utilities were in office. Thus the city was burdened with taxes that, under equitable taxation of public-utility corporations, or under municipal ownership, would have disappeared or been reduced to so small a rate as to be onerous to no one. Moreover, the railways, the street-car companies, and other corporate beneficiaries of natural monopoly rights were obtaining enormously valuable water fronts, rights of way, and other privileges for practically nothing. All these things Mr. Johnson made plain, and against these crimes and the moral criminals in office and out he waged an aggressive warfare—a warfare at which the corporate interests at first sneered, because they knew that both the Republican and Democratic machines would be arrayed against this champion of honest government and public interest; and they believed that, with their liberal campaign funds to aid the political rings and machines in the fight, there would be no possibility of his election. The city government at that time was nominally Democratic, but its loyalty to the corporations was unquestioned and its enmity to Mr. Johnson was as intense as that of the Republican machine. Mr. Johnson, however, won the people and in his single-handed conflict routed the enemy at every turn.

At the time of his election the railroads were seeking to acquire an enormously valuable water front for practically nothing. They had no fear of failure till Mr. Johnson appeared upon the scene and exposed the iniquitous scheme by which,



through the collusion of the municipal government, the city was to be shamefully plundered. After the election of the people's champion the railroad interests and the retiring government determined to consummate the steal before the inauguration of Mr. Johnson. He, however, secured an injunction, to remain in effect until the morning on which he was entitled to his seat, after which there occurred something that well illustrates at once the methods of the ordinary ring and machine officials in American cities and the corrupt public-service corporations on the one hand and the alert and courageous character of Mayor Johnson on the other.

It is the custom of the incoming mayor in Cleveland to be installed some hours later than the time when he is technically entitled to take his seat; consequently, there would elapse some hours after the time from which the retiring mayor had been enjoined from signing the obnoxious bill, and before the inauguration of Mr. Johnson. Now it came to Mr. Johnson's ears that his predecessor intended signing the bill for the railroads, in defiance of the wishes of the city, as a last official act. Here was a real danger, but in the emergency Mr. Johnson acted with a courage, promptness, and despatch that saved the city. He privately took the oath of office and immediately repaired to the city hall. Entering the mayor's office as soon as he was technically entitled to his place, he demanded the keys to the desk and the room and thus forestalled the consummation of the iniquitous measure. From that hour he has steadily carried forward an aggressive warfare for just taxation, for cheaper street-car rates, for purity and efficiency in city government, and for the promotion of the best interests of the community.

It soon became painfully evident to those who had been growing wealthy by plundering the people, through obtaining franchises, grants, and concessions, that they had nothing to hope for from the new leader; hence, there began a systematic attack on everything he did. For example, he appointed a clergyman, the Rev. H. R. Cooley, to a place in his cabinet—that of director of charities and corrections. The ward politicians who desired place were greatly offended, and the opposition was quick to sneer at the introduction of clergymen into political life. Mr. Johnson, however, had recognized the fact that there are in America a number of clergymen who are not only men of conscience and conviction but original thinkers of ability, who dare to consider the great problems of social and political life in a fundamental way. They are not time-servers,

and are therefore rarely seen in the pulpits of rich and fashionable congregations. Yet they are the glory and the hope of Christianity, and in selecting Mr. Cooley he knew his man—one who was not merely incorruptible and ever loyal to right and justice, but also one who was abundantly capable of filling the position to which he was called with credit to the city and State. Subsequent events have proved the soundness of the mayor's choice, and the citizens of Cleveland are now free to admit that he is the best director of charities and corrections the city has ever had.

Through the mayor's influence, Mr. Starr Cadwallader was elected director of schools. Mr. Cadwallader had been graduated from a theological college, though he had never preached. Yet his elevation to office was made the pretext for another onslaught against Mr. Johnson's predilection for clergymen. Here, again, however, the efficiency of the new school director has been such that he is universally regarded with pride by the citizens.

In his appointments Mr. Johnson has displayed such rare judgment in selecting able, conscientious, and incorruptible public servants that the opposition's cry against them, because some have been men of the cloth and others men of the hammer, has thus far failed in its purpose.

At every step since his election Mayor Johnson has encountered the powerful opposition of the public-service corporations and the dominant party in the State. The State's attorney and the courts have been appealed to to defeat the city from the enjoyment of its rights and the taxpayers from relief from onerous burdens borne by reason of the immunity enjoyed by the public-service corporations from just taxation. In the meantime the ring, machine, and plutocratic elements of the Democratic party in the State, seeing their interests menaced and occupation imperiled, have naturally fought a leader who in his acts showed that he believed that "words were good only when they were backed up by deeds." With one accord the beneficiaries of special privileges, the party of the opposition, and the ring and machine element in the Democratic party have attempted to discredit Mr. Johnson; yet the rank and file of his own party have not been slow to appreciate a leader so strong, sincere, and earnest. They have flocked to his support. Mr. McLean, the owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and long the Democratic leader of Ohio, opposed Mayor Johnson, but his opposition has gone down before the popular enthusiasm for Cleveland's chief executive. At the recent State conven-



tion Mr. Johnson's leadership was undisputed. The platform, which is at once clear, brave, and outspoken, reflected his position, and in his able speech at that convention the people of Ohio heard the clear, statesmanlike utterances of a man absolutely sincere and loyal to the cause of the people.

That he should be assailed by the entire press that is owned or controlled by the plutocracy was as inevitable as it was inevitable that Abraham Lincoln should draw upon himself the hatred, slander, and ridicule of every pro-slavery paper and of all papers and influences subservient to conventionalism and commercial expediency, when the backwoods rail-splitting statesman entered the conflict in behalf of freedom. It is true that as yet the criticism and attacks are not quite so slanderous, libelous, and infamous as were the cartoons scurrilous that appeared against President Lincoln in such papers as *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Weekly* during the early sixties; nor are the assailants quite so abusive. Yet the same spirit is everywhere in evidence where corporate power controls the opinion-forming agencies; and already the papers that pose as highly respectable organs and that rail against "yellow" journalism, but that betray the cause of the people in the interests of their owners or masters on every possible occasion, are deliberately misrepresenting Mr. Johnson in a way thoroughly characteristic of that moral degeneracy which recklessly seeks to assassinate the character of every brave and incorruptible statesman at the behest of the trusts and corporations.

The head of the Ohio Democratic State ticket is another clergyman, the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, pastor of the Vine Street Congregational Church of Cincinnati. His nomination was the signal for another sneering cry from the opposition against "Tom Johnson's preachers"; but Mr. Bigelow, like the other clergymen who have had the support of Cleveland's mayor, is not only one of those incorruptible characters most sorely needed in present-day political life, but he has long been a deep student of and a clear reasoner upon social and economic problems. He is a man eminently qualified to fill the office of Secretary of State. We do not expect that it will be possible for the Democratic party to win in Ohio this year. The dominant party is strongly entrenched in government, while it will have unlimited funds from all the great corporations and classes benefited through special privileges, together with their powerful influence, both direct and indirect. Mr. Johnson has also the ring and machine power in his own party fighting openly or covertly to defeat the ticket, while his friends

have not been organized long enough to cope with the opposition in anything like as able a manner as will be possible at a later date. And yet the cordial reception already tendered this new leader by the rank and file of the Democracy of Ohio augurs well for the State and nation. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times to see the readiness of the masses in a party to rally to a man who is devoting heart, brain, and resources for the advancement of pure government, freedom, and justice, and whose past record abundantly proves that he will faithfully fulfil to the extent of his ability every pledge made to his constituents.

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### MORAL HEROES THE TRUE LEADERS OF CIVILIZATION.

Two men were engaged in earnest conversation. The younger, a youth whose heart was stirred by the deep under-current that is even now more profoundly moving civilization than easy-going conventionalism imagines, bewailed his poverty.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "had I a tithe of the fortunes that many of the young millionaires are squandering, I would leave my impress on the heart of the world. I would so dedicate my life and fortune as to live in the love of the ages."

"And," said his friend, fixing his piercing dark eyes upon him, "in your reading of history did it never occur to you that those who have blazed the path of progress, or filed open the prison-doors of ignorance, brutality, and prejudice, have been either very poor or at best men whom society and the world at large regard as very inconsequential? Ah! my friend," continued the elder, "they who leave a trail of glory behind them are not the rich, not the powerful, not the recognized potent factors of their day and generation; but they are one and all moral heroes—men who, like St. Paul on the way to Damascus, have been overpowered by some great moral or spiritual truth, and for whom henceforth self means little, but the cause of justice and the happiness and well-being of others mean everything."

I know of no fact in history more obvious than this. Look for a moment at a few illustrations fresh in our minds—a few of scores that might be taken from the fruitful annals of the last century.



On January 1, 1831, a poor young man, with limited education and practically no means, started a little paper in Boston. In the initial number of that insignificant, mangy-looking sheet, called the *Liberator*, occurred these striking words: "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not retract a single word; and I will be heard."

That youth lived on bread and water and slept on the floor of his printing office. He was almost alone in his contentions. The Church, State, and the business interests of society were in opposition to him. The conscience of the people was asleep. He was for a time regarded as an innocent crank; but he toiled on, suffering and working for the freedom of a race in bondage. His burning words began to arouse other noble souls and to alarm intrenched interests. A storm arose. The young editor was mobbed and dragged through the streets of Boston by a well-dressed rabble. He was denounced on every side as a disturber of the peace and a dangerous person. The State of Georgia placed a price of \$5,000 on his head. Still the rank and file of the nation ridiculed the idea of young William Lloyd Garrison achieving any great work against the constitution-bulwarked institution; and he who when the *Liberator* first appeared would have predicted that within thirty-three years from its initial issue a President of the United States would issue an Emancipation Proclamation would have been laughed at as an irresponsible visionary. And yet the seed sowed by Garrison took root, and the conscience of the sleeping North was stirred as were the assembled multitudes in the days of Pentecost. The arraignments that week by week sounded from the *Liberator* aroused men and women in hundreds of centers, the fires of freedom blazed fiercely from the old Bay State to bleeding Kansas, and the imperative conflict was on that ended in the freedom of the African slaves throughout the great Republic.

During the thirties of the last century Giuseppe Mazzini entered London, an exile without resources in a strange city. He suffered much and almost starved to death. He, too, had been overmastered by the light. A united Italy under a republican government—such was his desire; and for this desire and his efforts to further its realization he was banished. King Charles Albert, who sat on the Sardinian throne, sought his life, and hounded him from France to Switzerland and from Switzerland to London; but the apostle of freedom was more powerful than the despot who cursed his loved Italy. He awakened in the hearts of his people a passionate yearning for unity and a

hunger for a wider freedom. His dream was not fully realized, yet he more than any one else unified Italy; and, what is more, his words ring down the years with increasing influence. Never was Mazzini more powerful than to-day; never was he so secure in the love of the ages as at the present time. But who remembers with pleasure and pride the king who pursued the poor exile and sought his ruin?

Early in the forties of the last century Richard Cobden stood by the side of his grief-crazed friend, John Bright, who mourned the death of a young wife, and said to him that there were many men mourning their wives and children in England whose loved ones had died for want of proper nourishment. "When the worst paroxysm of your grief is past," he urged, "come with me, and we will wage war against the unjust Corn Laws until they are overthrown." A compact was made and the young men went forth to battle against an enemy that controlled both the great parties of England, that swayed the utterances of every great daily in the realm, and that had behind it the Crown, the aristocracy, the landed interests, and the State Church. Seldom, indeed, have apostles of progress encountered such overwhelming odds. They were slandered, maligned, and refused halls in which to speak. Their friends were mobbed; and they were denounced as disturbers of the peace and fomenters of social revolution. But serene in the knowledge that their cause was just, that they were battling for humanity, and caring far more for the cause than for self, they toiled on, making converts at every turn and awakening the conscience of a great nation so rapidly that in 1846, less than six years from the time they made their solemn compact, the Corn Laws were repealed, and England set her face toward free trade and a liberal policy that averted a bloody revolution and secured to her people the safeguard and blessing of a free press and free speech. Those two comparatively obscure young men not only occupy a large place in the history of the early Victorian period, but their lives and works are empearled in the hearts of the friends of progress wherever justice and freedom are cherished throughout the world.

In 1848 revolutions occurred in various parts of Germany that were brutally crushed by the despotic government of the time. Many brave patriots were killed. Others fled and were exiled. Richard Wagner took refuge in Switzerland. Marx and Liebknecht found an asylum in London. The great musician toiled in poverty, enduring the abuse, ridicule, and calumny of the conventional art world. But, confident that his



ideal was true, he refused to surrender or to pander to a popular taste that he believed to be vitiated. To-day Richard Wagner is hailed by a large part of the artistic world as the greatest musical genius of any age.

Karl Marx, alone and in poverty, elucidated his economic ideals during the leisure of enforced banishment, and Liebknecht drank new inspiration from the masterly philosophy of his brother exile. He later returned to Germany and took up the battle for social advancement. Others gathered to his standard and a systematic propaganda was inaugurated. Liebknecht was frequently imprisoned for his fearless utterances; but, whether in prison or in his sanctum, his influence grew until at his death more than thirty thousand people marched in the funeral procession, and the converts to socialism in Germany were numbered by millions.

He who is great enough to renounce self for humanity; he who loves justice more than ease, glory, or fame; he who allows himself to be so overmastered by the light of love that he lives the Golden Rule, will leave a splendid influence or imprint on his time, will live in the love of the ages, and will leave behind a trailing path of glory.

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### A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRACTICABILITY OF CO-OPERATION.

A concrete illustration of the wisdom, utility, and practicability of coöperative efforts along the line of the Rochdale movement is found in the wonderful history of coöperation in Windhill, England, as recently related by Mr. Edward Smith, now of San Jose, Cal. This story, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Coöperative Journal*, reads like a romance, especially when the report of the movement for last year is compared with its humble beginning.

"There were," observed Mr. Smith, "twelve of us, all poor young men, some of us with families, and in 1867 we were buying our groceries in small lots and paying tremendous prices, so we concluded to organize an association. We put in £2 each, or \$120. We bought as many of the staple articles of the grocery trade as we could, and rented a small cottage for storing them. Then one of the 'twelve apostles,' as we called ourselves, took his turn each week in keeping our little

store open during the evening only. In three months the business had increased until we kept our store open day-times as well. In six months we had sixty members and in a short time we had sufficient funds to buy land and erect a building. Our dividends were large and our members soon began to accumulate savings, not only leaving their dividends with the company but depositing their earnings as well. We put in various lines of merchandise. Then we hired a number of tailors and set them to making our clothing. We hired shoemakers who made and repaired our boots and shoes. We bought fresh meats and employed a butcher to cut up and dispense them. In a few years we found it necessary to start branch stores and butcher shops for the convenience of our members. So the concern grew and prospered."

It was at the opening of the new coöperative store at San Jose, Cal., that Mr. Smith gave the above story of the growth of coöperation in his native home, and at that time he read the contents of a letter he had just received from the secretary of the Windhill company, which gave the following facts regarding the status of the movement to-day:

"The Windhill Association to-day has 5,650 members in a town of 26,000. Its business has grown until in 1901 its annual turn-over was £158,000, or \$780,000. The association conducts forty departments, sixteen branch stores, and ten butcher shops. It employs 150 persons and fifteen wagons. From these figures it will be seen that there is a shareholder for every family in the town."

What was achieved in Windhill may be wrought in any American community where earnest coöperators will loyally band together and work for victory, and where wisdom is used in the selection of honest and competent management.



# "THE GATE BEAUTIFUL."\*

## A BOOK STUDY.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

### I. GENERAL SUMMARY OF THE VOLUME.

The nineteenth century, fraught as it was with marvelous discoveries and achievements, bequeathed to humanity no more important legacy than the establishment of the universality of law, the essential unity of life, and the orderly processes of development. These great facts, after running the gantlet of criticism and opposition that all newly-discovered truths must encounter at the hands of conservative thought and ancient prejudice, are coming to be generally accepted by men and women of intelligence; and they have given us for the first time in history a solid basis for the harmonizing of religion and science, while emphasizing in a new and impressive manner the intimate relation between religion, science, and art and their threefold mission, complementing and reenforcing each other and all making for the development, the calling out, and the maturing of the divine in man. It is highly probable that in the near future the warfare between science and religion will have disappeared, while art will rise in value for enlightened civilization, even far above its recognition in the Golden Age of Pericles or the summer time of the Renaissance, because for the first time man will fully apprehend her august function in the development of the higher in the soul.

These thoughts were suggested by the perusal of the advance pages of Professor John Ward Stimson's new work, "The Gate Beautiful," which for breadth of treatment, for philosophic grasp, for scientific discernment, and for practical art instruction has no peer in the art literature of America, if, indeed, its like can be found in any language. This is saying very much, but we believe it is an understatement rather than an overestimation of the merit of a volume that is unique in literature and by far the most vital art treatise it has been our fortune to peruse. It is a volume that will appeal to teachers, ministers, and scientists no less than to artists, for it is profoundly philosophical, deeply but broadly religious, scientific yet metaphysical, idealistic yet rigidly practical. It surveys the whole field of human progress from the eminence of certain great basic principles, and shows the unity and interdependence of Law, Love, and Beauty; of Science, Religion, and Art.

\*THE GATE BEAUTIFUL. By Professor John Ward Stimson. Illustrated with two elaborate color charts and several hundred half-tones and line drawings. Pp. 420. Two editions. Cloth, stamped in gold, gilt top, printed on heavy all-rag paper, hand-sewed, wide margins; price, \$7.50 net, postage extra. Paper edition, printed on thin all-rag paper, hand-sewed, narrow margins; price, \$3.50 net, postage extra. Trenton, New Jersey: Albert Brandt, publisher.

It is one of those rare volumes that suggest numerous trains of thought and stimulate all the higher faculties of mind and soul.

The first 240 pages are philosophical rather than technical in character. Here the author discusses luminously the principles of Beauty and of Art and the relationship of life to all the great fountains of vital knowledge and experience; while the last half of the volume is devoted to a practical exposition of the underlying principles enunciated. Here, through a series of lessons illuminated by a wealth of illustrations rarely found in the most sumptuously illustrated volumes, the art student is led by the step-by-step method from the simplest to the most complex work; while the aim of the author is at all times to call out the originality of the student and inspire him to create great art work.

## II. THE AUTHOR'S QUALIFICATIONS.

Professor Stimson is peculiarly well fitted for the great task he has undertaken in the preparation of this important volume. After graduating from Yale College he went to Paris to pursue his art studies, entering the French Academy of Art. He threw his whole soul into the work, as is his wont, and after graduating from that famous institution he journeyed forth to the various leading art centers of the Old World, where, in addition to studying the masterpieces of the greatest artists, he devoted much time to the history and philosophy of art and the underlying principles that govern the relationship of art to science and religion. He compared the works of the greatest masters among his fellow-men with the beauties of Nature, that he might see how far and wherein they had approached the great Artist-Artisan of Creation. Wonderful glimpses of truth had come to the student in his college days in far-away America—inspired gleams from the Fountain-head of Light; and these he followed with the patience of a philosopher and the enthusiasm of an apostle. Gradually the Vision of Truth grew in his soul. He saw how true Art and true Religion and true Science were parts of a glorious Whole; that they complemented one another; that Law and Order walked hand in hand with Love and Beauty; that He who sat at the helm of the Universe was the supreme incarnation of this trinity, and His marvelous work was indeed good.

Professor Stimson is a profoundly religious man, without a particle of the narrowness or intolerance of the creedist or the dogmatist. He is a strange admixture of the careful scientist, holding firmly and rigidly to great basic principles, and the profound mystic, who recognizes the fact that Truth is not bounded by the physical vision; that the world of the seen is but a fragment compared with the world of the unseen. He is withal the broadest visioned philosopher, reasoner, and artist we have ever known. Furthermore, he is fully abreast of the times, keenly appreciating the fact that the supremacy of the spiritual is the supreme demand of the twentieth century; that the glory or the failure, the advancement or the falling back into the night of our civilization depends upon the issue of the present conflict between sordid, low-visioned, materialistic commercialism and that practical



idealism which demands that manhood shall be placed above money, that justice shall be more powerful than greed, that right shall weigh heavier than lust for power or wealth, that all God's children shall have access to the common bounties of the common Father and the opportunity to grow and to enjoy life, that fraternity and order shall take the place of the egoistic competition and social anarchy that prevail to-day, and that freedom born of justice, equality of opportunity, and reverence for the rights of all men shall prevail. He is one of the great prophet souls who from time to time have ascended the mountain, communed with the Infinite, and caught a glimpse of the Ideal that must be realized if we are to escape the night that has overtaken all nations who from the Vision have turned to the clod, and who have elevated force, cunning, and greed—the trinity of egoistic materialism—to the throne of the ideal reserved for Truth, Justice, and Beauty. A realization of the tremendous import of the present struggle has given a vitality and power to this book that, so far as we know, has never before been present in a practical treatise. The work is in the truest sense a bugle call at once to conscience, rationality, and the beauty side of life. It is a volume that men and women of the New Time should possess, even though they have to make great sacrifices—sacrifices as great as the author has made in order to give it to the public.

### III. THE PHILOSOPHIC ASPECTS OF THE WORK.

"The demand to-day," says our author in the opening chapter of his work, "is for the popularization of the Great Principles which underlie life—be they physical, social, political, religious, artistic, or other." He finds on every side two great classes—one seriously seeking after basic and eternal truths, the other living on the surface of life, as it were, justifying injustice, frivolity, and evil by specious sophistry, and pitifully trying to find happiness in self-worship and self-absorption: in eating, drinking, and struggling to outshine others. But the age is rich in promise. "The blessed forces for the upbuilding of" God's "better kingdom on earth are everywhere at work. The promises made unto the fathers by Him who worketh at the central wheels of time are being fulfilled. We are beginning an age of glorious realization." This is very evident "in the marvelous correlations of law now penetrated and forecast by the keenest, sincerest, and broadest work of our youngest science, and by the slow but conscientious concessions of our older thought."

Professor Stimson holds that—

"Divine light is ever ready to enter from God, Heaven, and Nature.  
"God is the Creative Spirit—everywhere in space;

"Heaven is the Appreciative Spirit—everywhere in soul;

"Nature is the Constructive Spirit—everywhere recording and revealing the first, and appealing to the second."

One Life, one Law, runs through the universe. To come *en rapport* with the nature or soul of this Life, to understand the basic principles or underlying law of the universe, is to possess the key to life's mys-

teries—to be born into a new life—a realization of the nobler meaning that Religion, Science, and Art hold for the human soul. And, furthermore, with this realization order comes out of chaos, and above the warring cries of churchmen and scientists and the jangling voices of narrow-visioned souls who, peering at the universe from a little chink or hole in the cellar of prejudice and dogma, imagine that they view the whole, he hears a symphony in which Religion, Science, and Art—or Love, Truth, and Beauty—each contribute to make the melody divine:

"*Science*, in the strictest sense, searches the Creator's Truth, his law and authority in matter. *Religion* most properly prefers to manifest his Love in vital example, self-sacrifice, practical charity. But *Art*, most like the gentle dove symbolic of his gracious Spirit, emphasizes the attractiveness and tenderness of God; nestles to the lips of his sympathies; hovers in the aureole of his crown; heralds his coming glory and beauty in every opening lily or awakening rose. Spreading its pure wings over the dark waters of life, it seeks and finds our lost Ideals, bears to us the poet's branch of hope, the talisman of immortality; or like the Æolian harp attuned by tightening cords (even of suffering and abnegation) renders us more sensitive to every whisper of the Spirit's voice or passing touch of the Divine finger!

"There must, of course, be a correlated perfection which will embrace all these sciences in a loftier one that will become the truest adoration; and hence to-day the foremost thought is looking eagerly for the harmonic union of a true Science, true Religion, and true Art in one noble whole, that shall stand forth eternally, like those three symbolic Graces of Grecian times, with arms affectionately intertwined.

"In the words of Prof. John Fiske: 'What is the grand lesson taught by the correlation of forces, the spectrum, chemistry, astronomy, paleontology? It is the lesson of the Unity of Nature. Nothing could be left out, without reducing the whole to chaos. In all this multifariousness there is One Single Principle at work tending toward an End involved in the Beginning.'"

He who would enter the Holiest of Holies, he who would come *en rapport* with the Soul of things, that he may become a great original artist whose pencil and brush shall serve to inspire and uplift, must recognize the underlying truth that One Life is everywhere manifest; that development is progressive, or evolutionary; that Law and Love and Beauty flow from the Source of Being for the guiding, nourishing, and developing of the manifold expressions of Being:

"This mighty life that breathes, pulsates, and compels behind and within and between the static dust of matter, and that uses matter as its agent to convey its mystic movements, its beautiful meanings, does so by the peculiar arrangements and significances of the atoms of earth, just as a writer or draughtsman expresses his intents, feelings, and conceptions of soul by arranging the atoms of ink or lead into letters and pictures.

"But we have to learn to read his language. If we recognize only chaotic ink-blots on the page, we imply lack of mind or meaning, of intellect or intent, in the writer. If we see letters and words correctly formed but unrelated, we imply perhaps a mind but not an intelligent thinker. If we decipher a connected thought or perhaps a profound purpose, but unrelated to us individually and uninspiring to us practically, we might conceive a noble author or (in Nature) a divine Creator; but when we find intelligent Order in connected and consistent



Process, combined with splendor of moral Purpose, conveying immortal principles and methods expressing wisdom, love, beauty, and poetic inspiration, in boundless, fathomless store to every individual in the whole and to the whole in every individual, then we worship the Master Mind, the universal Friend and Parent, the celestial Poet-Artist.

"There is a Beyond!" exclaims the famous philologist Max Müller, and he who has once caught a glance of it is like a man who has once gazed at the sun—wherever he looks he sees its image. Speak to him of finite things and he will tell you that the finite is impossible without the Infinite; speak to him of death and he will call it birth; speak to him of time and he will call it the shadow of eternity."

"This deepest underlying consciousness, inner vision and inspiration, has never been absent from the greatest seers, philosophers, poets, artists, however limited by personal or local incompleteness."

The great Artist-Artisan teaches His children by example, teaches through His own work as seen in the laboratory of the Universe:

"We see to-day that all cosmos is a work of Art in the broadest sense. Not merely because it is expressive and constructive, but because it expresses and constructs by *intelligent* plans, principles, and methods. One may build a shed of planks that would shunt off rain, or a pig-sty to pen in vitality, without yet building a work of art. We see about us such monstrosities. But the Creator does not so build. Look into the exquisite framework, spirit, and style of every flower, butterfly, or bird. He constructs with artistic taste, with intelligent proportions, esthetic harmonies, ethical ideals. His work is mechanically and mathematically perfect for function; esthetically charming for taste and beauty; ethically consistent for moral purpose. Constancy of type and constancy of formative law show him ever close behind the veil of sense, busily at work. Eternal principles of Unity, Balance, Proportion, Symmetry, Harmony, Adaptation to use. Interpretation to spirit and character, Transmutation to progress, reveal majestic lines of general structure, organic evolution and marvelous Variety-in-Unity, which give the seal of the ideal to the works of his hand, mind, and heart.

"Thus the Creator is forever teaching us that he himself is, somehow, a Unity that is universal; a Duality that is active in delicate equilibrium and balance, which by static and dynamic force gives rise and fall, repose and action, center and orbit, individuality and generality, to all that is. But still more is he a strange Tri-unity, through attributes of Law, Love, and Grace; Truth, Goodness, and Beauty (their emanations); Science, Religion, and Art (their cultures); Wise Judgment, Good Will, Refined Taste (their daily practical virtues)."

Theologians and scientists have too frequently been accustomed to regard the study of Beauty as of secondary importance, when, indeed, they did not regard it as something unworthy of challenging man's most serious thought. Not only are Professor Stimson's views diametrically opposed to these, but he demonstrates most clearly and convincingly that Beauty has a lofty and august place in the divine economy. It not only exalts and inspires, but it gives a richness and joy to life that enable man to reach the loftiest heights and to persevere through stress and storms that otherwise would crush and overmaster him. Beauty feeds the ideal and nourishes the soul. So cardinal a factor in life's unfoldment calls for a far nobler and more comprehensive treatment than it has usually received:

"We must meet the demands of a broad theme broadly, and our

modern age calls for the subject of Beauty being classified properly with all other sciences and treated largely and nobly upon all its sides, material, intellectual, and emotional—as man himself is a material, intellectual, and emotional being.

"Now, philosophy conveniently subdivides her labors, so that while it is the aim of the science of physics to disclose those principles and laws which conduce to man's physical well-being, it is the science of ethics to reveal those which advance his moral growth and character; but the science of esthetics (or science of Beauty) is to correlate all these. It is to commend the celestial methods and principles of Collective Harmony, by which God seems to move in making his handiwork significant, poetic, and glorious on the side of well-proportioned and balanced Taste; with the spirit, grace, fascinating charm, inspiration, and poetic meaning which he reveals throughout Nature—his interesting workshop.

"In brief, and with perhaps bolder grasp, we should claim that abstract and absolute Beauty extends her mighty wing over every department of creative plan or constructive life (divine or human) in proportion as immortal and celestial principles retain their sway. And the sincerest physicist will find beauty as truly in the perfect adjustments and workings of physical forces as the moralist will in the perfect character, or the musician and painter will in the nightingale, lily, or rose.

"It is a difference in degree rather than in kind. Thus Browning sings:

I but open my eyes, and perfection, no more and no less  
In the kind I imagined, full fronts me; and God is seen God  
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, in the clod."

He who would create great and noble art work—work that shall be worthy of the New World and whose influence shall exalt and ennoble mankind, he who would be original rather than a copyist, must understand the basic principles of life and the vital relationship between Truth, Love, and Beauty. Nay, more than this—he must carry the Higher Law into life:

"If we witnessed life by itself, to note its vicissitudes or cataclysmic close (called death) without perceiving elements of hope, harmony, and law, we should cease to care for life—it would be an insane 'Dance-of-Death.' But soul, and life itself, is revived by the discovery of saving principles capable of personal and social application. It is imperative to the individual to possess them in order to possess himself; and to society to possess them in order to possess the individual. A society without principle is the enemy of the individual; an individual without principle is the enemy of society. Vital principles control the individual for his own sake, though he be a Crusoe on a desert isle; and they control him in the collective social state for the sake of the spiritual institutions he embodies.

"Religion is not a craft for the preservation of priests, bigotry, and sect, but a spiritual relation toward our Creator and a preparation for Heaven (which is a *State-of-Soul*—on this planet or other). Statesmanship is not a diplomacy for knaves and thieves, but a just correlation of individual and social interests. Law is not a quackery for juggling with justice and the perversion of equity, but the discovery, establishment, and execution of Eternal Right.

"It is so, too, with Art, in the noblest and truest interpretation. Art is not an exploitation of ignorance and crudity by fads, crazes, fancy fashions, technical tricks, but the sane and broad development of good taste and skill through the knowledge and practise of illuminating Principles."



The foregoing excerpts will give the reader an idea of the broad and philosophic vantage-ground from which our author reasons. They are, it is true, only fragments that at best merely hint at the writer's fundamental position, which is lucidly and convincingly sustained by clear reasoning and numerous citations from the master thinkers in various departments of research. From such underlying facts and concepts Professor Stimson leads the student step by step to a clear understanding of basic principles and technical facts. The discussion of fundamental principles and the scientific and philosophic concepts relating to Art in its broadest significance and in its relation to Creation is exhaustive, luminous, and wonderfully thought-stimulating. The treatment of the subject is so full and closely knit that intelligently to present even an outline of the discussion would require more space than would occupy an entire issue of *THE ARENA*. Hence, we must confine ourselves to two or three brief paragraphs containing some basic propositions, which are lucidly elaborated and from which our author proceeds to lead his students to the more technical and practical chapters:

"On looking deeply into Beauty we shall find with amazement that the minutest gem, daintiest bird, or dazzling flower, alike with grandest oak, loveliest child, or boundless orbit of wandering star, derive the glory of their forms from inner ratios fixed in Geometric Law.

"At the foundation of his knowledge man finds two mighty corner-stones on which to build the temple of intelligence and beauty. They are *Mathematics* and *Geometry*. Mathematics gives him the comprehension of infinite extension and infinite law infinitely extending through space. By geometry he discovers equal infinity and regularity in the relations of form and all form-reasoning; the latter becoming the universal language by which universal intelligence expresses its internal nature outwardly and visibly—a cosmic language that we noticed above must be common to the sidereal systems of space and to the gods themselves.

"The Universe is composed of four great elements, *Spirit, Space, Time, Matter*, which by no alchemy can be transmuted into each other.

"Number is a pure creation of spirit, an impress of original thought, and its constant suggestion in the forms and periods of Nature is a clear demonstration that Nature is the work of Intellect which controls space, time, and thought.

"Number is more prominent in chemistry;

"Space is more prominent in mechanics;

"Time is more prominent in biology."

We believe that no one can read the luminous chapters that compose the first half of this volume without having his intellect greatly stimulated, his mental vision broadened, his sympathies newly awakened, and his artistic nature so enthused that henceforth for him all dream of imitation or copying will have vanished in a high and holy passion to create some really great, noble, and worthy work. Perhaps the supreme excellence of the work is found in the fact that it touches and stimulates life on all its nobler sides while casting more luminous sidelights on the dark and obscure problems touching the origin and progress of life and the almost unthinkable concept of Omnipresent, Omnipotent, and Omniscient Life than any recent volume, scientific or otherwise.

The chapters entitled "Unseen Hands" and "The Three Prime Forms of Life" are among the most important and helpfully suggestive contributions to philosophic research into the deeper secrets of Nature and life that have appeared since the rise of modern critical and scientific methods of investigation. Thus, for instance, the discussion relating to the omnipresence of Spirit and its operation on matter will prove very helpful to those who find themselves loose from the ancient moorings.

In summarizing a notable discussion on Van Schron's discovery of living crystals, Professor Stimson gives in a few words the modern opinion of the formation and growth of crystals along geometric lines: "The question why dead matter should arrange itself of its own accord in such beautiful and symmetrical forms could not be answered until the German savant clearly proved that the force at work in crystallization, as in flowers of the field or feathers of birds, is Life." The discovery of Van Schron emphasizes a great fact, which all Nature teaches, from the marvelous snow and frost crystals and the voice or tone flowers, to the greatest phenomena of earth and heaven—that Intelligent Beauty and Order are everywhere present, that Divine Will permeates the universe, and that "the general law of Nature is the control of matter by Spirit."

"To this powerful truth," observes Professor Stimson, "may be added the corollary which Dr. Charles R. Keyes gives in a late article on geology: 'The President of the Geological Society, London, would have the barriers between the mineral and the organism wiped out. In the rocks are going on changes analogous in nearly every respect to those we ascribe to animals and plants that we call cells, each leading a more or less indifferent existence. Each has a distinct personality, follows a more or less individual existence, and changes as surrounding physical conditions change. The life and changes in the organism and in the rock are not only much alike, but are, in all probability, merely different expressions of the same great laws. Then we may consider not death but life as omnipresent and everlasting—existing wherever matter manifests itself.'"

And continuing the discussion, Professor Stimson observes:

"Each atom appears alive and *accumulating experience*, the outcome of which probably is Consciousness rising to higher and higher splendor! Each has individual energy, and more when alone than when combined—ability to combine being conditional and circumstantial.

"The eight or more kinds of atoms that have been isolated, identified, and recognized as identical among their class are termed elements, and as yet have not been converted into each other on earth, though spectrum analysis claims to find them being created and converted in certain nebulae; and all may be varieties of a few or one great Primary—as are colors, forms, and motions of force—ripples and wavelets of one great Sea-of-Life!

"The formal ideals that these atoms subsequently seek, with the mechanical distribution they effect to attain their ideals, and the various ascending functions they develop for higher and higher manifestations, constitute our visible world of divine, natural and human *Art*—forever bespeaking Intelligence and Soul to direct it.



"The student must remember that he himself and the forms about him are not literally solid substance, but clusters of balanced atoms held in spiritual relations of space, etc., by spirit force; and he should *spiritualize and idealize* his canvas or paper to simulate, to the vision, these space relations. *Its surface should not look flat and dead to him, but full of life and perspective.*

"The actual atoms do not touch in space, for they are in rapid vibration within interstices which may readily expand or contract. Visibility or invisibility is merely varying lengths of vibration. The door from spirit to matter is ever open! A ladder-of-life by which man climbs to meet his Creator, as in Jacob's vision, actually exists, uniting heaven and earth; up and down its steps or stages of progression Angels of Being are descending and ascending progressively from etheric to gaseous—to liquid—to solid states. Their mission to descend and organize seems forever accompanied by a love-of-home, returning them to primordial elements when their work is done. 'Art,' said Elizabeth of Bavaria, 'is a creation of our desire for a supreme existence, born of *home-love* for the unique Fatherland, and divines its celestial forms.'

"Thus, man's bones absorb the atoms in *Solid* form; his blood, the *Liquid* form; his lungs, the *Gaseous* form; his mind, the *Etheric* form.

"Phenomena grow more complex, but there is order and principle in possible phenomena. First, Gravitation, then Heat, then Chemical Affinity, then Molecules, Crystals, Protoplasm, Organization, Consciousness; and all these were once latent in a 'dust' cloud! The heavens teem with worlds growing before man's eyes from cosmic dust condensing, and the wondrous life and forms symbolically suggested by the zodiacal astronomers of old become realized and visualized—with even deeper meaning and grandeur—by modern telescopes."

#### IV. ITS PRACTICAL VALUE AS A PROMOTER OF GREAT ART WORK.

It will be seen from what has been said that the volume will profoundly interest all progressive and thoughtful students of the deeper things of life, especially those of a philosophic bent who would gain a clearer insight concerning the problem of being in its multitudinous manifestations and in its various stages of unfoldment, concerning the secret processes of Nature's vast workshop, and concerning the evidence of the Omniscience and Omnipresence of Spirit—of Divine Will working in every recess of the universe, from the depths of the sea and the secret chambers of the mountain fastnesses to the farthest star. All these things are so luminously and suggestively presented that the work will come as a beacon light to many tempest-tossed and confused minds in the materialistic night-time of the present.

But to the lover of the Beautiful, and especially to the art student, "The Gate Beautiful" will indeed prove a gate opening from a dungeon into the clear sunlight. We believe that no student will peruse the first part of the volume, in which the author lays down the fundamental truths that prove that Religion, Science, and Art are but three sides of one whole and that nowhere does Nature bear more eloquent testimony to the reality of Omnipresent Divine Will or Spirit and the character of that Supreme Life than in the Order, Law, and Beauty (or, in a word, the Art) of His work, without finding himself exalted and lifted, as it were, into a new world, where every high aspiration and dream of life shall have assumed nobler and grander proportions. In

a word, he will find himself breathing the air that fosters genius and calls out any latent greatness in his being. It will be much as if he had been transported from a dimly-lighted cave in a mountain-side, in which men were savagely battling for position and rifling in various ways one another's pockets under the spell of the fatal delusion that the possession of gold was the supreme object in life, to the pure and rarefied air of the heights, where the vision stretches over flower-decked valleys and forest-fringed rivers to the great blue ocean, and where, amid the profound peace and the mental exhilaration born of his new surroundings, he finds his soul expanding and reaching out for everything that is divine, enduring, and ennobling in life, enabling him to see the difference between the nightmare existence of the cavern and the normal life, wherein the enlightened one lives sanely and according to law and order, while working intelligently and harmoniously with the Divine Will.

The art student who enters sympathetically into the meaning of this work will feel that in pursuing his chosen vocation he is working in the studio and under the guidance of the Master Artist-Artisan of Creation, the Divine One, whose work throughout is marked by Law and Order and Beauty. He will find that in the great studio of the Master are certain underlying principles or rules that not only mark the work of the Master but are indispensable for him to understand in order to create original work worthy of the New World and the new century. Here he will see that, from the marvelous formation of mineral rock to the equally wonderful crystals of snow, hail, and frost, is manifested the presence of Beauty, Law, Symmetry, and Geometric Precision, making the most marvelously ornamental and richly varied art work; while, progressing to the vegetable world, he will see with naked eye the glories of color, in bewildering variety and the most delicate and artistic tints and shades, only equaled by the wonder of form and design that marks leaf, flower, fruit, and seed. And then, passing to the animal world, with its gradual and steady progress from the lowest life to man, he will find unfolded wonders and beauties even greater than those seen in rock or plant, but all illustrating the prime or fundamental principles of Art and Growth, of Love and Wisdom, which speak of Unity of design—of One Master Mind, of one Supreme Architect, whose ever-beautiful handiwork is visible in every department of Nature, from microscopic cell to man, from snow-crystal to star. The student will be impressed at every point by the unity of life and purpose in various manifestations; by the operation at all times of certain laws or principles; by the order and system that ever obey the double summons of Beauty and Utility. He will follow the author with increasing delight and enthusiasm for his work as he nears the practical lessons in art; and if he has in the past dreamed of some short cut to success—copying some master, learning some touch or mimicking some popular foreign artist in order to dazzle the ignorant and gain riches with little work—all these ignoble dreams will vanish before his new-born love for the grand and inspiring ideal that our author has raised before his imagina-



tion. For Professor Stimson is nothing if not a free man, and he aims at nothing more earnestly than at freeing the minds of his students from artificiality, mimicry, and that conventionalism that fetters genius and trammels talent. Something of his aim as an instructor may be gained from the following:

"If we remember the all-important revelation of the science of the nineteenth century, that all visible substances are composed of separate atoms which never touch each other, but are held in variable relations (numeric, quantitative, qualitative, distributive) by a Spiritual Force which is ever the same (though differently named in different manifestations); and that it reveals to the mind and heart of man its own intellectual and emotional character by means of these very relations of atoms—we see that the all-important service of a true art-teacher is not to make mere technical experts in technical recipes and for external mimicries, nor to make foreign mannerists of students to speculate in fads, poses, fashions; but rather to free students' souls from this very slavery and degradation by revealing to them these wonderful internal and spiritual 'Relations' which constitute *Beauty* above mere art alone. In short, to stimulate their own creative imaginations to see and to reexpress for themselves and for their country the vital secrets of essential beauty, in bird-of-paradise or lily-of-the-valley, over essential ugliness in dragon and toad. These principles and laws are universal, and just as present and important for America as for Europe, and of course they are more appropriately and organically expressed in each country, in direct connection with that country's own climatic and social conditions. Nothing is more evident than that to obtain such *vital* independence and personal power for our art as for our science, economics, and ethics, we must abandon the shallow, servile, or mechanical methods, which have constantly betrayed American genius for foreign mimicries, fads, and affectations; and we must begin at once along newer and more vital lines, with deeper, broader, more vitally inspiring leadership, to study, to assimilate, and to readapt to our own nationality those secret and sublime laws and universal esthetic principles which constitute forever the subtle charm in the art of Nature and history, and which forever allow for local flavor of soil and climate and for individual or social conditions.

"Now in the arts of the under world, beneath man, indication of intelligence in the atoms begins *very early*—however much we call it intuition, as though it were some passive attitude beneath the pressure of Divine Will.

"As a whole, perhaps the mineral world suggests *Fiat*—by sudden growth in crystallization; the vegetable world suggests progressive Periodical Growth; and the animal world suggests steady, unimpulsive, Gradual Growth to well-balanced, symmetrical, and full development. Yet Ruskin shows, in 'Ethics of the Dust,' that crystals live, grow, decline, and have most marked individuality and character in their behavior or crystalline development for beauty—which seems to amount to volition, accounts for their fascination, and affects individually their market values everywhere."

The division of practical instruction, though addressed directly to instructors, is equally adapted to students or any persons having a love of art or aptitude. Indeed, we believe that there are thousands if not tens of thousands of young men and women in America, whose circumstances render it impossible for them to attend art schools, who will by the possession of this book be enabled during spare moments to achieve more in mastering drawing, sketching, and other branches of

art work than the majority of pupils attain at the present time in the schools; and for these reasons: (1) They cannot, if they have imagination and a love of the beautiful, peruse the first half of the volume without becoming so enthused and overmastered with the splendid theme so luminously presented that the best energies and abilities of their being will be thrown into the work. (2) They will have gained a new and vitally important insight into the subject and have learned the underlying or basic principles that are the key that unlocks the mysteries of Nature's processes and by showing her method enables the pupil to work in harmony with the great Artist-Artisan. This is of first importance for true or great work, and yet comparatively few present-day pupils in American schools obtain these fundamental instructions. (3) Every fact and principle is progressively explained, and the pupil is led from the three great Primes—the Square, Circle, and Radiate—to draw the outlines of simple forms; and from these, through the earlier and simpler expressions of art and beauty in Nature's inexhaustible sketch-book, he is led by easy stages, and with the aid of hundreds upon hundreds of explanatory drawings, up through complex phenomena in which light and shade and other elements enter, to the drawing of the human form and to portraiture.

At all times Professor Stimson compels the pupil to follow the method and spirit of Nature. His work also possesses the positive merit of being highly suggestive, though the student is constantly admonished carefully to note the little things that make up the beautiful Whole—the mechanism and minutiae that must be mastered. This idea is well presented in the following paragraph from Chapter XXIV., which deals with Life Drawing:

"If one has quickened, in his imagination, the latent powers of Form-generation which geometry admits, and has understood (as in Lesson XIV.) the *Inner Constructive Life* of abstract form, he will be ready to recognize the same *Internal Life in all forms*, and not try to draw them superficially. He will also have seen, through the charts we gave from Nature, how in every leaf, insect, fish, or bird these inner constructive relations are visible or latent, and will have practised drawing them, sufficiently long and fully, to go on with ease to animal and human forms. The tendency of Nature, in the lower realms of the vegetable and insect world, is to indicate pretty clearly and externally, as in leaves and bugs, the Constructive Elements that are beneath the Plastic or Decorative ones. But in higher animal life Nature conceals these constructional elements more and more beneath flesh, hide, or hair; expecting that you will have already seen, appreciated, and remembered them. . . .

"Just as we should avoid all shallow superficiality and mere externalism in drawing rudimentary or even mechanical forms, and should rather see *into their internal structure and relations* (the better to draw them in a true and expressive manner), so the true artist should perceive deeply and express vitally the Motions, Measures, Structures, and Type Forms involved in growing and moving organisms—such as flow-ers, birds, animals, and human beings—before he attempts the overlays of muscular tissues, draperies, and ornaments.

"As architects comprehend the constructive relations of beams and rafters that support and partition a building, and even reveal through its external shell the internal life of the occupants, so the great classic



sculptors of Greece and the master draughtsmen of Europe (such as Da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Dürer, Rembrandt, and Millet) deeply comprehend the *inner life* and significance of the living forms they present. Their lines are *free, vital, deeply interpretive, and suggestive*. They scrupulously avoid all dead lines, all soulless 'blocking systems' or monkey tricks. Their lines and forms are full of Meaning. Through their drapery they feel and render the plastic flesh, and through the flesh the strong structural life within. Like Nature, they reveal, in each case, so much of this as *is best* for the finest artistic and poetic significance of the whole composition, being their own judges in every case as to the right Proportion of the constituent elements they employ."

The author abhors the copy-book methods, with their dwarfing influence on the imagination and their tendency to make mere imitators or copyists of students, instead of original artists with individuality in their work. Sometimes, indeed, his drawings impress us as being too impressionistic. This is especially true of some of his animals, notably the monkeys, and at times of the human face and figure. The tendency to go to extremes is characteristic of men of genius and imagination who are also reformers, and who fight against the dead formalism of conservatism. It was seen in the works of Victor Hugo and others of the greatest masters of the romanticist revolt against the servile spirit of imitation that characterized the conventional classical school; and it was in evidence in the great work of Richard Wagner, and is equally manifest in the writings of Tolstoy, Ibsen, Zola, and others of the greatest realists and veritists of our time. With this one exception, however, this work of Professor Stimson's seems to us a masterpiece in every respect. It is impossible to give the barest outline of the contents of the second division, which, as we have observed, is especially intended for art students, as we have thought best to devote most of our space to the philosophic discussions of the earlier chapters, since they must profoundly interest all progressive thinkers in whatever walk of life they may be found. To all persons, however, who may be especially interested in art work, we would say that this is the one book that no student who desires to excel can afford to slight. It is at once the most vital and practical contribution made to the art literature of the New World.

Before closing this criticism, we wish to refer to the volume itself as an art work. All persons acquainted with the works published by Albert Brandt know that there are no books better put together than those made in his workshop. He uses only the best paper and employs the best workmanship; and in this volume Mr. Brandt has taken an interest akin to that of the old book-makers who in the Middle Ages wrought so patiently and lovingly over their labors. Besides the multiplicity of drawings intended primarily to illuminate the text, the volume is richly illustrated with fine reproductions of great art works. Altogether this work is one of the most important contributions to literature and art in recent decades, and its publication is a literary event that augurs well for the opening century.

## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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THE dominant Reform quality of THE ARENA is well illustrated in this number. With scarcely an exception, every contribution is devoted to some phase of progressive thought—social, political, economic, ethical, industrial, or literary; and in almost every case the writer is conceded to be an authority on the topic discussed.

In view of the disastrous coal strike in Pennsylvania, the opening article by Prof. Frank Parsons is extremely timely and important. It is the first clear, strong, legal challenge yet presented to the puerile policy of the Republican party in the presence of the overshadowing evil of trusts. The fact that there are no less than six different ways in which Congress can control these gigantic "conspiracies in restraint of trade" in a thoroughly constitutional manner, as shown by this distinguished economist, should awaken our supine and pessimistic lawmakers to a sense of their patriotic duty.

Eltweed Pomeroy's paper on "Needed Political Reforms," which is luminously supplemented by Mr. Shibley's "Conversation" in this issue, is the first of a series of three articles on analogous subjects. The second will be furnished by Robert Tyson, of Toronto, on "Proportional Representation, or Effective Voting," and the third by Edward Insley, of Indianapolis, on "Primary Election Reform." As Direct Legislation Leagues are being formed in almost every State, these questions are assuming a vitally significant place in public discussion.

To emphasize anew the impartial policy of THE ARENA as an open court in which all legitimate aspects of debatable problems may find untrammelled expression, we give space this month to a reply to our August contribution on the origin and status of plural marriage in the United States. As the writer is the President of the Mormon Church, his statements are of course official and authoritative, and they offer much food for reflection to students of the evolution of religion.

An interesting interview with Edwin Markham, on a live literary topic, will appear in our December number, together with timely articles by Elliott Flower, on "The Irrigationist's Point of View," Mrs. A. L. Diggs, State librarian of Kansas, on "The Garden City Movement," and other students of human advancement and national progress.

J. E. M.



*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.  
They master us and force us into the arena,  
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

# THE ARENA

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## PRIVATE PROPERTY AND PUBLIC RIGHTS.

THE great anthracite coal strike has passed into history. But it is not too late to consider carefully some of the more important questions raised by it. During the continuance of the strike, which in many ways was the most remarkable in the history of labor controversies, the conditions were not altogether conducive to a calm, deliberate consideration of the fundamental questions involved. The sight of an empty coal-bin when winter is at hand is better calculated to stimulate action, even radical action, than philosophic thought; hence, it is not surprising that in the later stages of the strike the most radical remedies found support among those who are ordinarily conservative. Had the operators persisted much longer in their obstinate refusal to arbitrate it is not at all unlikely that action that would have seemed to many as being radical would have been taken.

But it is not our intention to speculate upon that point. We purpose rather to discuss the following questions: (1) What, if any, rights of the public are involved in such controversies; and (2) how may these rights be best protected in the future? The form of remedy will depend measurably upon the answer to the first question. The view of the operators thereupon was indicated by Mr. Baer in his conversation with Governor Odell. And, as this is perhaps the most concise expression of their

view, we will quote it: "But I do say, and I reiterate it, that we will not accept political advice or allow the interference of politicians in this, *our affair*." The whole philosophy of the operators is expressed in the last two words. Whether the motive of Governor Odell was political or philanthropic mattered not to Mr. Baer and his associates; he would in neither case be entitled to a hearing because he was meddling with a matter that was none of his business. He was excluded not only because he was a politician but because he was entering a sphere that in the judgment of this trusted appointee of the Almighty belonged exclusively to the coal operators.

A consideration of the principle involved in this contention necessitates an investigation into the rights of private ownership of property. If the right of exclusive control is inherent in the right of private ownership, *i.e.*, if they are convertible terms, as some people seem to think, then the question as to whether or not in the event of a future controversy the anthracite coal monopolists shall operate their mines or refuse to do so upon any other conditions than those they may name, is a question for them alone to answer. Nor is it difficult to see how some people take this view. The right of private ownership starts with the acquisition of goods by individual effort. To the hunter is conceded the right to use or not to use the game he has caught, and at the same time the right to keep others from using it. Likewise the farmer may raise potatoes in his field or let it lie fallow; and no one questions his right to do so. In either of the above cases the effect upon the public welfare is so infinitesimal that the matter is left entirely to the judgment of the individual. As a further exercise of his right of private ownership the farmer may use a part or all of his land for the purpose of raising hogs, provided only he is willing to suffer the inconvenience caused by the squeal and the smell. Furthermore, he is permitted to locate the pen in the parlor, by the roadside, or in the rear of his lot, according to his tastes and his nationality. Here also the inconvenience to the public is of such minor importance that he is left to exercise exclusive jurisdiction. But suppose that a mill is



constructed on or near his farm, and as a result a village springs up about him; the question of his right to keep hogs where he chooses is a much closer question—in fact, the right is becoming a doubtful one. Suppose, however, that, as might readily happen, the village expands into a city, including within its limits his entire farm—the right has now disappeared entirely; the question is no longer a doubtful one. The subject-matter is the same, but circumstances have changed, and this change in circumstances has resulted in a transfer of a right—the right of determining in a particular case the use to which private property may be put. The inconvenience to the public, which at first was a negligible factor, has now become a controlling one, and the individual is no longer the supreme judge as to the manner in which he shall exercise his right of private ownership. The control here exercised by the public is a negative one, it is true; yet it illustrates how the right of private ownership must yield to public convenience and comfort.

But as hogs are distasteful to many people (and here again nationality is a factor), let us vary the illustration. Suppose that the farmer instead of raising hogs has raised a crop of wheat. He may sell it or not, just as he chooses, and the public does not concern itself about it. But suppose that in addition to his own crop he has acquired possession of a large portion of the wheat in the country, and as a result of his refusal to place this stock of wheat upon the market the price of wheat becomes so high that more or less suffering results from the inability of many to purchase a sufficient quantity at this price—his right to refuse becomes doubtful morally if not legally. Now, let us suppose that he combines with a half dozen of his neighbors who own the remainder of the supply, and as a result of their combined refusal to furnish wheat a famine ensues—the right of exclusive control by the owners is now at an end; the interests of the public have become the dominant interests, and it may take the wheat at its own valuation.

The fundamental principle involved in both the above cases is the same, to wit: the extent to which the right of private

ownership may be exercised depends upon the degree to which it interferes with the public convenience and comfort. And the degree to which the exercise of a right will affect the public convenience and comfort is determined by circumstances. A public interest that under certain circumstances may be very small may under changed circumstances become the dominant interest. The line at which the public interest becomes the dominant or controlling one is not easy to determine in all cases; yet when once established it is clear that private interest must not be permitted to override it.

A development very similar to that sketched in the above hypothesis has actually taken place in the anthracite coal regions. When the mines were owned and operated by a great many small independent operators the refusal by one of these to operate his mine affected the public to but a very slight extent, so that their interest was a comparatively small one, as other operators would furnish a sufficient amount of coal. And even if they did not, coal was not then as now a public necessity. The increased dependence of the public upon a supply of coal together with the monopolizing of this supply by a few railroads, which are evidently acting in concert whether they have formed a trust or not, have led to a growth of the public interests involved and hence of their right to a voice in the matter. A disregard of these changed circumstances, which have made the public interest a substantial if not a dominant one, accounts for the erroneous view held by some.

If, then, the rights of the public are involved, it follows that respect for them should be made compulsory. In other words, the law should provide a remedy for the injury to public as well as to private rights. It is a maxim of jurisprudence that for every wrong there is a remedy. To deprive the public of what has become a public necessity is a wrong, and that there should be some remedy provided does not admit of question. It is equally clear that this remedy should be preventive rather than compensatory in its nature. The only question is, therefore, as to the form of preventive remedy that upon the whole will be most expedient.



Two remedies, neither of which is drastic, and either of which would be effective, readily suggest themselves. The first is arbitration (not optional, but compulsory); the second is governmental ownership. In suggesting either of these remedies we are at once met with the objection that it is an extension of the powers of the State and hence an encroachment upon the sphere of individual liberty, which to the minds of many is sufficient to condemn it without any further consideration. That it is an extension of the powers of the State (and the term *State* is here used in the generic sense), or rather of its activities, we freely admit; but we insist that this is not an adequate reason for condemning it. It does not follow that, because it extends the sphere of State activity, it does so at the expense of individual liberty.

An illustration of this is at hand. While writing this article I am sitting at a table in the new Library of Congress, the maintenance of which by the government for the use of the public is not an essential activity of the State; but its addition to the activities previously existing could hardly be said to be a restriction upon individual liberty. Yet even if it did restrict the sphere of individual liberty that would not of itself condemn it. The enforcement of sanitary legislation, factory acts—in fact, of all police regulations—restricts the sphere of individual liberty. However, there are very few who are so hide-bound as to contend that the making and enforcement of these laws should not be undertaken by the State, even though they do interfere with individual liberty.

The truth is that the sphere of State activities cannot be bounded by any "hard and fast lines." What the State should do or should not do is a question of expediency, not of metaphysics, which like all other questions of expediency must be answered, not from *a priori* considerations, but in view of all the facts in the case. Hence, as the facts change, the answer to the question will change correspondingly, *i.e.*, the limits of the sphere will vary. The advance in civilization has necessitated a great many things being done by the State that would not be at all necessary in

a primitive stage of society. The massing of great numbers together in cities, and the division of labor that increases the interdependence of the different parts of society upon each other, have produced changes in the constitutions of the social body that have unquestionably given rise to a need for a greater amount of regulation by the State. Finally, the increase of man's control over the powers of Nature due to invention has resulted in an increase in the inequalities between men, thereby necessitating the exercise of greater powers by the State to maintain the balance. Yet the growth of social and political consciousness has made possible the exercise of these greater powers without hardship to the individual. The evolution of society from the more simple to the more complex forms brings not evils only but remedies also.

That the public would have the legal right to take possession of the mines under the right of eminent domain seems to me sufficiently clear. It rests upon precisely the same basis as its right to take possession of a piece of land that chances to be necessary for the construction of a railroad or public building, neither of which is more of a necessity than is coal. Here, then, is a remedy; but, as there are many serious objections to it, it would not be practical to urge its application if there is a better remedy available—and I believe there is.

Compulsory arbitration seems to me to possess advantages over public ownership; neither is there any doubt in my mind as to the right of the State to exercise this power, nor yet as to its duty to do so under the circumstances. The right of the State to prevent strikes by requiring the parties to submit their claims to arbitration rests upon precisely the same ground as its right to require the submission of other controversies for the decision of a court in order to prevent dueling and private warfare. In fact, the public usually suffers more in the case of a strike than in the case of a duel. There was a time when the parties to a dispute might use their own methods of redress in all cases, but that time is past. A method of settling a dispute that generally results in violence and bloodshed is not in ac-



cordance with the spirit of the age, and should be supplanted by a more rational method. A strike or lockout may be a test of the endurance of the parties, but it is not a test of the merits of their claims.

The essential features of a system of compulsory arbitration would be, in the main, as follows: (1) A tribunal consisting of 3, 5, or 7 judges made up of a representative or representatives of the parties to the controversy and a Supreme Court Justice as chairman. (2) Its jurisdiction as to territory would probably be the State, although it might be a smaller unit; as to subject-matter, it would cover disputes concerning wages, hours, conditions of labor, etc. (3) The court would not act except upon the demand of the employer or a certain percentage of the employees. (4) Work would continue under the old conditions until an award should be made, the award to take effect from the date of the filing of the claim. (5) Submission to arbitration would be compulsory, and there would be no appeal from the award. A failure to comply with its orders could be considered by the court as a contempt and punished accordingly.

It will be readily seen that this would not in any way interfere with the settlement of disputes by conciliation or mediation, if the parties chose so to settle, as the court does not act until appealed to by either of the parties. The court could not of course require the employer to continue in business at a loss after an award has been made, but it can require that he continue in business pending an award, and that after an award has been made, if he does continue in business, he does so under the provisions of the award. It may also require that an employee shall not quit his employment for the purpose of defeating an award or without giving reasonable notice. Submission to arbitration being compulsory, the court and not the employer would determine whether or not there is anything to arbitrate.

A law embodying the above features would not be entirely an experiment. New Zealand has had a law substantially the same as the one above outlined, and during its operation, which is now over eight years, strikes and lockouts have been un-

known in New Zealand. It of course does not follow that, because a law would operate successfully in New Zealand, it would in the United States; yet their experience is not altogether worthless to us.

We do not offer this remedy as a panacea for all the ills of the workingman—work would still be work, and there will always be disagreeable features connected with it. Nevertheless, we do contend that the principle and purpose of the remedy proposed are such as to commend it; and if they do not entitle it to a trial they should at least secure for it thoughtful consideration. It is not only a far more rational method of settling labor disputes than the strike or the lockout, but it is cheaper also. The recent strike has cost more in money than would support a tribunal for twenty generations, to say nothing of the loss of life and general demoralization. I do not think that I exaggerate when I say that more actual suffering and disturbance of business have been caused by this strike than by the late war with Spain.

By the recent victory of the miners in their struggle for arbitration, the necessity for a compulsory arbitration law is not done away with. Similar hardships may be brought upon us at any time again, unless we provide against it. Knowing what has happened and what may happen, it is the right and duty of the public to provide against such calamities in the future.

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## ONE ASPECT OF CONTINENTAL EXPANSION.

THE object of this article is to emphasize a conviction that the writer believes must be held by many men of both the great political parties, although it seems to have received little attention at the hands of those who have discussed the various aspects of present and possible national expansion. The conviction referred to is that, altogether aside from the Philippine or other Eastern questions, the United States cannot, under its existing polity, indefinitely pursue a course of progressive annexation of territory in this hemisphere without involving the permanent adoption of imperial methods of government. Or, to put the same thought into other words, homogeneous annexation—the annexation and incorporation into our federal system of States of neighboring countries—is a process subject to natural and inherent civic limitations. The precise time when such limitations would become operative cannot perhaps be foretold; but, when one hears the permanent incorporation of Canada and of the West Indies, and of still further portions of this hemisphere, into the Union alluded to as a proposition intrinsically feasible, the existence of those limitations becomes a matter of consequence.

With the exception of Alaska and possibly of Puerto Rico, our few remaining Territories will soon become States; and, even supposing the area of the Union to extend no further, its political capacity, as a government at once federal and representative, will obviously be seriously tested, if we reflect upon the functions of Congress. The mere increase in the number of States, whether by converting Territories into States or by subdividing large States, would, aside from the increase of population, offer a comparatively easy problem. It would, to be sure, increase the federal Senate and thus tend to decrease the difference in size between that body and the House of Representatives; but it would, on the whole, only add to the size of Congress in a limited and very gradual manner, and

would only indirectly affect the principle of popular representation in our national legislature.

But the case is very different when we take into account the rapid increase of population within the Union. We are now steadily approaching a population of one hundred millions. How many hundred millions we may finally number can only be vaguely guessed at. Irrigation and other industrial agencies may render the present area of the Union capable of supporting many times its present population; and if one may judge from the standpoint of present natural increase, especially when taken in connection with the present rate of foreign immigration, the indications are that our natural and invented resources for physical support will be worked for all they are worth. This indeterminable but certainly immense population must all be represented in the lower house of Congress, and the national character of their needs as a progressive people will grow with their growth, just as the subject-matter for State legislation is constantly growing.

Congress, under an implied power contained in the Constitution, has met the problem of increasing population by greatly increasing the number of constituents who may be represented by a single member of the House, thus keeping the membership of that chamber of Congress within working bounds. The average Representative, instead of, as originally arranged, representing 30,000 people, now represents about six times that number; and even thus it is becoming more than evident that the House is pretty unwieldy for a legislative body. The marked development of the committee system is in itself of great and indispensable value in the transaction of legislative business; but no device can take the place of the intended and normal function of Congress as a deliberative body, and that function is less and less exercised and exercisable. Only a few of important national measures can be thoroughly debated by the House or vividly brought to the attention of the House as a whole. On the other hand, if Congress continues the policy of fixing its membership within manageable limits without much regard to the size of the population to be represented in



the House, the time may come when the principle of popular representation in Congress, as contemplated by our polity, will be seriously impaired.

There comes a time when questions of degree become transformed into questions of kind, just as water at 32° becomes, not merely water one degree colder than water at 33°, but *ice*, and not water at all. Could, for example, a government that allowed but one legislator for half a million people be called a truly *representative* government, in the popular sense of that word? Under the form of popular, elective representation it is possible that the chief use and significance of that institution might gradually wither away, and that popular interests, national interests of the first political consequence, might be disposed of in a really undemocratic manner. Still, if the Union remains confined to nearly its present area, it may be hoped that in spite of the anticipated increase in population the principle of popular representation in the national legislature—a principle just as vital to our polity as that of federalism, though not so exclusively American in genius—will continue substantially intact.

But the very problems suggested by simple growth within the Union suggest in turn the danger of incorporating into the Union new and vast territories either already well populated or capable of becoming so. Such a course could not be followed indefinitely without a ruinous sacrifice of the principle just referred to or a perhaps equally ruinous attempt to govern American affairs by the aid of a monstrously overgrown national legislature. This would become manifest, in all probability, within the lives of men now living in case we should annex even Cuba or certain provinces of Canada; but in the case of more extensive annexations it should, as a matter of theory, be evident at once, without making the calamitous experiment. If this be conceded, it follows that future annexations of any great extent involve the adoption of colonial methods, of methods similar to those followed by Great Britain in the government of Canada and Australia. Those who may contemplate the ultimate consolidation of, say, North America

under the government of the United States will surely allow that the interests of free and representative government would be better preserved by Canadian or Mexican home rule under our suzerainty than by an attempt to provide due provincial and national representation by adding those countries, homogeneously, to our system of federated States, with a single national legislature for all.

Either course, it is true, would involve the utmost strain upon the constitutional structure of the Union. The Constitution makes no provision for sectional home rule, or for sectional representation in Congress. Had it done so, and had the issues of the Civil War not involved a great moral question as well as the political issue of secession, it is possible that some way would have been found to avert such a struggle. But, on the other hand, the power given to Congress to govern acquired territory is now being so loosely construed that one can conceive its future development as a means of introducing a regular system of colonial government; a system logically arbitrary in its possibilities; a system certainly imperial and un-American in spirit, but one that, if permanently adopted, would no doubt be molded by policy into as liberal and constitutional a system as that which Great Britain has adopted for her great autonomous colonies.

Peoples accustomed to self-rule would probably insist upon a local parliament or legislature of really national proportions rather than accept the alternative of Congressional representation in addition to the local or State systems. Nor would the future citizens of our present Union submit to an unnecessary and extreme diminution of their right to be represented for the sake of a theoretically homogeneous assimilation of the annexed countries. The colonial method of annexation would at least permit that splendid experiment in national federo-representative government which we affectionately summarize by the name of The Union to mature unimpaired except by internal growth, and might also permit of the continued development of a similar experiment in the nominally dependent countries annexed. The incorporative method would lead to the ultimate



destruction of free and federal national government on this continent or would sow the seeds of secession and of ultimate and otherwise unneeded reconstruction. Yet between these two courses there would seem to be no choice under the Constitution.

The force of these considerations, which are indeed purely political in character while tending to prove the possibility of imperialistic annexation consistently with the preservation of the Union as we know it, goes of course far more directly and powerfully to oppose altogether any policy involving much further continental annexation on the part of the United States. If popular representation be indeed vital to our polity, as to all free governments, the arguments for contraction of the Union would be more in point than any for annexation to it; while the present existence of polities similar to our own in so many of the neighboring countries precludes the necessity of colonial expansion on the part of the United States for the purpose of fostering home rule and democratic institutions in these countries as England has done in the case of Canada. Economic reasons for annexing Cuba or Canada or Mexico are chiefly due, not to any inherent commercial necessity, nor to the location and physical character of those countries, but simply to the high protective tariff that this country has seen fit to maintain toward the world in general, and might in principle be also adduced as a pretext for annexing any country in the world with which we have dealings, to avoid counteracting protection and to insure the economic prosperity of all peoples concerned. But, waiving these points, the point here emphasized is that territorial annexation in this hemisphere, on the part of any American State with a polity and with prospects of internal growth similar to our own, does not mean true expansion of that polity. It does not mean the expansion of the American political Idea over the Western hemisphere, but rather its curtailment. When internal growth reaches the point where federal polity begins to encroach upon the equity of the representative system the limitations of national federo-representation begin to appear.

No party or considerable body of American citizens may seriously expect or desire, for the immediate future, the annexation of more than a portion of the West Indies or of Canada to this country; but it cannot be questioned that continental expansion, provided it be peacefully consummated, is coming to be looked upon with more and more favor by certain classes and to be regarded as a legitimate remedy for certain unsatisfactory effects of our present tariff policy.

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## THE ANGLO-SAXON AND THE AFRICAN.

THE recent deliverance of Mr. James Bryce, in his now famous Oxford lecture, serves to emphasize anew the urgency of the race problems whose solution is perhaps the chief duty of the twentieth century. Although Mr. Bryce has presented little that is new to the student of this phase of sociologic inquiry, nevertheless his width of information, his unusual power of clear statement, and his high personal authority have already focused the matter upon the world's attention. The lecture is made to hinge upon the race question in the United States, although the author has studied, at first hand, the relations of the various races of mankind in "the ends of all the earth." It is in this country, however, that we have the two races of the widest ethnic divergence thrown into the closest intimacy of contact.

In dealing with this problem we must take cognizance of the fact that there are certain clearly ascertained sociologic factors that have well-nigh the force and persistency of natural law as it operates in the physical world. True, there may be no absolute sociologic constants that have no variableness or shadow of turning; nevertheless, they are so slowly modifiable that we may regard them as fixed factors so far as concerns their practical bearing upon our present-day problems.

Our notion of the race problem has grown, hitherto, mainly out of the anti-slavery conflict, in which the advocates, on the one hand, exalted the negro as far above his real status as those on the other hand debased him below it. In all violent controversy the truth is apt to lie midway between the extreme claims of the disputants. As the anti-slavery advocates were triumphant in the outcome of the issue, their views were lauded as containing the whole truth, while the contentions of their adversaries were treated as pure diabolism born of bitterness and iniquity. But the heat of feeling is slowly dying away. The North is becoming disillusioned as to its too fervid conclusions and is beginning to view the situation in a calmer and more

rational light. We can never be on the right road to solution of this problem until the North, the South, and the negro—the three parties in interest—are willing to stand and work together on the common basis of ascertained fact.

Let us then enumerate some of the known factors of the problem as the basis for subsequent argument and conclusions.

1. Our fundamental data are: (a) The two races represent widely divergent ethnic types; and (b) they stand upon widely different planes of development. Here we have two problems in one, either of which would tax human wisdom for solution. The line of physical cleavage between the races is quite clearly marked, although it is obliterated here and there by a composite progeny. There is, however, no hard and fast line separating the development of individuals of the two races. The superior members of the backward rank far above the lower section of the dominant race, according to any approved test of excellence. The races may be separated vertically by blood, but they cannot be divided horizontally by development. The sagacious Southern statesman, after exercising the utmost stretch of ingenuity and strain of conscience, can devise no plan of separation, except on the basis of racial identity, that will include all of one race and exclude all of the other from any circle of privilege. And yet in average status the races are far enough asunder. In power of initiative, organic capacity, and executive energy of will they represent the products of wide-apart historic environments. The Anglo-Saxon is keenly conscious of his racial advantage; and the consciousness of his disadvantage, not less keen but much more poignant, will be forced upon the negro.

2. The superior race with which we have to deal has been aptly characterized as "the most arrogant and rapacious, the most exclusive and intolerant in history." The Anglo-Saxon deals with backward races on a different basis from the Latin or the Celt. He never fails to build up between himself and them a barrier almost impossible to overcome. With him, neither political, moral, nor religious codes are of avail against the arrogance of race. The Anglo-Saxon is pledged to retain



the integrity of his race, although he has never failed to mingle his blood with that of the inferior races wherever he has touched them. This is one of the inevitable evils of race contact. The sons of God will ever look lustfully upon the daughters of men. Father Chronos, according to Greek mythology, devoured his offspring in order to shut them off from their paternal prerogative. The Anglo-Saxon accomplishes the same end by relegating his illicit progeny to the nether status of the lower race.

3. The Anglo-Saxon has adopted the term "social equality" as his race shibboleth, whose potency over his emotion is unbounded. An eminent divine is reported recently to have said that, although a negro might be as learned as Socrates and as pious as St. John, yet he could not sit down at his table. A recent casual diner at the White House, which presented but the faintest semblance of social intimacy, brought down upon the head of the Chief Executive a flood of malediction as if he had violated the most sacred ordinance of the moral and religious code.

Whether this determination of the white race to deny social equality to the negro rests upon natural or volitional basis arouses wide dispute. The late Henry W. Grady, the oracle of the New South, throws an interesting sidelight upon this question: "We hold that there is an instinct, ineradicable and positive, that keeps the races apart. We add in perfect frankness, however, that if no such instinct existed, or if the South had any reasonable doubt of its existence, it would by every means in its power so strengthen the race prejudice that it would do the work and hold the stubbornness and strength of instinct." An emotional sanction, as the Mohammedan religion shows, is stronger than blood ties or race antipathy. It can arouse the deepest animosity among those of the same race, or command brotherhood and amity among peoples separated by the widest ethnic margin. Every effort is now being deliberately put forth to strengthen the stubbornness of the race spirit by emotional aids. It is a matter of common observation that the races are growing farther and farther

apart. None but the professional optimist can deny this tendency. The separation of the races in churches, schools, and railway coaches, and the anti-miscegenation laws of the several States are purely volitional devices to prevent social equality.

4. The white race is determined to rule all sections of this country without let or hindrance of the negro. The whilom experiment of the Reconstruction régime was simply the result of one section of the white race imposing a harsh and spiteful rule upon the other. This rule has been overthrown by violence, fraud, and deception, with the acquiescence of those who imposed it. The wildest dreamer does not expect its re-establishment. A shrewd observer has called the Anglo-Saxon the "Pharisee of Europe." He lacks the candid abandon of the volatile Frenchman and brutal frankness of his German cousin. Although he takes the game, he wishes to escape the blame. When he exploits a backward race he expects even the despoiled to glorify the exploiture. As he goes to and fro throughout the earth and up and down in it seeking conquests over new regions and resources, he expects the overridden races to bow down and exclaim, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" His motive cannot be judged from his motto. We must not, therefore, lay too much stress upon the semblance of fairness with which he seems to safeguard political privilege. He shrewdly discriminates against each characteristic of the backward race, whether it be poverty, ignorance, or political ineptitude. Political privilege is a sliding scale, which, with tantalizing elusiveness, is ever lifted just beyond the reach of the bulk of the black aspirants.

The recent constitutional enactments of the Southern States—harsh, unjust, and unconstitutional as they are—express the average judgment of the Anglo-Saxon as a wise political expediency, albeit the "understanding" clause or the "grandfather" clause may shock the sensibilities of the political moralist. The elimination of the negro as a primary factor in American politics is the controlling fact; the manner of its accomplishment is only a question of shifting details.

5. The negro constitutes about one-ninth of the American



people; this race is settled mainly in one section of the country, and shows little tendency to diffuse itself equably over the whole area. This creates a condition of unbalanced pressure that has powerful reaction upon the race problem. Political, civil, and social regulations in the North will react upon those in the South. With almost prophetic insight and prevision, Abraham Lincoln declared that this nation could not exist half slave and half free. The agitation will continue as long as Massachusetts and Mississippi are so far asunder in their internal political and civil regulations, and consequently so diverse in their attitude toward all public measures. This will create friction between the two factions of the white race of which the negro will be the incidental beneficiary. It was in this wise that he has secured his freedom, enfranchisement, and whatever of civil privileges he enjoys.

It is believed that the foregoing assertions have the force and effect of self-evident truth, so far as we can predicate this degree of positiveness of sociologic data. They do not express a sentiment or a preference, but have been sent forth in calmness and candor as a mathematician enumerates axioms from which to draw subsequent deductions.

What, then, should be the attitude of the negro in the face of facts that he has not the power to alter? Mr. Bryce tells us that the negro element is a different nation dwelling among but not intermingling with the white nation. If the Jews or the Catholics have sufficient interests to constitute definite lines of policy, what shall we say of the negro who forms a group almost wholly shut in to itself? Any people stands in need of an ideal after which to strive, and a line of policy by which this ideal may be obtained. No negro has yet come forward who grasps the essential principles of a wise and far-reaching race statesmanship. No one has yet had the inspiration to posit an ideal, the social sagacity to formulate wise and safe lines of procedure, and the personality and power so to impress his scheme as to make it the policy of his race. This race is so widely scattered and is subject to such diversity of conditions and interests that any line of concerted action becomes

well-nigh impossible. Leadership implies organization; organization presupposes territorial compactness and self-direction. The negro is promiscuously scattered among a people that is so much more populous and powerful than himself as to overshadow and belittle him. He does not exercise sovereign control over his own affairs. As is quite natural, the ideals of the negro have been relative, not absolute. He is not like the Jew in captivity, who always prayed with his face turned toward his native Jerusalem as the seat and center of his chief delight, but he has borrowed the ideals and standards that his captors set for themselves.

Strangely enough, the imitator is much truer in his theoretical adherence, though perhaps not in practical conduct, to the ideal standards than the originator of them. The negro advocates the application of the Golden Rule in daily affairs; the white man calls it an iridescent dream. The negro appeals to the Declaration of Independence; the white man regards it as a worn-out political platitude. The negro pleads the Constitution of the United States; the white man ignores both its spirit and its letter. The negro demands fair elections; the white man acquiesces in deception and fraud. The negro pleads for fair and equal enforcement of law; the white man justifies illegal and summary vengeance. The negro believes in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; the white man insists upon superficial distinction as a badge of admission to the ennobling bond of human brotherhood. In every point of theory—I say not of practise—the negro upholds the higher standard. This is not because he is better by nature than the white man but because he stands in need of the nobler ideal. Reforms come from those who suffer, not because they are sinless but because they are sufferers. The Jews taught mankind the need of a spiritual Saviour because, placed as they were at the mercy of surrounding nations, they stood constantly in need of vicarious political salvation. It is one of the anomalies of history that the negro race, which is not as yet esteemed for any contribution to the general culture of the human spirit, should serve as the moral censor of the Anglo-Saxon,



who has done so much to bring the world under the sway of legal and moral order.

The negro leaders have not only thus far failed to formulate lines of policy leading to definite ideals, but for the most part have been mere rhapsodists mouthing moral maxims and political platitudes, with whose inner spirit and meaning they were both ignorant and indifferent but with whose jingle they have become familiar by glib recital.

The most colossal figure of the negro race is Frederick Douglass. He was essentially an agitator; his work was that of destruction. Having powerfully assisted in the overthrow of an organized evil, which the slow process of historic forces had ripened for treatment, he not unnaturally felt that *all* wrong could be remedied by the same method. He hurled anathemas at the wrong-doer with the fiery denunciation of the Hebrew prophets; yet the anathematized evil abated not one whit. He appealed to the conscience of his fellow-men and erstwhile co-workers, but they had turned their attention to pastures new. His robust, manly, honest soul believed that man should do what is right; whereas all history shows that man will do what is expedient. There is a vague conviction in the world that evil will finally be swallowed up in good. Mr. Douglass, like the saints of the apostolic period, believed that the final moral consummation would or should take place in his day. Science teaches us that the heat of the sun will some day be exhausted, but the conduct of man is regulated without the faintest reference to this ultimate truth. This great negro leader failed to recognize the fact that the elimination of selfishness and sin from the human soul and the exhaustion of solar heat would probably come apace. And so Mr. Douglass died, leaving his race with gaze fixed upon barren futurity but without daily direction for daily duty.

Now comes Booker T. Washington, after Mr. Douglass the most commanding personage of his race. His industrial doctrine is as sound and sensible to-day as it was when delivered to the progenitor of the human race after his expulsion from the Garden: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Aside, however, from a single issue, which is too narrow and contracted as the basis for a broad and comprehensive policy, Mr. Washington's position is too wavering and hesitating for effective leadership. He lacks definiteness and pertinacity of conviction. He is necessarily governed by the material requirements of the wonderful institution he has developed. Material interests are necessarily timid. Nowhere does one find that Mr. Washington has stated his conviction as to the political and social status of his race in clear and unequivocal terms.

I. There should be some definite policy as to the perpetuation of racial integrity. It is, of course, impossible to conceive of two races occupying the same area, speaking the same language, worshiping according to the same ritual, and endowed with the same political and civil privileges without ultimately fusing; but these are ultimate questions with which the future must deal. We can no more dictate social régimes for the remote future than we can prescribe the cut of gown or style of bonnet for our great-granddaughters. At present it seems wise policy for the negro to advocate the physical integrity of his race. The attitude of the Anglo-Saxon practically compels this conclusion. It is not necessary to enter upon a discussion as to the physical, intellectual, and moral effects of cross breeding. It should be borne in mind, however, that the hybrid progeny so far produced has sprung mainly from the union of the best specimens of both races. At present union would most likely take place between the lowest elements of the two. The upper class of negroes, from the standpoint of social emotions, is as averse to such alliances as the corresponding grade of whites. The cultivated womanhood of the negro race has never forgiven Mr. Douglass for his second marriage. The practise of illicit intercourse, which has almost ceased since emancipation and the development of a higher moral sense in the negro, is beneath discussion as a deliberate policy for a self-respecting people. The negro race has already a considerable dash of white blood in its veins. This infusion has had important bearing upon the relations between the races. But it seems that the maximum has already been reached. Henceforth there



will be a more equable diffusion of this blood. The race is undoubtedly approaching a medium of yellowish-brown complexion, the extreme types disappearing in both directions. The light-colored negroes, on account of the prejudice and proscription of their present status, are taking advantage of their close proximity and are entering into identity with the white race. Being denied admission at the straight gate, they are entering in by cunning and devious paths. All such cases burn their bridges behind them, and the gap between the races is thus widened. The extreme blacks are apt to marry those of lighter hue, and the race will tone to the center from both directions, thus forming a more solid and compact ethnic group.

2. The negro should advocate as a policy the social self-sufficiency of his race. When he shall become as learned as Socrates and as pious as St. John, perhaps he may not be so anxious to dine at the table of the good Episcopal prelate, at least until he acquires a little more knowledge or a little more grace. It is inconsistent with self-respect for a race to push itself where it is not wanted, unless it has an inherent right to admission. Social equality is not an individual matter, as many contend, but is rigorously under the control of public sentiment. But just here a most serious difficulty arises. The partition between social and civil rights is a fragile and diaphanous film. The social separation of the races conditions all other forms of privilege and opportunity. It is on account of social inequality that the negro is not desired by the white man to work at the same trade, attend the same school, ride in the same coach, worship in the same church, or be buried in the same graveyard. The negro cannot be expected to surrender his civil rights. Such surrender would be as unmanly as the clamor for social equality is unmannerly. This is indeed the crux of the whole question, the outcome of which must depend upon time and the development of a higher standard of private and public moral sense.

3. The negro is already deprived of the right of primary political choice; that is, the right to determine, in the first instance, who his rulers shall be. This has been done not more

effectively by constitutional enactment than without it. Georgia accomplishes without the law the same result that South Carolina achieves with it. This condition the negro will hardly be able to alter. He is left, however, quite a large margin of what might be called secondary political rights. That is, he may vote between rival candidates whom white factions have put forward for office. In every community there are at least two white men who are ambitious to hold every office. By wisely utilizing this limited right the negro can make himself an important factor in the political equation. Even in those States where the constitutional amendments prevail there are many thousands of negroes qualified to vote by the most rigid and cunningly devised tests. The real problem is how wisely to utilize the power left in this political residue.

4. The negro should develop as far as possible along independent lines. His greatest capacity has been shown in the direction of his ecclesiastical and religious affairs. He needs to acquire a larger measure of business and industrial self-direction. The negro should cultivate those absolute virtues which count for righteousness and progress, however the complex race problem may eventuate. Intelligence, truth, honesty, chastity, sobriety, industry, and thrift carry their own reward. The people that acquires these qualities will in time gain all the recognition it deserves and desires.

5. The negro should never lose sight of the eternal verities of truth, righteousness, and justice. Although circumstances compel concessions, he should merely suffer it to be so in order to fulfil the requirements of the present situation. An aggrieved class owes a duty to the aggressor not less than to itself. It is not just to either to submit with pliant yieldance, without protest or remonstrance. Such submission tends to degrade the moral nature of both. The righteous plea of the negro may serve to lift the whole nation to a higher level of political morality and civic righteousness. Who can tell but that he has been brought into the kingdom for such a task as this?

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## THEORY AND PRACTISE OF THE NEW PRIMARY LAW.

### A PLEA FOR COMPULSORY VOTING.

UNINITIATED and good citizens must understand that politics narrowed to a special vocation is a soulless game, and in it men will do what they will not in personal relations, as in the frenzy of horse racing, gambling, lotteries, stock speculation and the like, where it never is thought of to urge a rival's character, equipment, or the public good. Our theorizing patriots will periodically vibrate public reform until some rude jar cracks through their skulls the hard facts that a popular government must be run by a great party, that a great party must be run by organization, that organizations must be run by fallen man, and become close corporations whose president, directors, and shareholders part with stock only in their own way. As the politicians have it, "If you want something you must give something."

A man from civil life might as well try to vault into a major-general's saddle as to obtain, even under the public demand, a political plum without permission of the politicians, who, like the regular army, laugh at the people for not being organized. Witness the first Seth Low campaign. A man who wants anything politically must take the ordinary course of politics—its narrow and ignoble practises—not his own estimate of his deserts. As strange as it may seem, the public has nothing whatever to say about it; the public may ratify or condemn, but never initiate. One not in the habit of consorting with politicians cannot understand their cold-blooded, proscriptive, and mathematical procedure, always mixed somewhat with irony. As men, like vampires, sap substance from society through corporate methods, so they do in political emoluments and honors.

Politics as limited to a class is the natural pool of mean men,

and it brings out the meanness there is in a good man. The writer knows this by experience. A politician will, with entire respect for a friend or a citizen, deceive and betray him in politics and hugger-mugger with an enemy. General Benjamin F. Tracy said there are no revenges in good politics. I have seen a commanding lawyer by hours cheek-by-jowl with a prize-fighter and ballot-box stuffer to carry a point by a friend. A supreme court judge has testified publicly under oath that he gave ten thousand dollars for his nomination. A leading Brooklyn lawyer told me he would readily give five thousand dollars for a certain judicial nomination. One of our Brooklyn magistrates is commonly reported to have actually paid that amount in cash. What would have been the chances of a competent and popular man without the price? A sitting magistrate told the writer that his clerkships were all appointed for him before he received his nomination. All this is universal. And yet, upon that very finding, with public mock virtue, a sheriff was impeached and removed. Repeatedly have judges under special agreement sold out the public interests to rioters and trade-unions. No man nor scrubwoman holds a place without paying for it. Patronage is a precise system. There are to be bargained for delegations and personal influence clerkships, cadetships, contributions, division of salaries, liquidation of debts, relief of bankrupts, humiliating silence, and reciprocity. The machine voters, and many others, too, under this government "of the people, for the people, and by the people," claim that their vote is their personal property to use as they please and for their personal interest, all the way from two dollars to a banquet, a job, or a protective tariff. To that extent a government is a swine government, gangrenous in spots that may yet spread to our whole apathetic system.

The rigorous details of the new election law and the new primary law show the public opinion of the swine who raided the ballot-box.

The proofs are: unnecessary public jobs, bungling and waste, sinecure and excessive salaries, police corruption, violation of ordinances, discrimination in tax assessments, en-



croachment by the irreligious and obscene, invasion by European slough, desecration of the Sabbath, adulteration of food and drink, open and constant defiance of the anti-liquor laws, packed cars, unpunished persecution of races, thirty-four untried indictments in one county, and compromise by government with rioters. A very intelligent and observing alien resident here says we are sleeping over a volcano.

All this could easily be remedied by the entire electorate uniting to bring out its best, for there is yet in the land civic genius and courage—men who can see and dare; aye, even die at their posts. There is coming a sore trial for such men when they come into authority. This reform will be by the universal use of the primary election. At present the professional delegates have no thought of representing their constituency. They run for what there is in it for themselves, and they strive for these places in the conventions year after year, making it a hunt the year through until they become a lurking, sinister, desocialized class, unfit for anything else. They and their supporters represent about one-fifth of the voters; but through the monopoly of the primary they become the fountain-head of the government, make all laws and administrations, while the indifferent public goes to the polls and chooses the least of two evils.

The politician regards votes as we do coins. St. Clair McKelway says the vote of a bum weighs as much as the vote of a bishop, and is much more feasible. General Slocum told the writer that a general would as soon have a monkey as a man to pull a trigger. That is the calculation of the politicians regarding political assets. Seven loafers can be relied upon to carry a primary against six college professors to make or unmake any man or law of the land. The politicians proceed upon this basis.

When we wrested the crown from George III., how did we propose to take his place? Each citizen then called himself an American sovereign. But we are shirking a sovereign's duty. Then the population was sparse and simple. Men who were truly representative were easily marked and nominated by the

common speech of people, newspapers, magazines, and clubs. Then by gradual social elimination and withdrawal the candidates were narrowed down to two, so as to get a majority of expression. But as the population became massed in great cities it was found necessary to make nominations through delegates, and thus a system of primaries, caucuses, and conventions naturally and gradually evolved. That system has had the sanction of a century's practise. It is indispensable to the government of a great people. It has been devised by a shrewd, wide-awake, liberty-loving citizenship, and is political perfection. There is no more possibility of electing the representatives of a great party without it than there is of making laws for a great people without a delegated legislature. The only trouble with the system is that our people have not filled it out with flesh and blood. We have become politically indolent; we are too mercenary and greedy of time and given up to luxury. Four-fifths of us Americans are traitors to our own institutions. We have virtually abdicated. The practical politicians are more consistent citizens than we because they, at least, keep our nominating machinery in working order. They spend their time, money, and labor in carrying on the vast, complicated, and practical machinery of politics that is almost an ante-type to the government itself—not for the love of it nor for the public good, but for personal gain, immediate or remote.

For every grape on the abundant clusters of the civil service, more easy and better paid than private employment, there are fifty claimants, forced there by the pitiful necessities of city life, where to live is to fight, and their clamor is interesting. They should not be grudged anything they get, for their returns are not one per cent. Office-seeking is a mental disease that runs its course; some of the patients never get well. A universally forced primary and convention supplanting this special vocation should be adopted by the State, not only for the public welfare but in charity to a class of unfortunates who, like dipsomaniacs, pray loudest for prohibition. Without responsible parties we would have no government—we would be Central American-



ized. Our mighty civil and political power has come from the wonderful development of our vast electorate by party procedure. From a village caucus to a national convention that system, whether virtuous or corrupt, moves off with the smoothness and celerity of a magnificent battleship whose parts have been assembled from a hundred widely distant machine shops. I have talked with every foreign consul in New York City, and find that our caucus, primary, and convention have no counterpart in any elective government under the sun. But it is voluntary; our constitutions and laws recognize no parties. They appoint an election, open the polls, and say, in effect, "Now, citizens, elect your officials." But no law, up to our new primary law, has provided for the difficult function of nominations—that necessary preliminary convergence of the opinions of a great mass of the people upon two candidates to get a majority government. That has been left to the unofficial act of the people.

Without the caucus and primary there might be in our dense population a multitude of candidates, and the one getting the most votes by what is called a plurality vote, but possibly far below a majority, would be the party candidate or public official, and would have but a faint heart in administering the government, knowing that he represents only a small minority. This would be the difficulty, as is already proved in the West, in direct voting at the primaries, which means voting for candidates to go before the general polls without the interference of a convention. No; the old-fashioned way is the best, namely, the convention system—if all the people will turn out and delegate the right men at the primaries. Direct primary voting and legislative referendums will do for the millennium. Government by representation is the only way now for the great parties as well as for great States. Under the direct system of voting for candidates at the primaries the people would not succeed in reforms any better than they do now—possibly slightly more, for the politicians, being organized and the independents not, would have the same leading or plurality vote at the primaries and thus nominate their tools. The people

will *not* go to the primaries; that is settled. All problems and mysteries could be solved by *all* the people adopting the primary. If they will not do it voluntarily they should be compelled by law to do it and deposit there a ballot, and also at the general election, even though a blank, under a penalty of disfranchisement and fine. Being compelled to go to a primary, they would naturally take an interest in the preceding caucus.

If you are really a sovereign, do a sovereign's duty or give up your form of government; there is no getting away from this simple, self-evident proposition. We now depend upon proxies, and proxies of the least desirable class, who make politics a private calling with all the greed, persistence, and cunning that are natural in mere self-acquisition. The political machine has become a trust, or a kind of trade-union, and political bosses are the walking delegates. It is a listed fraternity, recognizing terms of service, acquaintanceship, and mutual obligations so long as it pays them. But they have not the moral sense to hold together long—they soon separate on new inducements and a new crop of the same ilk succeeds them. Personal fights among colleague politicians are more unprincipled and bitter than against the opposing party. A candidate must have his home-following of men whom he can handle as a military officer places forces or a contractor delivers a gang of workmen. The friends of high-grade men will not be handled or delivered by him; so he gets left. The public-spontaneity dream is fatal to political ambition. To fix a nomination, delegations are swapped, and only experienced politicians have the facilities for this.

This raises the question to political philosophers whether our theory of popular government ever can put forth the best civic virtues of a people, or whether we must remain content with such practical composite characters as these personal deals and selfish bargains can give us. Politicians have a monopoly of political machinery; their road to public office and plunder is clear, and it is a pell-mell rush like prospectors to a placer gold mine. They are ignorant of politics in a large sense; they don't read; they don't think; they just coddle votes along the



curb-stone, street-corners, pool-rooms, cigar stores, rum-mills, once in a while invading private domiciles. This carries the day. They are skittish, jealous, and cunning. Politics limited to a class appeals only to egoism, but spread to the whole people it will appeal only to altruism. The practical politicians become furtive, calculating, suspicious, unneighborly. They wear stripes. Life among them becomes a howling wilderness. The leaders or bosses attain their position by native strength of character, hypnotic power, self-poise, and endurance. They represent the ancient savage chieftain, ruling by survival of the fittest. Their weight of brains is back of their ears, giving them a swagger. They would succeed anywhere; and they deserve all the benefits they get for the time, labor, and money they spend.

We have retrogressed back of monarchy to feudalism. Political bosses are political barons. They register every smidgen of patronage and know how to apply it; they and their retainers are ship-wrecked people, fighting desperately for planks and catching at straws. They are relentless, revengeful, and have long memories. Their followers are boot-lickers, barkers and biters for bones. Therein is the inefficiency and curse of boss-ship—that the public good is not lifted out of personal feeling in their politics. The people are broader minded.

Apropos of a recent display at Saratoga, I heard in the same room the late General Slocum, who now has a posthumous public monument, berate bitterly some leading Democratic politicians for setting him aside against the public demand for one who was a mere office boy at the time the General resigned the command of an army to lead the New York Democratic ticket. And General Fowler, a grim-visaged warrior, a competent business man covered with battle scars, and the type hero of Brooklyn, N. Y., died poor and broken-hearted because ignored by the Republican politicians for an irresponsible dandy who was capering nimbly in a lady's chamber and whose satin skin never got a scratch.

We are confronted with these conditions, and the question is, What is the remedy? A foreigner looking upon us will see

that our official class does not represent in private merit our unofficial class. While there remain in obscurity multitudes of merchants, scholars, inventors, engineers, architects, scientists, artisans, travelers, authors, and so on, the social substance of the nation, the small sayings and doings of noisy politicians are heralded every day. Can we reverse this? Yes, by the simple way of universal attendance upon the primaries and caucuses; for the people are patriotic, they do not expect offices, they cannot be bribed, they are disinterested, they have an unbiased judgment, and they are yet sound at the core. Truly, the voice of the people is the voice of God; but that means the voice of the *whole* people.

The State of New York has taken a wonderful step in the evolution of popular government by recognizing the naturalness of this primary election and adopting it as statutory law; that is to say, the State by its own officers holds all the primaries by secret ballot and gives certificates of election to the delegates for the respective conventions. Citizens who at a registration declare their party can vote at the next primary of their party without belonging to the party organization, and the Board of Elections will seat their delegates. This takes the primaries entirely out of the hands of the machine and gives them to the people; but, sad enough to relate, it has been of no perceptible benefit because the people will not go to them. Every inducement and plan has been made to enlist their interest, but our social classes in cities will not meet on common ground. The machine still sends forward through the primary its professional delegates and whips them into obedience in the conventions through the *viva-voce* vote. So the State could take a step further and adopt the conventions, as it has the primaries, holding the vote in the convention by secret ballot, and, for voting, calling the roll of districts by lot. Then the bosses would be absolutely deprived of all selfish power.

But if the State should not adopt the convention it is in the power of the people to work the reform by carrying the primary in mass and then adopting the secret ballot in the conventions. Simple as this is, the people are averse to doing it. Although



the primary is the very foundation of the government, it is most inexplicably ignored, even despised. As politics has been run, there have been mystery and complexity along with tumult and bad manners, so that there is no function that the refined citizen so loathes as politics. But the new primary law has removed the necessity for this. Let every citizen recognize the election or polling district as the unit of organization. This involves his own immediate neighborhood, like a small village meeting. A half dozen citizens of either party may meet upon a street-corner and propose a list of delegates to the coming conventions to be voted for at the primaries. The circle will widen. If they organize and have officers and a place of meeting, all the better. They can go to the Board of Elections and be furnished with the form of the ticket, the offices to be filled, and the very paper on which to print the ballots. If they be independents they can safely assume that they represent three-fourths of the party and can easily rout the machine by keeping together. In making this ticket they will have to discriminate with the utmost rigor against names of men who have been habitually called machine men and have practised machine methods. But, under either compulsory attendance at the primary or a newly-awakened political conscience, if this movement succeeds, the personnel of it will, in turn, become the machine and in time form cliques and bosses. Then another new set of men will upset them, and thus the marvelous freshness and strength of a republican form of government will be manifest in this constant personal interest preventing political stagnation or tyranny, which bossing inevitably leads to.

That a compulsory law to attend the primary is needed is aptly illustrated in the following incident, which is of most general application. Under the stimulus of a self-appointed committee, numbering 250, some efforts were made this season in Brooklyn to reorganize the Republican party. This committee meant well, passed many resolutions, and issued oceans of abstract literature—but did not get down to the loam of the primaries; they were idealists, and went the usual road of all such frail and beautiful political orchids. Their leader had not

been pickled hard enough in practical politics. In one large, representative, high-toned election district, the largest republican vote in the county, extraordinary efforts were made by the independents to get out the scholars, merchants, professors, churchmen, and those of well-garnished homes and social evening diversions, all of whom had promised during the summer to be on hand. But when the evenings of the caucus and primary came the managers found the most exasperating difficulty in getting their own friends to attend. On the night of the initial informal conference, or caucus, at a private house, out of the twelve invited, leading independents and reformers who were always animadverting upon the sins of the politicians, and staying away because they alleged everything to be "cut and dried," six failed to appear; and they gave severally afterward the following excuses: Wife sick; church meeting; stormy night; tired; progressive euchre. But the meanest of all was "had company." One burning reformer, an ex-clergyman, visited a candidate and told him he could not attend any conferences or caucuses, but if he were nominated he would make a speech for him. All these people in time of war would "make speeches" while others do the fighting.

This is not a unique or sporadic incident, but is familiar to every politician throughout the land. On this same campaign a reform candidate relates that he had a friend who had consented to head his delegation to the convention; that during the evening of the primary, this head man not appearing, the candidate went to his residence, where he was found in his slippers, with meerschaum pipe, reading the latest novel, surrounded with art and a well-stocked library and a comely young wife picking a mandolin. The old fellow rolled slowly to one side and said, "You wouldn't have the heart to take me out of this?" The reply was, "No, I would not;" and the candidate departed with a sinking heart, not for himself, but for shame at the general state of self-government in America.

We think the whole case is represented in the above. It is of mighty consequence to the Republic and to the world. Without public spirit anarchy follows. Shall we be forced to



perform this electoral duty or do it voluntarily? Our cities, where almost half our people are living, are clumsily managed. Our villages are types of civil government that we should imitate. There the best elements attend the town meetings. The election district should be respected more as the unit and base of political power. We give up too much to the higher committees, the assembly, county and State, where all the mischief of arrogance, dictation, and centralization is done. To those centers every political cowboy, big and little, directs his ambition and every candidate goes hat in hand. If those higher committees are really necessary to the welfare of a party, the members should be restricted to one term, and none should be on the public pay-roll. No man should be allowed to go to a convention who draws any pay from the public treasury. Americans have political instinct enough to run a party off-hand and without apprenticeship. A fresh set of delegates once a year could, with the help of continuous and paid clerks, keep up the technical work of a party, pronounce its issues, and name its candidates according to a broad public demand, and prevent the growth of political high priests and bosses intrenched in office and patronage.

The selection of a free and untrammelled convention by an untrammelled people at the primaries would solve every problem. Our youth should be taught at the family and church altars, at school and by example, this obligation—like the precepts of religion and temperance, honor and patriotism—that attendance at the caucuses and primary elections is the first duty of the citizen and cannot be neglected without personal dishonor and danger to the Republic.

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## THE TRADE-UNIONIST AND THE MONOPOLIST.

LABOR and Capital can be reconciled; but Labor and Monopoly—*never*. There is an immense difference between a capitalist like Peter Cooper, whose whole life was spent in social service, and a capitalist like Morgan, whose life is spent in anti-social warfare. A legitimate capitalist believes in the motto, "Live and let live." He is willing to reason and discuss prices. He only wants his share of the national wealth. But the monopolist, this new dragon of commerce, is insatiable. His motto is: "There is nothing to arbitrate; I want it all." The whole earth is too small to satisfy his greed. He grasps more property in a day than George Washington accumulated in a lifetime. With him there can be no reconciliation. He scorns the trade-union, ignores the boards of arbitration, and perverts the courts of law. There is no place for a monopolist in a free country, any more than there could be for a Simon Legree.

Between the monopolist and the trade-unionist there can be nothing but war—stern, pitiless, and uncompromising war—until either the one or the other is destroyed. No law nor intervention of committees can prevent the continuance of this conflict. It is as inevitable as the everlasting struggle between despotism and democracy. The battle is on, and there can be no industrial peace until either monopoly or unionism is as effectually abolished as English domination and chattel slavery. All that the patriotic citizen can do is to take sides—and not, like Vallandigham in 1863, beg for peace at any price. If it had not been for the Copperheads and compromisers the Civil War might have been ended in twelve months.

Monopoly is to-day what slavery was in '61, and what British rule was in '76. It is the *national* enemy, not merely the economic antagonist of the wage-worker. The trade-union



has only begun the work that the nation must finish. The unionist is playing the same part as the "Liberty Men" in '75 and as old John Brown in '59. He has been the first one brave enough to face these despots of commerce at whose frown the kings of Europe tremble and beneath whose tread even the democratic institutions of America are shaken.

The American trade-unionist is not a baby nor a serf. He can protect his rights as against the legitimate employer. In all normal contests he needs no assistance. But at present he is fighting men who are not, strictly speaking, capitalists. He is battling with capitalists who have evolved into absolute despots in the industrial world, who have destroyed all their capitalistic rivals, and are now banded together against the nation. To allow the unions to oppose these abnormal monsters of trade without giving them any assistance is not only unfair, but it endangers the welfare of all self-supporting citizens, whether workers or employers. To-day the cause of the trade-union is the cause of the whole people. Every legitimate capitalist and every public-spirited professional man should coöperate with the American Federation of Labor in the battle for the liberation of business from the monopolist.

Labor and Capital have a common interest as against the political blackmailers, the financial sharpers, and the despotic trust-makers, who are rendering legitimate business impossible. The life of trade is being eaten out by the parasitism of officials and the insatiable schemes of Wall Street Napoleons.

The prosperity of the middle classes, and, in the last analysis, of all honest classes, depend upon the high wages demanded by the unions. The druggist, the merchant, the doctor, the actor, etc., are less prosperous when the wage-worker has less money; and the monopolist's dream of producing wealth with machinery and monkeys would be the death of all business. Trade is kept up, not by the occasional purchase of a luxury, but by the steady, every-day purchase of high-class necessities. It depends on buyers, and buyers must *get* money before they can spend it. Poorly paid workers buy very little, and machines buy nothing at all.

Suppose every American wage-worker were to become as cheap and ox-like as the poor creatures brought from Hungary to work in the coal mines—what would become of the home trade of our manufacturers? When they began to work in the Pennsylvania coal fields, it was a common sight to see their *women* working at the coke ovens, clothed only in short chemises and cowhide boots, many of them naked from the knees down and from the waist up. These grimy Amazons toiled all day long, hauling the hot coke out of the ovens and forking it into freight-cars. Those who had babies brought them to the coal yard and laid them in a wheelbarrow or on the sooty ground. No more unhuman creatures could be imagined, as they labored in the sweltering heat with their steeling black hair caught between their teeth. How much would such wage-workers as these help business? How many pianos, typewriters, magazines, and silk dresses are sold in such communities? And what would become of our prosperity if the articles of commerce dwindled to pork, flour, cotton underwear, and cowhide boots?

It is the organization of labor that sustains and perpetuates the middle class. Where there are no trade-unions the population consists of nobles and serfs. It is not generally known, but nevertheless strictly true, that trade-unions were the backbone of Rome's greatness, and that when the demand of the ruling few for luxury and pomp crushed out the unions the middle classes melted away and the empire was destroyed.

The trade-union distributes wealth where it is most needed, while the trust concentrates wealth where it is least needed. It is this great difference that makes the union the upholder and the trust the destroyer of the social structure. It is the concentration of wealth that breeds revolutions, despotisms, and national destruction, and the just distribution of wealth that establishes prosperity upon a permanent basis.

"If I owned this canal I'd take all those nasty gates out of it," said a little boy to his father, as the steamer on which they were sailing passed through the locks of the Sault Ste. Marie canal. To the child's mind the locks were nothing but vexatious ob-



stacles in the boat's course. He did not know that without those gates the canal would be a shallow brook, absolutely worthless for purposes of navigation. Mr. Morgan and his fellow-monopolists are making the same foolish mistake as the child. Clever as they are, they cannot learn to consider an industrial question from a national standpoint. They do not see that the trade-union is to prosperity what the gates are to a canal, distributing the current evenly along the whole length. Abolish the unions and the volume of business would be as shallow as it is in Spain—a few grandees owning everything in sight and doling out beggar's wages to the farmers and mechanics.

Our newly-won commercial supremacy has been achieved by our high-priced, intelligent, and inventive workingmen, not by the statesmanship of our financiers. The important factor in commerce to-day is neither labor nor capital, as such, but *brains*. I do not mean the "brains" of the Wall Street manipulator any more than I mean the "brains" of the counterfeiter and bank sneak. Neither do I mean the "brains" of the monopolist who merely piles million upon million. *The brute force of capital is not brains*. The sort of intelligence upon which commercial greatness depends is that of the inventor, the skilled mechanic, the clerk or farmer or merchant who mixes thought with *useful* work.

The American workingman is the most valuable producer of wealth the world has ever seen; yet in proportion to what he produces he receives less wages than any foreign worker. For instance, an English nailmaker gets \$3 a week and produces 200 pounds of nails, while an American nailmaker gets \$30 a week and produces 5,500 pounds. Thus, while American wages seem high, the worker is much cheaper to employ. At the English rate of payment the American nailmaker would receive \$82.50 a week.

Monopolists are comparing wages without comparing workers. They are lowering the American standard of living to the European level, not knowing that they must thereby also lower the producing ability of the worker. This conspir-

acy against unionism and high wages would therefore, if successful, destroy both our prosperity at home and our commercial supremacy abroad.

"Trade-unions are the bulwarks of modern democracies," said Gladstone. All our greatest Americans, in previous generations, have recognized this fact and given their assistance to organized labor. Among the charter members of the "New England Workingmen's Association" were Charles A. Dana, Albert Brisbane, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, and George Ripley—six of the cleverest men this country has produced. Among those who wrote and spoke in favor of early trade-unionism were Edward Everett, William Ellery Channing, Horace Mann, Whittier, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Greeley, Parke Godwin, Lowell, George William Curtis, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, Bronson Alcott, and Longfellow.

"The Labor Movement is my only hope for democracy," said Wendell Phillips. "Labor is prior to and above capital," said Abraham Lincoln. Such was the spirit in which this country was founded; but at the present day the terrorism created by the trusts is so universal that very few dare openly to antagonize them. The trade-unions and a few insignificant Socialist bodies appear to be the only organizations that venture seriously to resist the victorious trust-maker, and it is not likely that they alone can successfully do so.

Therefore, what is most urgently needed is a reconciliation between the trade-unionist and the legitimate capitalist against their common enemy, the private trust. Such a coöperation would so influence public sentiment as to make the unions invincible if their wages were attacked. It would create what Bishop Potter desires—"a sound public opinion." It would at once affect legislation, and, by means of an income tax, an inheritance tax, and a series of enactments against stock-watering and franchise grabbing, would decrease the number and power of monopolists very speedily. The public ownership of telegraphs and railroads would prevent their use as mo-



nopolistic agencies, and business would become the fair and legitimate interchange of commodities.

When the monopolist has been disposed of, labor troubles will still occur; but they will not be like the bitter and prolonged struggles of to-day. Employers will never do business for pure benevolence, and workingmen will never be stained-glass angels; but when they stand upon an equal footing both will be ready to arbitrate. Then, as the wage-working masses become better educated as to their rights and duties, the remaining social problems will not be difficult to solve. Given fair play, they can easily guard their own interests; as it is a general rule that workers get as much as their combined, organized intelligence and courage deserve. They will receive more and more of their product, until eventually they will receive the whole of it, less the cost of superintendence. The trade-union may then hire the capitalist, instead of the capitalist hiring the union.

This happy consummation of industrial development is by no means close at hand, and for the present what the nation most requires are more unionists with the pluck of the mine workers, and more readers of the few publications that have sufficient courage impartially to discuss these great problems.

HERBERT N. CASSON.

*New York.*

## THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

THE numerous criticisms following but naturally upon the increasing success and prominence of The Coöperative Association of America indicate the usefulness of a clear statement of the purposes and methods of the Association and the present attainments. The general and primary purpose is to create economic conditions whereby every man and woman may receive the full product of his or her toil and at the same time find the opportunity to work in that particular field where his or her individual talents can most effectively express themselves. Persons who believe in the righteousness of receiving something for nothing, in the justice of one man's reaping what another man sows, in the beneficence of suppressing individual talents and thereby creating a herd of human oxen, will oppose this purpose; but all others must necessarily have at least a remote sympathy with it.

Methods for attaining a desirable object are generally more open to criticism than the object itself. Whenever criticisms are fair and based upon facts they are productive of good, but when unfair and based upon false suppositions they retard progress.

One of the most pitiable of calamities is that one where soldiers are led by mistake to fire upon a detachment of their own army for the enemy. This is a crime that bungling reformers are all the time committing, as has again been illustrated by some of the recent criticisms of this Association. Reformers of Socialistic tendencies agree that Nature establishes obstacles sufficient in the way of creating wealth, and that men ought to have sense enough not to increase these obstacles by competitive struggles among themselves. Fighting should always be directed against the common enemy. We have all read with interest of those sensible little donkeys, somewhere in South America, which put their heads together at the approach of



an enemy and thereby form an external circle of heels that kick off the would-be destroyer. It seems that some professing reformers, less sagacious than these auricular creatures, when taking their position in the defensive circle, put their heels where their heads ought to be and thereby punish and bruise the faces of their associates.

Some economists declare that the objects of this Association are chimerical, for the reason that the productive capacities of different individuals are as wide apart as are the present unequal financial possessions. The argument used in pointing out the sociologic law that causes this indefinite and ever-widening breach between the productive capacities of different individuals is somewhat as follows: Two men of equal ability begin work together and during the first year produce equal amounts and receive equal pay, representing a full equivalent for their production, which is, say, five dollars a day each. During the first year one man saves two dollars from each day's earnings for investment in improved machinery by which his labor may be made more productive, while the other man spends his entire income on living expenses. Thus at the beginning of the second year, after the prudent man has invested his savings in improved machinery, the two men begin work under new conditions where their earning capacities are no longer equal. The improved machinery secured by the investment of savings enables one of the men to create now, say, eight dollars a day, whereas the other man earns only five dollars as he did before. During the second year the thrifty man continues to increase his savings, while the other man spends his entire income. At the beginning of the third year the thrifty man has invested for the second time in improved machinery, whereby the productivity of his labor is for the second time increased. From this it is concluded that the earning capacities of these two men, whose powers were equal at the start, may grow wider and wider apart until the one becomes a multi-millionaire and the other remains a laborer earning but five dollars a day.

If the foregoing conclusion is correct then certainly the ideal purpose of The Coöperative Association of America would

be far-fetched and chimerical. But the conclusion may be seen to be wrong for the simple reason that the productivity of the average man's labor cannot be increased by improved machinery after once the best machinery has been provided, and this provision can be made on the average for an investment of something less than five thousand dollars. On the average, therefore, the producer of wealth cannot possibly find the opportunity to invest more than five thousand dollars of his savings in machinery that will increase the effectiveness of his own labor. Investments that exceed five thousand dollars on the average, if they yield any return to the investor, must represent machinery that increases the effectiveness of other people's labor and not his own.

The economic righteousness of investments in equipment by which the labor of others is made more effective and by which the investor receives as his reward a portion of the increase made possible by the added machinery is a question that involves the righteousness of usury. It is plainly evident that, if a five-thousand-dollar investment or less on the average represents the very best labor-saving equipment that science and discovery have made possible for increasing the productivity of a man's labor, then, if every man who labors should be the possessor of five thousand dollars and have it properly invested in a way that makes him the owner of the equipment that gives effectiveness to his labor, there would be no opportunity whatsoever for any man to invest money at interest. Such a condition would destroy all interest and usury. This is a condition that The Coöperative Association of America is gradually establishing within its miniature civilization.

One illustration alone may show conclusively that any form of usury or interest-taking, while it may not be wrong for people as individuals under some circumstances, is nevertheless economically or socially wrong. One cent drawing six per cent. compound interest for a period of nineteen hundred years, a period of time equal only to the Christian era, would accumulate a sum of money equal in value to a world of solid gold, at its present commercial value, whose diameter would be as great



as the distance from this world to the sun, or a diameter of ninety million miles. This illustration shows that interest-taking, even though the interest may be moderate, when it is followed as a universal practise must necessarily result in the pauperization of the weaker class and in frequent disastrous losses among investors. The losses of the investing public alone must be equal in amount to the difference between the amount of production minus labor's reward, and that enormous amount in excess of production which compound interest unchecked calls for as shown in the illustration.

Our civilization will stand convicted of a social crime as long as any man or woman is compelled to work under conditions less favorable than the best and with labor-saving equipment less productive than the most efficient, and as long as he or she is not the possessor of wealth equal to the value of the equipment that facilitates the labor. The State could accumulate by a simple and just form of taxation this sum of five thousand dollars or less that would be required to make every citizen the owner of those instruments of production that facilitate his labor, and thereby give him the right to receive the full product of his toil and establish conditions whereby usury in all its forms would be destroyed, and whereby no man by cunning devices or otherwise could reap the product of another man's toil.

The reason why the practise of usury will gradually come to an end within the miniature civilization being established by The Coöperative Association of America, and why each worker will receive the full product of his toil, is because all the instruments of production used by the co-worker employees of the Association are owned collectively and each co-worker will be taxed until he has contributed an amount equal to the investment that has been made in his behalf.

Instruments of production or labor-saving equipment are those helps which facilitate the human mind and muscle in taking from Nature those things required or desired for physical needs and happiness. A fair illustration of what is meant by instruments of production is a pump fitted to a well of water.

By means of it a man takes from Nature with but little exertion the water he needs to quench his thirst. Some small villages have a town pump where all the inhabitants go freely and take whatever water they want. In such places the pump is not owned by a monopolist who demands from every comer half of the water for the privilege of using the pump, because each citizen owns his proportionate share in the pump, having paid for it in taxes. All instruments of production owned by The Coöperative Association of America are owned in a way similar to that in which the community owns the town pump. And; as the village provides thus for every citizen the opportunity to take from Nature his needed supply of water at a minimum cost of labor, so likewise The Coöperative Association of America furnishes the opportunity to every one of its co-worker employees to take from Nature all the necessities of life at the least possible cost of energy and without being obliged to pay toll or tribute to any person or group of persons for this privilege, which is the inherent right of every man.

The methods being employed by this Association are business methods. The Association is complying with the requirements of existing laws, of business conditions, and of prevailing ignorance. It is simply doing the very best it knows how under these adverse conditions.

The personnel of the movement is one worthy of inspiring confidence. The president of an association of this kind is naturally looked upon with critical and questioning eyes because of the powers conferred upon him by his office. Mr. Bradford Peck, the president, is, to my personal knowledge, as much devoted to the humanitarian ideals of the Association as any of the great leaders of the anti-slavery movement were ever devoted to the cause of negro emancipation. From enemies have proceeded the accusations that Mr. Peck is dictatorial, that he is making money out of the Association, that he is unbalanced in mind, and many more of a like malicious character. But such lava proceeding from the fiery eruptions of jealousy, hatred, and malice turns to the purest granite, to form enduring monuments of fame.



I met with another striking illustration of this form of misrepresentation of noble men in my travels this summer. I had occasion to visit Mr. Abram Slimmer, at Waverly, Iowa, a man who has come into considerable prominence from his large benevolence. I wished to know what the town people thought of their noblest citizen, and previous to calling upon Mr. Slimmer I inquired of a bright-looking boy what he knew about Mr. Slimmer and what kind of reputation he had. The boy replied that he was "an old man," "very eccentric," "was giving away all his money," "had never been married," and since his pet dog died he was scarcely known to smile," "that he had no confidence in anybody and had but few friends." These remarks revealed the nature of the town gossip relative to the greatest and noblest citizen in the community. I spent that day with Mr. Slimmer and found him to be one of the most genial, sanest, and noblest men that I had ever met—a Jew about seventy years of age, but with the mental and physical vigor and agility of a man in his prime. He has been devoting himself for the last several years to the spending and giving away of his money, using the same business shrewdness and untiring labor that he employed while earning his large fortune as banker and financier. The Christian community in which he was living seemed utterly incapable of comprehending how any man could live in respect to his money with the one purpose of doing good. The town gossip represented the depravity of the community but did not in any way apply truthfully to Mr. Slimmer.

As confidence in the leader inspires devotion to the cause, I may be permitted to say a few things about Mr. Peck. As president he has large powers, it is true, and generally his will in reference to matters pertaining to the business policies of the enterprise is obeyed; but this is so, not because of any undue financial or legal power possessed by him, but because of his recognized ability by those who would have the legal power to thwart him if they desired. Indeed, there are instances where the trustees have not wholly coincided with Mr. Peck's views, and at these times he has graciously and kindly acceded to

the right of the trustees to decide in a manner somewhat opposed to his judgment. Mr. Peck's deeds speak louder than his words in demanding our confidence. At the beginning of the enterprise Mr. Peck donated to the Association as an outright gift a piece of real estate the equity of which was worth ten thousand dollars, and which, since that time, has increased in value fully fifty per cent. About the same time he provided for a weekly cash income of forty dollars to defray running expenses for one year, amounting in the aggregate to more than \$2,000. He has since given another seventy-five hundred dollar donation and pledged fifteen hundred dollars a year for the next five years as his donation to the Founders' fund, to which the public in general are invited to contribute in amounts ranging from ten cents a week up. Thus his outright gifts amount to about twenty-five thousand dollars. Furthermore, he has given nearly his entire time to the Association without salary, and has paid his own traveling expenses, which have amounted to several hundred dollars. He transferred his large department store to the Association, accepting for remuneration the bonds of the Association, which draw the exceedingly small interest of three per cent. Whereas his profits from the business had yielded him nearly fifteen thousand dollars a year, he now receives in the place of these profits something less than four thousand dollars a year as interest on the bonds he holds. Thus the Association is now receiving from the business of the department store a sum not less than ten thousand dollars a year, which formerly went into Mr. Peck's pocket. According to my interpretation this arrangement was equivalent to Mr. Peck's endowing the enterprise with a ten-thousand-dollar annual income. The supreme proof, however, of Mr. Peck's profound loyalty to the ideals of the movement was given when the legal and authoritative management of the enterprise was transferred to a trusteeship of fifteen men, who compose the membership of The Co-Workers' Fraternity Company, a college association organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Co-Workers' Fraternity proposes to establish a uni-



versity and tributary colleges and schools when it shall become financially able. But, in the meantime, it owns ninety per cent. of the capital stock of The Coöperative Association of America, and by virtue of this ownership it has the legal powers for doing those things which are involved in acting as a trustee. The present members of this college organization are: Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, Prof. Frank Parsons, Mr. Bradford Peck, Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, Prof. Elmer Gates, Mr. B. O. Flower, Mr. Willis J. Abbott, the Hon. Carl Vrooman, Mr. George F. Washburn, Mr. James E. Young, Mr. Arthur D. Ropes, Mr. Ralph Albertson, Mr. Arthur E. Harris, and the Rev. Hiram Vrooman. All these members are students of economics and loyal believers in the ideals of The Coöperative Association of America, and the majority of them are famous for their work in the reform world.

Whatever may be said in criticism of the business policies and of the legal form of the organization, I can say that the very best precautions for safeguarding the permanent integrity of the movement have been taken that have seemed possible under the circumstances to those who had the responsibility of promoting the enterprise; and furthermore the present combination of talent that is directing the movement is acting as wisely as it knows how in achieving success. The management stands ready all the time to make any change that anybody may suggest when once such a change shall be seen to be an improvement.

This enterprise is an honest and noble effort for social betterment, and its progress can be speedier and its good effects more far reaching to the degree that it receives the coöperation of well disposed persons.

HIRAM VROOMAN.

*Boston, Mass.*

## NEEDED POLITICAL REFORMS.

(*Number Two.*)

### PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION, OR EFFECTIVE VOTING.

I N dealing with "Needed Political Reforms," I am glad that what I have to say on Proportional Representation follows Mr. Pomeroy's article on Direct Legislation—partly because of my appreciation of the work he is doing for the cause of good government, and partly because I believe a reform of representative methods to be a necessary corollary of the reform that he so ably advocates. Direct Legislation and Proportional Representation are both needed.

Defining first the object, means, and methods of Proportional Representation, they may be briefly put thus:

*Objects:* To destroy the political monopoly exercised by the "party machine," with its accompaniments of disfranchisement, mis-representation, non-representation, plutocratic rule, gerrymandering, bribery, lying, corruption, crookedness, party bitterness, and kindred political evils. To substitute therefor a just and proportional representation of all the electors, thus making practically every vote effective, giving in the legislatures a true reflection of public opinion and permitting the election of the best men.

*Means:* The use of a reasonable and scientific system of voting, instead of the present stupid, unfair, and inefficient procedure.

*Methods:* There are several systems by which the principle of Proportional Representation may be given effect to. Large electoral districts, each electing several members, are a necessary feature. The "quota" plan is usually employed. It means that a quota of the voters elects one representative. To arrive at the quota the number of valid votes cast is divided by the number of seats to be filled. For instance, in a seven-member



district, any one-seventh of the voters could elect one representative, and the other six-sevenths could not interfere with their choice.

The three principal systems of Proportional Representation are the Free List, as used in Switzerland and Belgium; the Hare system, as used in Tasmania; and the Gove system, as advocated in Massachusetts.

The Preferential Vote is used in the election of single officers, such as a mayor. It is not strictly a form of Proportional Representation, but is akin thereto, and uses part of the same voting methods. The object of Preferential Voting is to encourage the free nomination of candidates, and to obtain always a clear majority at one balloting, no matter how many candidates are nominated.

The urgent need for a change in electoral methods will be at once evident by taking almost any State of the Union as an example and examining the method of electing members to Congress or a State legislature. The whole State is cut up into little arbitrary districts, and in each of these districts the voters elect one member. A voter in one district cannot, of course, vote for a candidate who is running in any other district. In each of these little districts or constituencies there are, say, from six to eight political ideas that desire expression and representation, as, for instance, the Republican idea, the Democratic idea, the Expansionist and anti-Expansionist ideas, the anti-Trust idea, the Direct Legislation idea, the Populist, Labor, Prohibition, Socialist, Woman Suffrage, and Single Tax ideas. Some of these may not be numerically strong enough to entitle them to representation, in any event; but others certainly are. Yet all these varying and often conflicting ideas have either to find expression and representation in the one solitary member sent up from the district, or not to be represented at all. Is not absurdity stamped plainly on the face of such a system?

Of course, the result is practically that only one, or possibly two, of the leading ideas are represented, and the voters who hold the other ideas are all disfranchised and unrepresented.

But, if you like, we will leave out of consideration all the political ideas but the two larger ones. Take, as an illustration, a district or constituency containing 4,000 voters. A Republican and a Democrat are running; 2,050 men vote for the Republican candidate, and 1,950 for the Democratic candidate. The Republican is elected. These 1,950 Democratic voters are as absolutely disfranchised and unrepresented as if an Act of Congress or the Legislature had been passed declaring that the Democrats in that district should have no vote in that election. Consider that this kind of thing takes place throughout the United States, and you will see that as a matter of fact nearly one-half the voters in the whole country, either on one side or the other, are disfranchised at every election. Is that popular representation?

Do you wonder at the party bitterness that obscures reason and calm judgment, when every election is a fight in which the penalty of defeat is disfranchisement and humiliation? But our elections need not be fights, and would not be under any reasonable and sensible system. An essential part of such a system would be to abolish the "one-member" districts. Instead of these we can have districts large enough and containing voters enough to elect seven or more members; and we can elect these members in such a way as to give fair representation to every important phase of public opinion in fair proportion to the number of voters holding that opinion.

What is the back-bone and mainspring of the tremendous political power now wielded by the party "machine"? Mainly, the monopoly of nomination. No one has now a chance of election unless he is chosen by a regular party convention. There is usually one Republican and one Democrat put up in each constituency. Neither of them may be acceptable to a large proportion of the electors, but it is Hobson's choice—these electors must either vote for men they do not want or stay at home, and, too often, they do stay at home.

Under Proportional Representation there would be such freedom of nomination that any group of voters strong enough in numbers to entitle them to a representative would be able



to get the very man they wanted, and to snap their fingers at the "machine." Besides, if this group of voters were to disagree among themselves as to the best man for their representative, they could nominate two men without fear of splitting their vote and thereby losing their representation.

The only honest method of representation is that method which will represent all important phases of public opinion in proportion to the number of voters holding these opinions. Let us illustrate this principle. Here are a thousand men or women who have important business to be transacted. They propose to elect a committee of ten persons to do their business. On what principles should these ten persons be elected? Evidently each one of the thousand has a right to be represented by the person of his choice, provided he does not interfere with the equal right of any other man or woman to be similarly represented; but as there are only ten on the committee, and as there are a thousand to be represented, it is evident that before you can be represented by the person of your choice you must get about ninety-nine of the others to agree with you in the choice of a representative. Then if one hundred of you, that is, one-tenth of the voters, agree together on a representative, you are entitled to that representative, and the other nine hundred have no right to mar your choice. The same thing applies to every other one hundred voters who can agree together on a representative.

In brief, this is the plan: Divide the number of voters by the number of representatives to be elected, and you thereby get the number of voters who are entitled to one representative. For instance, in a district containing 28,000 voters and returning seven members, 4,000 votes are necessary to elect one representative, and these 4,000 votes are called a "quota." We may, therefore, call Proportional Representation the quota system.

Then the practical question is, how to carry out this principle so that the voters may combine and give a quota of votes to each elected candidate and no more. How will they know when a candidate has got a quota, so that they need not throw

away any more votes on him after he has received enough to elect him? How will they know when a candidate has so few supporters that he cannot get a quota, and therefore cannot be elected? And what should be done when votes are scattered among a dozen candidates for the seven seats?

The solution of these questions is found in the various plans of Proportional Representation. Space forbids my attempting a full description of these. I must be content to quote a brief description of the Swiss Free List, which is the plan recommended by the American Proportional Representation League for adoption in the United States. Mr. Stoughton Cooley, its secretary, speaking of the Free List, says:

"The system that most nearly conforms to our present institutions and methods is the Swiss, or Free List. Whatever may be the ultimate form adopted to give Proportional Representation expression, it would seem that this offers the least resistance as a means of introduction. The essentials of the Free List system may be stated thus:

"1. District lines, so far as representation is concerned, are wiped out and the Congressmen elected from the State or city at large.

"2. Any group of voters entitled to nominate candidates, either by convention or petition, may nominate as many candidates as it sees fit up to the whole number to be elected.

"3. Each elector has as many votes as there are Congressmen to be elected, which he may distribute as he pleases among the candidates. The votes count individually for the candidates as well as for the party or group to which they belong.

"4. The sum of all the votes cast in the State is divided by the number of Congressmen to be elected, and the quotient is known as the quota of representation.

"5. The total vote of each party or group of voters is divided by this electoral quota, and each party is allotted as many Congressmen as the quota is contained times in its vote. Should there not be enough full quotas to elect all the Congressmen, the required number is taken from the party or parties having the largest unfilled quotas.

"6. The proportion of candidates to which each party is entitled is taken from its list in the order of the votes received by the candidates.

"7. Should there be a vacancy during a term of office the



remainder of the term is served by the candidate of the same party whose vote was highest of those not at first chosen."

The foregoing description of the Swiss Free List provides for the multiple vote; that is, each elector has several votes that count. Certain members of the League, however, object to the multiple vote, and prefer the single vote; that is, that each elector should have only one vote that ultimately counts. In this connection it is interesting to note that the kingdom of Belgium, in adopting the Free List system, has made several modifications, one of which is the use of the single vote. The act amending the Belgian Electoral Code, so as to provide for "la Representation Proportionnelle," passed both the legislative chambers in 1899, received the royal assent of Leopold II., and was promulgated in the "Moniteur Belge" (the official journal or gazette) on December 30, 1899.

This system of Proportional Representation was used at the Belgian general election in May, 1900. Unfortunately its beneficial effect was greatly marred by the system of plural voting that prevails in Belgium, against which the Socialist party has lately made violent protest. Count Goblet d'Alviella, of the University of Brussels, who is also a senator, has written an admirable work in French, entitled "La Representation Proportionnelle: Histoire d'une Réforme," which gives a full and clear account of the thirty years' agitation for electoral reform in Belgium, with descriptions of the various systems proposed and that finally passed; how the latter worked at the general election at which it was used, its general effects, and probable future use and amendments.\*

Proportional Representation is applicable to all civic or municipal elections, and is greatly needed there.

• An effective system of voting is the foundation of good municipal government. Our municipal institutions are based

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\*Count d'Alviella's address is Court St. Etienne, Belgium.

The address of Mr. Stoughton Cooley, Secretary of the American Proportional Representation League, is Maywood, Illinois; and I refer inquiries to him or to myself, at 6 Harbord St., Toronto, Canada. The American Proportional Representation League issues a quarterly "Review," published at 44 Hill St., Newark, N. J., in affiliation with the *Direct Legislation Record*.

on the vote of the people, and if the method of taking that vote is defective the resulting government must be defective also. You cannot get good results from poor machinery or from bad methods.

Before closing I desire to call attention to the merits of the Hare and Gove systems, the former of which has been used with great success in Tasmania, one of the Australian States. These systems are well worthy of careful examination by any one desiring to become conversant with the important question of electoral reform.

I conclude with a quotation from a speech by Charles Francis Adams at Boston :

"Election-at-large and Proportional Representation, the one emancipating the voter and the other putting an effective weapon in his hands, a species of magazine ballot—these two measures do indeed seem to cut at the very root of the municipal difficulty. They strengthen the barrier where it is weakest. And they have got to come; and when they come, they, like their precursor, the Australian ballot, will come to stay. This basis once secured, the model city charter would easily and naturally be developed from it. But no charter will work satisfactorily or result in the government we must have until the legislative department is rehabilitated, and the vital part of the municipal outworks made strong for defense. Wearied and disheartened at the course of events, and the exhibitions of aldermanic corruption and incapacity, more than once of late the effort has been made to remodel our city charters on the principle of an almost autocratic executive, while the legislative branch, shorn of its power, was reduced to as near impotence as possible. This is nothing but municipal Cæsarism. The remedy will not be found by working in that direction; for America is essentially republican, and a vigorous, healthy, representative body is the essence of republicanism. Without that it cannot flourish. If, therefore, for any cause, the legislative is weak, it must be strengthened; if it is corrupt it must be purified; but it has got to be retained and it has got to be powerful. Of this, at least, as the result of half a century's experience, we ought all to feel convinced.

"We cannot sit helplessly down in face of a political condition which no one denies, and all good men deplore. To do so would be to abdicate citizenship. We must, on the contrary,



pulling ourselves manfully together, turn to with pick and spade to repair and strengthen the weak and threatened defenses; and then, with improved weapons of precision in our hands—the magazine arm of the ballot—proceed to pick off the gunners who now work so well and viciously those ‘Satan batteries.’ With this purpose clearly in mind, with this end steadily in view, we now submit and advocate a plan of Proportional Representation; believing, as we do, that it goes down to the root of the evil—that is, to the constituent body itself.”

ROBERT TYSON.

*Toronto, Canada.*

## THE IRRIGATIONIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

SOME one—it is quite immaterial who—has made this concise and forceful statement relative to irrigation:

“The average man, who never has been in an irrigated district, has no conception of the value of irrigation. He regards it as a substitute for rainfall. In fact, rainfall is only a substitute for irrigation, and not a very satisfactory one either. The finest, largest, and most luscious fruit, and the best quality of vegetables and cereals, are raised upon irrigated land. Furthermore, the crop is assured every year.”

This states the case of the irrigation enthusiast in a nutshell, and the irrigation enthusiast is becoming more numerous and more enthusiastic with each passing year. But he also has his troubles. The subject is so vast and its ramifications are so many that he encounters all sorts of objections and complications. It is not enough to show the value of irrigation: he must also convince the skeptic of its feasibility and demonstrate to his satisfaction the proper method of procedure. It has been, and still is, necessary to conduct a campaign of education of great magnitude. The Eastern agriculturist is fearful that the prosperity of the arid regions will hurt his market, and these fears must be allayed. The Eastern taxpayer, who may favor irrigation as an abstract proposition, not infrequently holds that it is unfair to tax him for the benefit of the West; that if irrigation will increase the value of the land to such an extent as is claimed it is the part of private enterprise to provide the funds: and his arguments must be answered. True, the irrigation enthusiast has been answering them patiently for a good many years, but they still continue to bob up serenely as the subject invades new fields and comes to the attention of new men.

The points at issue seem naturally to divide themselves, like all Gaul, into three parts: (1) the distribution of the benefits



of irrigation; (2) the duty of the National Government in the premises; (3) the proper method of providing the necessary funds.

Concerning the first, the irrigation enthusiast could talk a week and then not be half done. His statements are forceful, too. For instance, in disposing of public lands watered by rainfall the Government considers 160 acres a unit. That is the amount of land deemed sufficient for the support of one settler and his family, and no one has yet asserted that it is too much. Half of that is deemed sufficient for the largest irrigated farm. Therein is a gain of 100 per cent. in the productiveness of the land, for the old unit will support two families instead of one. But in a great many localities only forty acres is the irrigated farm unit, which means a 300-per-cent. gain in productiveness; and where citrus fruits can be raised to advantage seven acres have been found a large enough tract to support a family. This cannot possibly be done without irrigation, and only in favored localities with it; but there are many places where twenty-acre farms are the rule. Does not this make the subject worthy of thoughtful consideration? Would not a large investment be profitable under such conditions? The irrigationist thinks so; but he has a stronger argument in the same line.

Uncle Sam has on hand at present about 600,000,000 acres of land, a good deal more than half of it being in the arid States and Territories. Not all of this could be reclaimed by irrigation, and estimates as to the amount of it that could be made productive vary all the way from 75,000,000 to 150,000,000 acres. Take the minimum, 75,000,000 acres, and divide it up into irrigated farms of the maximum size, 80 acres, and there is room for 937,500 families, or about 4,500,000 souls if they average five to a family. This land is totally unproductive now. Is not even a large expenditure of money justifiable and advisable if it will put the land in condition to support so many? The irrigationist thinks so; and he further points out that this does not fully state the case either, for there is a great deal of arid land not in the Government's

possession that would also be made productive by an irrigation scheme of proper magnitude.

The increase in values as a result of irrigation is fitly illustrated in the case of Billings, Mont., and the surrounding country. Fifteen years ago there was no such city, and short range grass was the only product of the land, which was estimated to be worth about one dollar an acre. The 60,000 acres was valued at \$60,000. As a result of irrigation the land is now worth \$1,800,000, and there is a city with an assessed valuation of \$2,000,000 more. The total of its annual products of grain, alfalfa, vegetables, etc., approximates \$750,000, and the value of the live stock on this 60,000 acres is estimated at \$1,170,000. Another illustration is found in Phoenix, Ari., which was sage-brush desert not many years ago, and now is a city of 25,000 inhabitants with an assessed valuation of \$10,000,000. The irrigation of the surrounding country made Phoenix what it is to-day. Is it not worth all that it cost?

Assuredly; but of what interest is this to the Eastern man? Why should he be taxed to create another Billings, Mont., or another Phoenix, Ari.? The benefits of irrigation are not distributed, it is urged; they are local. But *are* they? Here the first point considered merges into the second. If irrigation would be of general benefit the Government should give assistance; if it would be of purely local value there is no reason why Uncle Sam should assume any of the burden. The irrigationist holds that it would be of general benefit, and that the same argument applies that is advanced for the improvement of harbors and navigable streams. In the case of a harbor or a stream the greatest benefit accrues to the owners of contiguous property, does it not? Then why should not the city that is to be primarily benefited look after its own harbor? Simply because the work tends to promote commerce, which is, indirectly at least, of benefit to all. And precisely the same thing is true of the reclamation of the arid lands. That will tend to populate and build up the country and create and promote trade. It will make a market where none existed before, and every producer is interested in the development



of a new market. But, it is further urged, the products of this irrigated region will come in competition with the products of other districts, and it is unfair to ask the Eastern taxpayer to assist financially in the creation of a rival.

This objection has been concisely answered by George H. Maxwell, executive chairman of the National Irrigation Association, in the following statement:

"Every home that is built [in the irrigated regions] is a market for the manufacturer of the East. The mallet that drives the farmer's post in the ground, the wire of which he makes his fence, the plow that tills the ground, the wagon that hauls his implements, the nails in his house, the glass in the windows, the screws in the doors, the clothes on his back—everything that the man who goes on any of this reclaimed land uses—is furnished by the Eastern manufacturer. What is the result? What is the best market for the Eastern farmer to-day? It is the factories of the East. Take the factories out of New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and the Eastern agriculturist might as well pack up his blankets and take to the road. Every new home that is built in the West is a positive advantage to the Eastern agriculturist."

To this may be added the statement that the Westerner's market of the future lies, not to the east, but farther to the west through the Pacific ports—a field capable of illimitable development under proper conditions, and one that will add to the wealth of the whole country. So the irrigationist seems to make good his claim that irrigation will be of general benefit and consequently comes rightfully under the supervision of Uncle Sam, and strengthens his argument by pointing out that Uncle Sam is the only one in a position to do the work as it should be done. Private capital has tried it and has failed, except where the conditions have been unusually favorable. In some instances the task has proved too stupendous, and in others there has been a natural difficulty in getting its rightful profit. The history of irrigation shows that less and less water is needed in an irrigated district as time goes on. The earth fills up with water, the soil becomes less porous, the streams run more evenly, and so the farmer needs less of the artificial

supply to prepare his ground for the crops. To one who is selling only the water this means a decreased income, but to one who is interested in the general prosperity it means increased returns for less expense.

Uncle Sam sells a good deal of the land and collects a share of the taxes. He profits in the increasing prosperity of the farmer. That the capitalist who invests his money in irrigation schemes does not is proved by the number of such ventures that have proved financially unsuccessful, even when they have proved successful in every other way. There is much reclaimed land in the West that bankrupted the companies that supplied the water to reclaim it. By percolation from their reservoirs and canals the water that they stored did much for land that their ditches did not directly touch; they could get no adequate return for the benefits they gave; there was no satisfactory way of measuring them: and so they made considerable districts productive—and failed. They sold out to the settlers for a fraction of the cost, and their reservoirs and canals are now used on a coöperative basis. In some other instances coöperation has seemed to solve the problem, but it never has been, and never will be, done on a large scale. The cost is prohibitive.

To the suggestion that the States should do this work the irrigationist enters a vigorous protest. They were tried in the matter of the swamp lands, and were found wanting. The National Government ceded to various States millions of acres of swamp lands in the expectation that they would be reclaimed by the levee system—a task not nearly so costly or so difficult as the reclamation of the arid regions. Yet, in the words of J. F. Wilson, of Arizona, "through the whole space of nearly fifty years (since the grants were made) not one of these States has made a single record of success by the reclamation of any of this land. In most instances it went into the hands of alien speculators and land sharks for nothing."

Even if the States would exercise the trust wisely, it would be impracticable for them to do the work in many instances. For successful irrigation on a large scale the waters of a river



would have to be stored near its source, and that source may not be in the State through which the river flows and which it is particularly desired to irrigate. For instance, three out of the four rivers in Nevada have their sources in California. In order properly to conserve these waters it would be necessary for the State of Nevada to acquire rights and conduct operations in the State of California, which is practically out of the question. The National Government, however, would be hampered by no such restrictions.

Still another argument for national control is that the proper conservation of the water would prevent many disastrous floods. The Government now spends a great deal of money on the levees of the Mississippi River, and, according to the War Department surveys, these floods could be prevented by building great storage dams at the headwaters of the Missouri River. The same thing is true in a lesser degree of many smaller rivers. In torrential times they rush down, and, joining with other streams, are responsible for much devastation or necessitate expensive precautions. The Yakima River in Washington has a flow of nearly 30,000 second-feet during a few days of April or May, and almost as much for a day or so in November; but in July, August, and September it drops down to less than 1,000 second-feet. This means devastation and waste at one period and practical aridity when water is most needed. Uncle Sam certainly has an interest in improving the conditions.

Next comes the question, How much should the Government do? It has been urged that it will be led from one thing to another until it reaches the point of directly watering all the farms of the arid region; but this is an entirely erroneous idea. No irrigationist expects or wishes the Government to do this. There is no more reason, they say, why the Government should deliver water directly to a farm than there is why it should build the wharves of a harbor when it dredges it or removes the obstructions. The moment a harbor is made properly navigable private capital flows in and looks after all the other improvements. In the same way, when a proper flow of water in an arid district is assured by the Government,

private capital will see to its distribution. The Government would exercise general supervision only so far as might be necessary to prevent waste. It would not directly reclaim the arid land; it would only make its reclamation possible by storing the water for use when needed. It would not deliver the water to the farmer, but it would make it available for him. It would not dig his canals and ditches, but it would assure him a suitable supply of water if he dug them himself. It would do the work impossible for him to do, and leave him to do the rest, either individually or by coöperation. And it would retain the advantage of being able to restrict the size of farms by restricting the water rights. The policy of the Government, always has been to build up the country with actual settlers without the intervention of speculators—to encourage the small holder and discourage the land monopolist; and this could be done in this way.

The expense has occasioned the irrigationist so much trouble in his efforts to get the desired legislation that he has become extremely modest in his demands. At first he told his Eastern critics that it was quite as fair to tax the East for Western land improvements as it is to tax the arid States and Territories for Eastern harbor improvements; but he has changed his tone. He asks now that all money received from the sale of public land in the arid and semi-arid States and Territories shall be put in a special fund, called the "Arid Land Reclamation Fund"; that the Secretary of the Interior, through the Geological Survey, shall make plans and estimates of the cost and feasibility of irrigation schemes; that wherever the Interior Department deems a plan practicable it shall withdraw the lands embraced within that plan from the general operation of the land laws; that these lands shall be subject to entry under the Homestead Law in areas not exceeding eighty acres; that the total cost of irrigation shall be fastened pro rata upon the land benefited by it; that this cost shall be repaid in ten annual instalments, and that the money raised in this manner shall go into the Arid Land Reclamation Fund to be used for the reclamation of other land. Thus the arid States pay for their



own improvement, and, as they are improved, they provide additional money for the further prosecution of the work. Once the plan is started, they only ask for money that never would come to the Government except as a result of irrigation. The work itself brings in the money to pay for it. It is a sort of endless-chain arrangement, and it would seem to be modest and fair enough so that no real objection could be raised to it. Yet there are those who are still unconvinced, apparently. For their benefit the irrigationist sums up his argument with this forceful statement:

"The man who will not improve his own property in order that he may reap from it a benefit impossible in its unimproved state is a short-sighted fool; and Uncle Sam owns most of the arid land."

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## THE GARDEN CITY MOVEMENT.

IN the world's largest city a phenomenal interest is centering about a newly organized effort for the solution of the most vital problems of modern sociology. A book entitled "To-morrow" has been written by a Londoner that bids fair to be as epoch-marking in the field of practical industrialism as "Looking Backward" was in the realm of social idealism. Out of the very prosaic plan set forth in this book a movement has grown that has culminated in a chartered organization named the "Garden City Company." Briefly stated, the purpose is to obtain tracts of land comprising about 6,000 acres each upon which to locate, at a residential center, several thousands of industrialists of the agricultural, manufacturing, and artisan classes. Surrounding this residential center a belt of land must be reserved for the culture of vegetables, fruit, poultry, and dairy products. The distinguishing feature of the Garden City, as contrasted with cities that have grown haphazard, lies in the presentation at the outset of a complete plan, the fulfilment of which insures harmonious development in all its parts. The project includes: (1) perpetual preservation of a surrounding agricultural area: expansion must be carried on by duplication—by the development of new residential centers that must each be environed by their rural area; (2) insistence upon sanitary, commodious, and artistic building in accordance with an original and homogeneous plan; (3) setting apart the unearned increment of land values for the improvement and upkeep of the municipality; (4) profit-sharing, or labor copartnership, in the factory or other business of the community wherever practicable.

The devotees of the Garden City plan assert that it holds the solution of those perplexing city problems—the housing of the poor, the abolition of the slums, and the supplying of employment to the untrained, unorganized poor.



The unique aspect of this movement is the unprecedented enthusiasm it has generated in people of widely separated social and commercial position. At a Garden City meeting held in London in July, the Bishop of Hereford spoke with enthusiasm, and the Bishop of Rochester declared his reason for attending to be a compelling interest that would not permit him to remain away. Prominent labor leaders and practical workingmen mingled with distinguished M. P's. and sundry "Sirs" of wealth and prominence.

Among the substantial patrons of this movement are several men of large wealth and long experience as owners and managers of vast manufacturing establishments. Mr. W. H. Lever, who fourteen years ago built the beautiful little city of Port Sunlight for the employees in his extensive works near Liverpool, says: "Were the difficulties infinitely greater in the way of building Garden Cities, they are small compared with the prize to be won by the production of a physically superior, contented, happy people." The Crown Prince of Siam, visiting Port Sunlight, said: "I consider this one of the most, if not quite the most, important of the world's factories. We are very often told by economists that cheerful homes make cheerful workers, and I believe it thoroughly myself. The workers of this community should be the best workers anywhere."

Prior to my own recent visit to Port Sunlight I had not known that there was anywhere in the world a village in which there was nowhere to be found one ugly, inartistic, unsanitary, or other demoralizing feature. The 3,000 employees of the manufactory and the numerous other industrialists who render the service incident to a municipality live in homes of beauty such as might satisfy the most refined or fastidious taste; they enjoy the advantages of a public art gallery, a lecture and amusement hall, schools that are equal in all respects to any I have ever visited, and, in short, advantages of every educational and recreative nature that the civilization of our time supplies.

Mr. George Cadbury, the great cocoa manufacturer, years

ago moved his establishment into the country, in order to give to his multitude of employees healthful surroundings, where he built the delightful village of Bourneville. Mr. Cadbury says: "I have been recompensed a hundredfold for my efforts; our experience shows that nothing pays a manufactory better than to go into the country." Mr. Idris, a London capitalist who employs large numbers of workingmen, says: "I can assure you, my confidence in the practicability and the great possibilities of the Garden City scheme is unshaken." Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has taken one thousand shares in the company, and he says: "There can be no two opinions as to the great benefits that the British nation would derive from the general adoption of the Garden City scheme. If only as a means of pointing the way to Parliament and the municipalities, a concrete experiment on the Garden City lines is the need of the hour in social reform." Mr. James Branch, an extensive employer of labor, says: "If in two or three years I find it advisable to extend my business I should be very glad to go and make a start in a Garden City." Sir George Livesey, of the London Metropolitan Gas Company, who introduced the profit-sharing system in his company more than ten years ago, recently said that he hoped the time would come when all great industries would be labor-copartnership associations. Sir George believes in the application of this business method to Garden Cities. Other prominent Londoners interested are the Earl of Carrington, Earl Gray, the Countess of Warwick, the Right Hon. James Bryce, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Marie Corelli, and Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

The Garden City Company has offices in Chancery Lane; and one of the largest and most influential London dailies is a strong champion of the new movement.

The paramount task set for the twentieth century is to secure for the men who do the work of the world a righteous share of the benefits of the civilization they help to create. Doubtless the world has always known men who have been moved by warm sympathy for the dwarfed personality and the wretched existence of the human drudge; doubtless the prompt-



ings of desire to relieve the overburdened toiler have never been absent from the hearts of countless numbers of men : but it appears to have been reserved for this century to undertake the practical enterprises that are destined to place labor in a legitimate position in the economy of civilization. The latter half of the last century was preëminently the era of experimentation and of statistical preparation, such as must precede the wise and permanent settlement of all social problems. The utter inadequacy of mere philanthropy, of charitable bestowments, howsoever lavish or benign, having been fully demonstrated, the humanitarian, doctrinaire, scientist, and more recently the awakened commercialist, are now addressing themselves with enlarged views and increased experience to the most pressing problem of our times. The most promising aspect of all the present activity of these several sets of poverty exterminators lies in the perceptible convergence toward a common theory and toward united effort.

Leaving out of mention at this moment those enormous labor promoters, trade-unions and workingmen's coöperative associations, let us consider the labor problem from a more universal standpoint—one that includes the problem of the submerged classes, who are below the range of coöperation and trade-unionism. It is quite evident that the philanthropist, doctrinaire, scientist, and interested commercialist have alike discovered that the base of all radical belief rests upon "employment" and "environment." Thus the first essential, a coördinate belief, having been reached, the next step, collective and practical effort, is imminent. It is quite in the nature of things that the keenest analysis and the most valuable suggestions should come from that part of the civilized world where the largest range of experimentation has operated, and where the poverty problem in its most concrete, acute, and ever-encroaching aspect is concentrated. In the cities of Great Britain, where the most lavish philanthropy, the most vigilant scientific oversight, and the most progressive economics have been applied, each of the many ameliorative agencies is confronted by its inability to abolish slumdom or sensibly to

diminish the ever-recruiting ranks of the lowest grade of humanity.

The recognition of this lamentable fact does not lead to an abandonment of any of these attempts toward the betterment of the toiling classes; nor can it be denied that there has been a general elevation of conditions following the uplift of all social progress. Thanks to the effect of trade-unionism upon legislation, the "cry of the young, young children" goes not up from inside the factory walls; but from the environs of huge factories the wail of neglected childhood still pleads for the release of the mother from her bondage of toil at the loom and the machine. From every court and corner of London poverty-stamped, crime-doomed children proclaim the shortness of the life-lines thus far thrown out to them.

Moved by the sweet stirrings of human kinship to the most unfortunate of their fellow-men, English philanthropists and the English nobility have lavished unstinted wealth upon homes for the homeless; yet ever at the portals of these crowded "homes" still other haggard faces plead for room where there is none.

The British medical boards uttered warnings against the contaminating poison of poverty, and the edict went forth to raze the brick and mortar blocks and give the space to city breathing-places. The parks flourished, pure air flowed in; yet the problem lags, and the latest Health Congress declared "the future of England jeopardized by the physical deterioration of the ill-enviored, overcrowded, underfed children of the poorer classes."

The Social Economist builds Rowton Houses—attractive, well-ventilated, low priced, quite within the reach of the steadily employed wage laborer; and still the mornings find a throng of men and women, London's forlorn night population, awaiting the early opening of the public parks to throw themselves upon the rain-soaked ground to sleep away the wretched day. And every now and then some one selects the Thames rather than the Park and lies down for his long last sleep. King Edward's coronation day saw 100,000 paupers in London.



The Christian Socialist immolates himself upon the sacrificial Social Settlement, only to learn that Toynbee Halls touch but the surface of the seething caldron, and that but a minimum of salvation rewards a maximum of sacrifice.

The Political Economist instructs a voting constituency only to see a swirl of campaign frenzy over superficial things—or else a wilder, madder passion of war—turn men's minds away from saner issues and from the need of legislation touching things essential.

The Municipal Economist achieves municipal tramways that the workingmen may have low fares to suburban homes with space for breath of purer air, only to find the lot-owner there before them to add to the land the "increment" earned by the cheaper tram-car service.

The foul slum houses are demolished and sanitary municipal tenements erected by city councils in their place, only to send adrift the unemployed contingent of slumdom to create other plague-spots and to convert once habitable houses into dens as reeking as their former haunts; for, alas! these human herds have never learned how to live in tidiness or decency.

What, then, shall we say, confronted by all these bafflements? This answer, clear and undismayed: From each of the partial failures and each of the partial successes we have gathered data for more effective work; we have located the chiefest evils, and we find them to center almost wholly about "Environment" and "Employment."

The Garden City proposition grapples at once with these two problems. It invites capital into a partnership with labor, which the more intelligent of the employing class perceive is the only hope for their own future. The Garden City offers to unskilled labor the opportunity it seeks in vain elsewhere; it insures against want during possible commercial crises, or pending the shifting of special industries, by its possession of sufficient agricultural lands for the comfortable maintenance of each residential center. The demoralizations and deprivations consequent upon congested centers of population have at

length taught the Garden City economist the essential sin of divorcing the children of men from their Mother Earth.

The enormous economic waste of planless, haphazard city-building has taught the necessity of the application of "Heaven's first law" in the construction of the places of human habitat. The city slums of to-day are the despair of civilization. Slumdom is humanity sick and ignorant; it needs to be healed and taught. In a Garden City, Toynbee Hallism could neighbor itself to the untaught with a reversal of present experience—there might be a maximum of salvation for a minimum of sacrifice. In short, every feature and proposition included in the Garden City plan is based upon practical lessons learned in the dear school of experience.

I am quite aware that to Socialists the use of the terms, *capitalism*, *commercialism*, *employer*, and *employed*, will be offensive—any degree of affiliation with those concomitants of the competitive system being regarded as perilous to progress. Equally, on the other hand, I know that the extreme democrat, and also the believer in competitive commercialism, will denounce the Garden City plan as undemocratic, "socialistic," and subversive of the right of the people to build and conduct cities according to their untrammelled desires. To the Socialist one may reply by pointing to the hopefulness of projecting ideal enterprises without money, and especially without more general enlightenment of the masses and wider acceptance of collectivist theories. To the democrat and commercialist the answer is that individual freedom and stable commerce can only be secured by an independent, intelligent, and contented industrialism. Individualists must also confess that cities have never been built without restrictions and regulations. Civilization of any degree is impossible without requirements that encroach upon individual freedom. The very points of failure—those that present the serious problems in the cities of to-day—are the points that have not been safeguarded by regulation and prevision. There is no problem presented either by municipal government, municipal sanitation, municipal ethics, or municipal industry that might not be



successfully met by the application of the Garden City provisions.

Collectivist, Individualist, and Commercialist should be reconciled to work upon the situation as it exists, each willing to trust to evolutionary processes to work out eventual social regeneration.

It appears to me not too much to claim for the Garden City movement that it is the most comprehensive effort thus far attempted for the advancement of social and industrial reform. It is greatly to be hoped that the United States will not lag far behind England in a large organized movement for the building of countless Garden Cities in the "land of the free and the home of the brave." There glows warm at the heart of humanity an unswerving and ever-increasing purpose to overcome all difficulties, and eventually to win a place at the human hearthside for every child born into this Kingdom of God on Earth.

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*London, England.*

# A CONVERSATION

WITH

EDWIN MARKHAM,

*Author of "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems," etc.,*

ON

THE POET AS A TEACHER.

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Q. It has often been said that poetry must decrease as science and civilization advance. Lord Macaulay in his essay on Milton cites this fact as indicating the greatness of Milton's achievement, and other thinkers also have contended that the writing of a great imaginative poem was far more difficult in a scientific, intellectual, and utilitarian age like the present than in the period in which Homer lived, when an air of mystery rested over the world; when gods were supposed to hold revels on the mountains; when the forests were filled with nymphs and dryads; when every voice of Nature was supposed to be the voice of some incarnate being; when, in a word, the imagination held mastery over the intellect. Do you believe that contention well founded? Has the march of mind, the dispelling of mystery, and the ascendancy of science dwarfed the imagination and robbed the world of the mystic charm of poetry?

A. No; science will never obliterate poetry, for there is no collision between them, any more than there is a collision between the light and heat that make up the sunbeam. Each is necessary in any complete interpretation of life and its mystery. There is a world of poetry, and it is a real one. There is a world of science, and it is a real one. Both worlds—the poet's world and the proseman's world—are here under this sky; and both worlds are real to the ultimate atom.



Neither of these worlds is fancy-born; they are merely different.

Science classifies and coördinates laws and objects, seeking for a principle of unity in the universe. Poetry, however, neglects mere definition, mere catalogue, and seizes eagerly upon that mysterious something that constitutes the deep individuality of things. Science proceeds by the plodding steps of the understanding. Poetry sweeps onward by the swift flight of the imagination. To the scientist a tree has a trunk to be measured, has leaves to be classified, has sap to be analyzed. To the poet, the tree becomes the symbol of his joy and his grief, a medium of his sentiments, his emotions.

Now, these two modes of approaching the world will continue forever—as long as men have minds to be enlightened and hearts to be awakened. It is true that the poetic imagination needs mystery for a background, but mystery will always remain. The unknown will surround us, however deep we may delve into the universe. Science only increases the mystery of life: every new pioneering opens up a new frontier.

Q. The nineteenth century, though preëminently marked by its utilitarianism, and intellectually probably the most revolutionary century of the ages,—the period that marked the rise of physical science and the domination of modern critical methods of research,—also produced such marvelous sons of poetry and imagination as Richard Wagner and Victor Hugo. Are not these phenomena in themselves an answer to the wail of the pessimist that the age of poetry is past?

A. They certainly are. Indeed, the outfit of imaginative literature in this age was never surpassed perhaps by any other epoch. The present era finds its only rivals in the age of Elizabeth and the age of Pericles. Surely at no other time in history were there so many alert minds devoting their energies to poetry and other forms of creative literature. Browning holds wide the door to the heart that Shakespeare opened; Tennyson speaks the wonder of the inflexible law, as Æschylus spoke the sternness of inexorable Fate. The age that gives us the combined harvester also gives us the alluring and intricate

strains of Swinburne and the Orphic verses of Emerson. The age that gives us the ocean greyhound and the iron horse is, also, giving us the fine poetic chiselings of Thomas Bailey Aldrich and the lyrical cloud-beauty of Joaquin Miller. On every hand we hear the sound of dollars on the exchanger's counter, yet through all the carnal noises come the prophet chants of an Ernest Crosby and the free outdoor raptures of a Bliss Carman.

Q. To me it seems that poetry was never more needed than at the present time and never a more potential factor in the enrichment of the mind and the stimulation of the best in our natures. Do you not think that one of the greatest heart cries of the age is for Beauty—Beauty in thought and expression; in a word, something to feed the imagination and touch the deepest well-springs of our being: something to lift us above sordid gain-seeking, to exalt our ideals and bring us near to the throbbing Heart of the Universe?

A. Never was more needed—you are right. There is a deep need for something to temper the hard materialism of the hour. "Where there is no vision the people perish," said the prophet of old time. No truer word was ever spoken within the hearing of this world. The poet—the revealer of Beauty—is a precious possession for any people. For he comes with power to open paths for our feet into the lofty places of the ideal—paths of escape from the hard monotone of our daily lives, from the iron despotism of the actual. And the ideal is not a vapor, a house of cloud: it is the most vital reality known to men—more precious than Ophir, more enduring than Pentelicus. It is that sacred beauty that draws our eyes away from the dust and mire—that makes us stand erect and look upon the stars.

Q. If our views are correct, then the new wonder-world revealed by science and invention, and the increase of our knowledge of nations, races, and civilizations past and present, ought to broaden and enrich the imagination of the poet as well as stir to nobler expressions the new and splendid spiritual ideals that haunt the prophet brain of the age. The concepts



of being have never been so august as now. The realization of the solidarity of life, the dream of brotherhood, and the finding of God's new Bible, writ in the strata of the rocks during countless ages and proving that the key-note of life from that far-away night-time when the spirit of God brooded over the waters has been Ascent—these things, it seems to me, should appeal to the imagination of the poet with a power not known to the men who lived in the childhood period of our race. Am I not right?

A. You are right in every word. All things are working together for good to the client of the Muses. Science opens a new mystery for the poet's wonder; history discloses new dramas for his instruction; democracy reveals new ground for his hope and his prophecy. The world was never before so rich in all the precious seed of poesy. All that is needed for a new poetic age is that the poets shall appear—the men with the far-seeing eye, the passionate heart, and the power to compel words to their loftier uses.

## THE FALL OF A KITCHEN BAROMETER.

### A STORY.

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BY ELEANOR H. PORTER.

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An April morning sun brought a sparkle to the glass and a gleam to the silver on the table in Mrs. Westbrook's pretty breakfast-room. The same cheery rays glistened alluringly in Mrs. Westbrook's red-brown hair, thereby bringing a light of satisfied possession into the eyes of the man opposite.

Mr. and Mrs. Westbrook had been married just two months, and the glamour pervading the lady's presence was yet undiminished.

"My love," said the man, helping himself to another roll, "these gems are something delicious. Mary must indeed be a treasure of a cook."

"Don't say anything, dear," laughed his wife, with a playful grimace. "You know I never dare to boast of a thing—I am sure to repent of it if I do. I suppose I ought not to whisper it even to myself, but she is a jewel—a perfect treasure of a barometer."

"'Barometer'?" questioned the man, with uplifted eyebrow.

Mrs. Westbrook's low laugh rippled again across the table.

"Yes; 'kitchen barometer'—always Papa's special name for the divinities that ruled below stairs at home. He had a most amazing faculty for predicting domestic storms, squalls, hurricanes, or fair weather, after one glance at the stolid countenance of a Bridget or a Nora. Poor, dear Papa," continued Mrs. Westbrook in a lower tone, "how he did enjoy his prognostications, and—well—he did come marvelously near the truth sometimes!"

At that moment the door opened softly and a trim maid entered the room.



"The butcher, ma'am. Would ye be wantin' a roast for dinner?"

"Um—er—yes, I think so," murmured the mistress, glancing inquiringly at her husband; "beef—dear?"

The man's countenance beamed. As yet the daily ordering of the meals was merely a delicious bit of emphasis to his new-found happiness.

"Nothing better; beef would suit me to a T," he said, in carefully subdued ecstasy.

Mrs. Westbrook turned to the maid.

"You may order beef, Mary—a sirloin. See that it is good—the very best, Mary."

"Yes, ma'am."

A crisp rustle of the girl's starched skirts, and the door closed softly behind her. The husband and wife exchanged glances.

"Perfect!" murmured the woman.

"No fuss and noise!" said the man.

"So capable and—er—comforting!" continued Mrs. Westbrook. "So different from those dreadful foreigners—Mary's from the country, you know."

"Yes, and as neat as a pin!" added Westbrook, rising and coming to the back of his wife's chair. "Well, dearest, I'm off again till night. This housekeeping isn't quite so harrowing as the comic papers would have us believe; is it, Emily?"

"N—no," murmured Mrs. Westbrook doubtfully. "But I do hope it'll only last—at least through your mother's visit," she added with a sigh. "Oh, Edward, I am so nervous! I've heard such a lot about her housekeeping; and poor little me—I just know something dreadful will happen!"

Her husband tapped her cheek playfully.

"I don't worry any, and I'm sure mother won't; so you'd better not."

"Yes, I know," she answered, rising from her chair and following her husband to the door; "but my worry isn't so easily managed as all that."

Mrs. Westbrook always followed her husband to the door

in the morning; it was part of her code of wifely duty. A woman who did not show her husband this attention was a fit subject for divorce, according to Mrs. Westbrook.

Mary's "afternoon out" came that day, and soon after luncheon Mrs. Westbrook noticed a buxom lass in a flower-garden hat of red and yellow roses coming in at the basement door. Then she heard the two girls tramping up the stairs to Mary's room. Three long flights brought Mary to a breathless stop before the door of a small back chamber.

"Come on—in—Sue. I'll be ready—in—a jiffy," came in hospitable jerks between Mary's gasps for breath.

"There ain't no hurry, Moll," answered a slow voice from the foot of the third flight. "You do beat all, rushin' round so; you won't live out half yer days. You'd oughter learn ter take things easier—you've got jest as much right ter live as other folks hev!" And Susan, having now reached the room, dropped heavily into the first chair at hand.

Mary had whisked off her working-gown and was busily engaged in fastening the hooks of a cheap silk waist. A moment later she whirled a well-worn black skirt into a little ring and dropped it over her head, hooked it into place, and fell on her knees before the bed, from under which she dragged an old bandbox.

The other's face showed strong disapproval as Mary took the cover from the box and lifted out a shabby hat.

"Humph!" ejaculated Susan; "you'd oughter hev a new one."

Mary's forehead puckered into an anxious frown and she glanced admiringly at the flower-garden atop of Susan's brown locks.

"I know it; but—I hain't no money—leastways that I think I oughter use."

Susan sniffed.

"I didn't hev—once!" she said, meaningly.

Mary's face showed blank amazement. Her friend rose from her seat, shut the door cautiously, and came close to the still kneeling girl.



"See here, Moll; I said I'd stand by ye, an' give ye as good as I got—an' I will. Well, I've got hold of somethin' great. It's dead easy, too. If ye ain't a dunce, ye'll foller my lead. Who's yer butcher?" she asked, abruptly.

"Um—er—Sanderson; why?" questioned the stupefied Mary.

Susan raised a stubby forefinger and emphasized her words by sharp taps on Mary's shoulder.

"You c'n make that man pay ye five dollars a month jest fur yer trade!" she announced, triumphantly.

Mary's knees bent under her and she sat back limply.

"Why, Susan Green! be ye gone clean daft?"

Susan laughed shrilly, then hastily covered her mouth with her hand.

"I'll tell ye," she said, and bent low to Mary's ear.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Westbrook noticed the two girls walking down the street together. The face beneath the red and yellow roses was flushed and animated, and the lips moved in rapid talk; but the one beneath the shabby hat was troubled, and there the lips were motionless.

At five o'clock Mr. Westbrook appeared accompanied by a tall, firm-mouthed woman whose gray hair was arranged with a neatness and precision that said much.

Emily fluttered into the hall with a blushing cordial welcome, and Mrs. Ebenezer Westbrook unbent to the extent of bestowing a somewhat frigid kiss upon the upturned lips of her son's wife. The son himself stood by blissfully content.

There was a line of anxious care on the younger woman's forehead, however, that did not quite smooth itself out until after the soup and fish had been served at dinner that night, and the roast in all its juicy toothsome-ness was placed before the master of the house. Then Emily sighed her relief and turned to listen—with an interest that was no longer feigned—to her guest's remarks.

"Yes, the journey was really very tiresome," she was saying, "and I particularly dislike traveling, as no doubt Edward has already told you."

"Er—yes; you know mother never could bear it," interposed Westbrook, feverishly, dreading a fatal admission of ignorance on the part of his particularly truthful wife.

"Yes, it was always very distasteful to me," continued Mrs. Westbrook, warming to the subject; "but, of course, under the present circumstances, I felt that it was almost a necessity. I wanted to see just how poor Edward was situated." (Emily winced under the "poor," and her husband frowned.) "I knew you were young and inexperienced, and as I am so well acquainted with my son's tastes, of course, my advice would be valuable to you."

"Yes, indeed," murmured the young inexperienced one, while the husband stirred uneasily and opened his mouth irresolutely.

"Are you able to obtain capable, efficient help?" suddenly demanded their visitor.

"Indeed we are!" promptly interposed her son; "and you have no idea of the efficiency of this little housewife here, either," he added, gayly, firmly disregarding his wife's protests.

"I have no doubt of it," politely fibbed Mrs. Ebenezer Westbrook, as she abruptly changed the subject.

At the breakfast table the next morning, Mr. Westbrook drew his knife through the beefsteak on his plate, and then glanced at his wife in some apprehension.

"What—what is it, dear?" she questioned, anxiously.

"Oh—er—nothing," said he, in quick repentance.

Mrs. Westbrook caught up her knife hastily.

"Why, Edward, this meat is horrid dry and chippy; chippy as—as sawdust!" she ejaculated, a hot flush mounting to her brow as she gave a sidelong glance at her guest's plate.

Westbrook laughed.

"Never mind, sweetheart," said he.

"Oh, Edward, I'm so sorry!—and you think so much of your steak! It couldn't be Mary's fault—you know all the rest have been just perfect. It must be the butcher; yet Mama's had Sanderson ever so long, and calls him the best there is."



"Well, well, dear, it isn't worth minding. It'll be all right to-morrow," soothed Westbrook, as he reached for a muffin.

His mother said nothing, but her steak was carried away untasted.

It wasn't all right to-morrow—nor the next day—nor the next. It was worse. Moreover, the roasts at night began to take unto themselves a strange, insipid tastelessness, and all manner of meats that came to the table increased in leathery stringiness. Mrs. Westbrook was in despair; she even began to grow thin.

After an ominous silence on the subject, lasting through four days, Mr. Westbrook's mother spoke of the meat.

"If I might make a suggestion in regard to this meat question——"

"Yes, do—please do!" interrupted Emily, quickly.

"I should say," continued the woman in her most superior manner, "that it is quite probable that the cook does not know how to select the choice cuts. I—er—I will assist the young woman to-day in her selection."

"Good! Mother, that will fix things, sure," laughed her son. "No one would dare to palm off 'any old thing' on you!"

At dinner that night no one was late. There was an unwonted interest manifested, too, as the courses were served; and there was a very indignant old lady when the roast came on.

"Well, one thing is sure," declared Mrs. Ebenezer Westbrook, with more warmth than that well-bred lady usually allowed herself to display, "it is the cook, and now I know it. That piece of meat was the very best that the creature grew, and that girl of yours has simply ruined it!" And she frowned at the offending roast beef on her plate.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Westbrook listened with paling faces and sinking hearts, and then proceeded to eat their dinner with what poor appetite they could muster.

For the next few days Mary was coaxed, lectured, and even scolded—all to no purpose. The girl flushed and paled by

turns, and apparently exerted every effort to improve. The rest of her cooking was faultless, and all other work in her charge was performed with a flawless nicety that led Mrs. Westbrook back to her original opinion—it must be that butcher. Mary suggested once or twice that another be tried; but after two weeks of misery Mrs. Westbrook suddenly determined to write to Sanderson. She said nothing of this to Mary, however.

The letter was despatched on the same day that Mrs. Ebenezer Westbrook took her dignified and somewhat grieved departure; and that night Westbrook came home with a frown on his brow—an unusual thing for him, for, although the customary daily perplexities occurred in his business, he seldom troubled his wife with them. When he turned the key on his law office at night, he determinedly left worry behind.

Mrs. Westbrook's loving eyes noted the frown, and they also noted that at dinner her husband pushed aside the unsavory morsel of meat on his plate with just a trace of impatience.

"Poor boy!" she said, quickly; "no wonder you can't eat it—it is perfectly awful to-night. But, dear, I have stood it just as long as I can. I wrote to Sanderson this morning for an explanation. We'll have something better, or at least something different, right away."

"It isn't that, dear," said her husband, forcing a wearied smile. "I think I must be particularly tired to-night."

"Of course you are! Tell me—what is it?"

"Why, it—it isn't anything very great," he said, laughing sheepishly, feeling already relieved in the unusual freedom of grumbling. "I got out of patience to-day—lost my temper. A second-rate brick manufacturer bored me half an hour trying to get me to induce some of my clients—who happen to be building just now—to use his bricks in their houses. He agreed to give me a nice fat per cent., of course."

"Why, Edward, is—is that quite—right?"

Westbrook shrugged his shoulders.

"The man assured me that a third of the lawyers in town



were doing it, and that some of the architects were even demanding the toll as their right. It is something new, dear. It is called 'graft.' "

" 'Graft!' "

"Yes, 'graft.' Oh, you won't find it in the dictionary, dear—that is, with that meaning ascribed to it. It hasn't got there yet, but I guess it will if it keeps on growing at this rate. It is nothing more nor less than illegitimate, secret profit for contract or for protection. Why, dearest, I know of a doctor who can have all the house lots at a certain health resort that he wants, provided he will send his patients there and nowhere else. Oh, it is a great business, my dear! I sent my especial 'grafter' flying this afternoon, but it took thirty good minutes to do it—and I lost all my Christian grace in the process. There, there—let's say no more about it. Thanks for letting me sputter—I feel better now." And he changed the subject.

The next morning Mr. Westbrook was startled by a slight scream from his wife, who sat reading her letters. He glanced up to find her regarding him with a white, scared face.

"Edward!" she gasped. "It's got into our kitchen!"

"My dear girl—what can you mean? What's got into our kitchen?"

"That thing you were telling about last night; that horrid—graft! See—read it!" she cried, holding out a letter in a shaking hand.

And Westbrook read this:

"DEAR MADAM: You want to know why your meat aint so good as it was. Well, I will tell you, for I think you orter know. You are getting the same good stuff you've had right along, but two weeks ago your cook come to me and demanded five dollars a month or else she'd take your trade some wheres else. I didn't have no five dollars to spare, and I told her so pretty plain. She went off mad and said she'd spoil my trade. If you haint had good meat lately, she's probly just been spoiling what I sent, in hopes you'd swap butchers. There's others done the same thing, so I can tell how they work it. They know how to take a firstrate piece of beefsteak and make it so it ain't fit for a hog to eat. This is gospel truth, every word. I thought you'd orter know.

"Yours respectfly, O. N. SANDERSON."

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

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## EMILE ZOLA: THE MAN AND THE NOVELIST.

### I. THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

The death of Emile Zola has removed from earth one of the strongest and most forceful characters of the literary world. He was the son of an Italian civil engineer and was born into a comfortable home. His first twelve years were for the most part spent in the enjoyment of that care-free existence familiar to childhood unmarked by want and unacquainted with great griefs. In a delightful autobiographic sketch written for an English magazine, Zola thus refers to his birth and early childhood:

"I was born in Paris, in a narrow little street, the Rue St. Joseph, running out of the Rue Montmartre. This Rue St. Joseph had once been called the Rue de Temps Perdu—the Street of Lost Time—a name which no etymologist has ever been able to explain, but which I heard of when I was young, and which impressed itself on my mind, and in after years helped me to understand, perhaps, that time was very valuable and ought never to be lost. . . .

"At the time of my birth my father, Francesco Zola, was forty-four years old. He had married my mother, Francoise-Emilie Aubert, who was four and twenty years his junior, a twelve-month previously. My parents gave me four Christian names—my father himself had a like number—and thus, in official documents, I am designated as Emile Edouard Charles Antoine Zola; though I have never used but the first of those names, which recalls the one by which my father usually addressed my mother. She belonged to a family of Dourdan, on the confines of the region of La Beauce, where I have laid the scene of my novel, 'La Terre.' But it was in Paris that my father met and married her. He first noticed her as she was coming out of church; and her beauty and charm did the rest. He did not marry her for the sake of a portion, since she had none.

"I was about three years old when my parents took me to live at Aix,"



When the youth was seven years of age his father died, and, though for several years the mother succeeded in living reasonably comfortably, each season found the little resources greatly narrowed. Still the youth was kept in ignorance of the grim shadow that canopied the thought-world of the patient and devoted mother, and when twelve years of age he was sent to the college of Aix. Here he devoted his energies to his studies with great zeal, as his mother now took him into her confidence for the first time and he was made to realize her straightened condition. "Besides," he observes, "I could see for myself that poverty in our home was always increasing." During his first year he obtained five prizes, and "a few years later," he says with the childish candor that was characteristic of him, "when I reached the third form, I carried off all the first prizes allotted to it. Yet," he continues, "I was not what would be called a bright lad. I was simply a plodding worker intent on doing my lessons before I went to play."

When the choice for life-work came he hesitated for a time between literature and natural science, finally selecting the latter. He inclined later to regard this as unfortunate, though it is probable that the careful methods and the attention to detail, as well as the habits of close observation that scientific research demands of its devotees, so trained his mind that it became as a sensitive plate, receiving multitudinous impressions that passed before the mental vision and grasping and holding details that wholly escape the untrained mind.

When he was eighteen years of age his mother returned to Paris, and the youth entered the Lycée St. Louis. He was now, he tells us, greatly saddened because of their extreme poverty, and he was homesick for his boyhood haunts where he had learned to love Nature and to enjoy the companionship of the simple-minded and sincere people of Provins. The specter of want and the ever-present dread of the morrow oppressed the youth and he did not prosper as he had hoped with his studies. After his first holidays he was taken down with brain fever, and thenceforth a certain diffidence seemed to overtake him in public, making him apt to forget all he knew at oral examinations. Thus, when he took his examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in all the studies where the answers were to be written he received high marks, while in the oral examinations he utterly failed, thereby losing his degree. This was apparently doubly unfortunate, as a position that would have enabled him to support his mother was open but conditional upon his passing the examinations.

The darkest days of life were now opening before the youth. "I often had but one meal," he says, "in twenty-four hours, and that meal a mere penny's worth of bread and a penny's worth of cheese, or perhaps a few fried potatoes or some apples or roasted chestnuts bought at a street crossing." His clothes became very shabby. For two years he wore one coat, which he tells us "was at first black, but which in course of time became green, and then almost yellow. I never see," he continues, "a beggar in the streets nowadays in one of those tattered old coats, which the sunshine and rain have discolored, without thinking of my twentieth year."

When unable to find work the young man might have been seen devouring the contents of old second-hand books that were displayed in little boxes by dealers. "Those boxes," said Zola, "constituted my free library." After spending hours thus he would frequently return home and write. Most of his attempts were in verse, and all thought of following science had now given place to the dream of success in literature. Of course, this life could not long continue. Daily the grip of want became more vise-like in the little den where lived mother and son. One by one the pieces of furniture and the wearing apparel of the two found their way into the pawn-broker's, and at length, when all was gone, some friends made a little provision by which the poor mother was placed in a boarding-house.

Emile was now roofless and penniless in the great city. "I lived," he says, speaking of this period, "in all sorts of dens and attics in the Quartier Latin. For a time I even lodged in a kind of glass cage or observatory." Hard as were these experiences, they were light compared with what he went through before he succeeded in obtaining a humble position. But when once the opportunity presented itself he seized and utilized it in such a way that slowly, step by step, he rose, passing from one place to another and always bettering his estate. At length his dearest dream was realized: he was able to have his mother once more with him, though for several years he battled with want, struggling to hold the little home "from the clutches of the process-servers and the bailiffs." In due time he secured a position on a daily newspaper, but his nights were devoted to the composition of stories and romances.

In 1865 he was brought prominently before the public by his spirited criticism of paintings in a series of Salon articles, in which he says: "I championed Manet and the open-air school, to the intense horror of all the old painters and the great delight of most of the young ones. Those articles made me notorious,



at least in certain sets. I was known and hated as a revolutionary art critic before I received any recognition, either in the form of praise or of insult, as a novelist."

His principal thought at this period, however, was given to the composing of romances, or rather to the weaving of marvelous realistic creations embodying in a very large way the things he had observed. And here the past became a rich mine from which he drew material for his books. Youth was past; all time for dreaming had vanished. He was twenty-six years of age; he had the ear of the public, and he determined to hold its attention. Of life at this time and the value of all his past experiences, the novelist wrote in these words:

"My youth was then quite over. I was in the very midst of the battle of life. I wasted my hours no more. The memory of the Street of Lost Time, where I was born, returned to me, and my every moment found employment. But the earlier days which I had spent in roaming and dreaming had not really been wasted. Some had given me a love for Nature, others had inclined me to thoughtfulness, speculation, and study, which ultimately proved very useful to me. Even my passage through Bohemia had not been without its fruit. It is to that, assuredly, that I must ascribe any tolerance and charity that I have been able to show toward those who fall by the wayside, any sympathy that I have extended to the poor and suffering in my writings. I had lived among them. I knew the meaning of the word 'want,' and the germs of rebellion against a most cruel and most iniquitous social system were already within me. Time and circumstances afterward allowed me to expose and denounce that system, bit by bit, in many books; for when all is said my works are undoubtedly a denunciation of a civilization reared upon superstition and tyranny."

The facts contained in the above outline of the boyhood and youth of Zola are necessary in order to appreciate his life and his writings. They afford a key that explains many things, as, for example, his bold and unconventional way of looking at things, his impatience of shams, artificiality, and pretense, and his deep and abiding sympathy for the miserables of society.

## II. STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF HIS NOVELS.

As a novelist Zola was one of the most forceful, vivid, and convincing of writers of the nineteenth century. I know of no one who possessed the power to make one see in its every detail the scene depicted as did this writer. Many great passages in each of his stories seem to fill the mental horizon of the reader so completely that for days it is difficult to shut them

out, while as haunting pictures they ever linger in the halls of memory. The ability to portray life's great crises and turning points with such power and realism as he possessed is given to few writers; and I think it is doubtful whether even Tolstoy—and certainly no other great novelist, since Victor Hugo produced his immortal "*Les Misérables*"—has exerted a wider influence in favor of the victims of ignorance, oppression, injustice, and superstition than this great Frenchman.

It is most unfortunate, however, that the tremendous potential influence for good was greatly neutralized by the offensive and often disgusting naturalism that mars his works, frequently rendering them pernicious and unfit for immature minds. Nothing is further from my desire than a wish to minimize this serious blot, which made his books potentially injurious, as when they come in contact with weak, unhealthy moral natures or with the immature mind of youth. Yet in common fairness to Zola it should be said that this objectionable feature of his work was not due to a prurient imagination born of a depraved, licentious, or immoral life; but rather it was the result of that natural and almost inevitable tendency of reformers to go to extremes, coupled with a deep-rooted conviction that only by a stern, unflinching determination to see life in all its phases as it actually existed, and to analyze the influences, motives, dominant impulses and ideals, human passions, and the power of environment, could society reach the bed-rock of truth and so take its bearings that the fundamentals of justice and equity might gain ascendancy. He believed that, so long as society refused to look at revolting phases of life that were sapping the very foundations of civilization; so long as evils festered and spread, while a ban was placed on their exposure or even their denunciation; so long as a pseudo-morality paraded under the mantle of artificiality, sham, and hypocrisy—civilization must retrograde. For deadly poisons were lurking at the fountain-head, and the life-giving springs of human progress—the sentiments of sympathy, of brotherhood, and of justice—were being dried up as they were dried up by exaggerated egoism and a gross materialism wedded to selfishness, regard for outer forms, show and rites in religion, and conventionalism in the civilizations that have already passed into eclipse.

That Zola was sincere in his convictions, that the gross defects of his writings were not the out-picturing of a morbid mind debased by licentiousness, even his severest critics admit. It is, we think, generally conceded that he was one of the great-



est home-lovers in France, and, as one of his critics recently said, "in his private life Emile Zola was a good husband, a faithful citizen, and an honest man." Moreover, a mind given over to bestiality or even accustomed to wallow in the mire of lust could not have championed through its long and eventful career the cause of social exiles with such noble and unremitting tenacity; nor would the great works have continued to picture in such terrible vividness the truth of the sacred text that the wages of sin are death. Through all his mighty masterpieces the spirit of retributive justice is present, overtaking in one way or another the doers of evil; or, as a discriminating critic observed—"Zola did not write for children, for youths or maidens. He wrote rather for the man of the world—but to warn him. The retribution that overtakes vice stalks through his work as unpitifully as in the Greek tragedy."

It is true that at one time in his early life Zola, like Richard Wagner and many other men who afterward became mighty moral forces, was companioned by vice and lust; but, unlike the great musician, his contact was rather the result of his terrible poverty than due to free choice. Of this period of his life, Zola, with characteristic frankness, said:

"But I also remember a horrid lodging-house of the Rue Soufflot, where I found myself stranded for a time among students and grisettes, a house where scandalous orgies alternated with free fights, and where the police made frequent brutal raids. Some of my biographers, writing of my novel, 'Nana,' have said that I knew nothing of Paris vice until I made certain inquiries before penning that book, with the object of exposing and denouncing one of the great evils of our social system. But they are quite mistaken. By force of circumstances I had elbowed and observed vice many a time in my early manhood, and, living largely among impecunious students, I had known more than one grisette, and had even felt the touch of early wayward love. It was that, indeed, which helped me to write 'Les Contes a Ninon.' But I grew weary of Bohemia."

I think there is no reasonable doubt that whatever there is repulsive or offensive in the naturalism of Zola's novels was due wholly to his conviction that it was vitally important to tear away the mask that concealed the corruption of modern life in all its strata, that the hideousness of the disease might be realized and remedied.

## III. HIS SERVICE TO PROGRESS.

Zola appeared in the literary world at a time when the moral enthusiasm that had marked the meridian of the last century had waned, and in its place a brutal indifference to the real conditions of the poor, the oppressed, and the unfortunate was everywhere manifest, not in words but in acts. Fine phrasing, indeed, was very popular, but heart interest, or that deep and profound sympathy for the victims of civilization that had flamed forth in the nineties of the eighteenth and the forties of the nineteenth centuries had rapidly given place to cynical indifference in regard to society's exiles, while the struggle for gold, or the rise of the plutocratic spirit, the struggle for applause, or the domination of egoistic ambition, and the struggle for personal ease and position in society were everywhere breeding artificiality, pretense, hypocrisy, sham, and corruption. The question had ceased to be whether a thing was fundamentally right or just, but was rather whether it was good form or popular. Men were everywhere mistaking sound for sense. Phrases were more considered than the thoughts and ideas they symbolized. The press and the people alike demanded that smooth things only should be preached. Cover up all that is repugnant; do not mention the misery of the slums, the injustice of the courts, the immorality in high and low life. These things offend and outrage human sensibilities. Such was the cry of the time, such the key-note of the age when Zola launched his thunderbolts in the form of novels unmasking the wrongs, the injustice, and the corruption of society.

And herein lies the secret of much of the savage abuse that has been heaped upon the writings of this author. Many works have been essentially immoral and vicious in atmosphere as well as repugnant in their delineations, and yet have received the highest plaudits from the dilettante and conventional critics. It was far less his naturalism that offended reactionary writers and upholders of class interests than his splendid unmasking of social crimes, of injustice, and the moral lethargy of those who could and should be engaged in the abolition of wrongs and the amelioration of the condition of the victims of society and civilization.

The purpose of Zola's work was, as we have observed, sternly moral. His characters were colossal and typical. The curse of speculation and the pen pictures of the typical speculator have never been so graphically drawn as in "Money." Where in literature can be found a more powerful sermon against the



drink evil than in "L'Assommoir"? His latest works are among the noblest cries for justice for the weak and for recognition of the solidarity of the race with its implied duties and obligations, as well as powerful attempts to break the shackles of oppression, superstition, and conventional indifference, that have appeared in literature. Take those two colossal social studies, for example, "Paris" and "Labor." What is there in modern literature that can compare with these great works? In "Labor" we have the most vivid and powerful picture of the present-day dominating spirit of plutocracy, as exemplified in the merciless competitive spirit and the brutal soul of egoistic monopoly, placed side by side with the triumph of practical coöperation, that has yet appeared. The vulture and the dove; the present-day savagery and the dawning day of fraternalism—all are here pictured with a power not reached by any other novelist.

#### IV. HIS SOCIAL VIEWS.

Zola, in common with many of the strongest, most logical, and clearest-visioned thinkers of the present age, was an ardent socialist. For years he struggled to arouse the sense of justice in the people by his great works; and, though a tinge of sadness marked his thoughts when he contemplated the slowness with which society advanced, he was far from being a pessimist. In a notable issue of the *New York World* (December 30, 1900), Zola penned a remarkable paper dealing with the achievements of the nineteenth century and the promise of the next hundred years. On the slow progress of the past and the promise of the future he had much to say that was richly worth careful consideration. Here are some of his views:

"An undeniable increase in material comfort and equipment must be credited to the nineteenth century; but that alone does not constitute civilization. Better food, fast steamers, telephone and electric lights—all that is only the accessory part of human development. Means to happiness, certainly; but not happiness. Has the telephone diminished the hunger of the hungry?

"Our brains are still befogged; our private and public life is still based upon vile, exasperating ignorance. Reason, now proclaimed by a hundred prophets in every country, has everywhere the greatest trouble to penetrate through the thick folds of inane prejudice that enwrap individuals and institutions. . . .

"It is useless to delude ourselves. You may tinker all you please—there will be no true civilization until the present social system is radically modified.

"Look in this country; honestly examine yours; then search through all the others. Injustice and suffering everywhere; hideous cancers gnawing darkly at the very vitals of society. Ah, if an angry revolt does not this very day convulse the world it is because most people go about like horses with blinkers on both sides of the head—capable of seeing nothing but what is immediately under their noses. . . .

"Civilized? Not yet! Have you read Tolstoy's books, or mine, or those of a hundred other earnest explorers of modern society? Have not the strikes that constantly take place, in your country as elsewhere, taught you anything? Can any one deny that at this very moment by far the largest fraction of so-called humanity is groaning under abuse and obsolete laws; that the whole strength of governments—army, police, and courts—is always ready to back the unrighteous exactions of a small privileged class?

"Have you not learned that there are every day thousands—not hundreds, thousands!—of men and women who die of want, of cold, of disease unattended to, and that, too, frequently after these miseries have given twenty, thirty, fifty years of their labor to the making of all that we enjoy? Can you forget that children—little children precious as yours—are this minute suffering famine and absorbing the germs of all vices? Can you forget that in every hospital, prison, factory, tenement there are crimes that cry for vengeance to Heaven?"

On Socialism and also on the promise of the morrow, he had this to say:

"To think that even to-day Socialism—the wonderful doctrine of salvation—scientifically and practically irrefutable though it is—is compelled to gain converts slowly, one by one, condemned without hearing by most people, its advocates driven from every point of vantage—the church pulpit, the university hall, the editorial chair! Why, to make Socialism go down your progressive American throats Edward Bellamy (he said so himself) was compelled to sugar-coat it with the fiction of 'Looking Backward!'

"These are facts which must bravely be uncovered to the public's gaze. But after all I am not a pessimist. Deploring the present I look forward into this pregnant new century with joyful confidence. Ignorance, the passive yet formidable enemy of our social liberation, the accomplice of all who profit by existing wrongs, is being attacked vigorously."

On the pending social revolution, which he believed would be inaugurated before 1910, he said:

"By what means will the inevitable changes be effected? Will there be a universal and violent upheaval, a period of disorder, followed by the temporary proletarian dictatorship which many social experts consider necessary forcibly to reincorporate aristocrats and plutocrats into the rank and file? That would be the great French Revolution and all its



calamities reenacted on a large stage. Yet the French Revolution, now universally approved of, was provoked by lesser evils than those which now prevail. Or will an orderly, legal, swift evolution work out our redemption? My sympathies are altogether for the latter peaceful methods. But nobody can tell.

"I believe that in less than ten years we will see great rents occur in the social fabric, almost simultaneously on all points. I believe that in less than twenty years, though it were idle to expect the realization of all we want in that time, profound political, economic, and purely social modifications will have bettered the world considerably, brought a greater total sum of happiness, made the good things of life more evenly, therefore more equitably, divided. I also believe that we soon will abolish the abnormal privilege of inheriting wealth; it will be abolished on the same principle that made us republicans already deny the inheritance of the scepter. The two things are one. In fact it is much more absurd that a young Vanderbilt or Castellane, with a possible commercial value of \$25 a week, should inherit millions than it would be to permit the sons of McKinley and Loubet to rule us because their fathers did.

"And inasmuch as with our present mechanical and mental equipment—the accumulation of centuries of common strain, and therefore the common property of all men—humanity can now produce exactly twenty times what it can possibly consume, I firmly believe that the outrageous anomaly of human beings wanting in food, clothes, and shelter will disappear early in the twentieth century. The twentieth century will also find means to eradicate the corruption that disgraces the public life of all countries and probably reserve capital punishment for political knaves alone, sending other criminals to curative establishments and the care of specialists.

"The century will see other wonders; what would be the use of saying more? But it is the duty of all good hearts and honest minds to help toward the accomplishment of these reforms, at least to lend a willing ear to argument, to apply a sincere effort to the study of these questions. And whosoever is content to scoff at the new gospel is a fool; whosoever treacherously stifles it is a criminal."

These views show how deeply Zola thought on social problems and how keenly his heart went out to the earth's toiling millions and to the victims who had fallen under the wheels.

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## TWENTY MILLION AMERICAN CITIZENS AT SCHOOL.

Twenty million American citizens have been in school during the last five months, learning a lesson that the most of them had

stubbornly refused to consider before the recent great anthracite coal strike. Up to the tenth of last May, great prophet souls and profound students of social problems, like the late Henry George, were sneered at and ridiculed almost as was John Locke when he first attacked the "divine right" idea as it relates to rulers and insisted that it was in the province and an undoubted right of society or of a people to modify governments to suit their wishes and requirements.

Mr. George and other philosophers had shown how inimical and subversive of human rights it was to allow private ownership in those things given by the Creator for His children and without which life would perish from the earth. The air, the water, the land, and the treasures locked in the strong boxes of Nature should be the heritage of all, and in proportion as they were appropriated by the few the many suffer through being dependent upon that few. They represented no wealth made by man; they were not the result of labor. If the theory that a man or half a dozen men had the right to control the coal fields of America was correct, if this man or band of men chose for any reason whatever to hold this gift of God to all His children from the great majority of those children, and if in this iniquitous attempt this band could rely upon the strong arm of government to sustain it, then the millions, or society, or the nation, were not only at the complete mercy of the band, but their very life as well as comfort was placed in jeopardy thereby.

The essential injustice, the folly, and the short-sightedness of the claim of private ownership in these great gifts of God to man have through this recent strike been brought home in a bold and striking manner to the intelligence of the slow-thinking million, and so forcibly that the probability is that the sentiment in favor of public ownership of the natural gifts of the Creator to man, as well as that of public utilities, will rapidly grow, in spite of the opposition of a large proportion of the great dailies in the United States that are owned or controlled by the beneficiaries of special privileges.

Here, through the insolence and arrogance of a half dozen overrich enemies of society, twenty million American citizens during a period of five months were plundered of their hard-earned money, while about 150,000 workingmen, who should have been digging coal to keep society in comfort during the winter months, were idle. We say the responsibility rested upon the half dozen railway and coal magnates, because from the tenth of May forward there was not a day when the miners



were not willing and anxious to submit their grievances to an impartial board of arbitration.

And who were these men who held up the American people and later insulted the President in the executive mansion? Perhaps the best description of them that has been given was made by an ex-Secretary of State and ex-Attorney general of the United States—the Hon. Richard M. Olney, who is by common consent recognized as being one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of American corporation and constitutional lawyers. In his remarks at the Hotel Vendome in Boston, on October 11, when referring to this insolent band of multi-millionaires, Mr. Olney said:

“Who are they that make so extraordinary an assumption and were so insistent upon the suppression of lawlessness in the mining regions? Why, the most unblushing and persistent of law-breakers. For many years they have defied the law of Pennsylvania which forbids common carriers engaging in the business of mining. For years they have discriminated between customers in the freight charges on their railroads in violation of the interstate commerce law. For many years they have unlawfully monopolized interstate commerce in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

“Indeed, the very best excuse and explanation of their astonishing attitude at the Washington conference is that, having violated so many laws for so long and so many times, they might rightfully think they were wholly immune from either punishment or reproach.”

Mr. Olney is universally recognized as one of the most ultra-conservative of lawyers and statesmen. He is one of the last men in America who could be accused of having any undue sympathy for the laboring man, or who is open to the suspicion of being hostile to the corporations, as he was long a director in prominent railroads and a corporation attorney; yet, so notorious was the lawlessness and criminality of these men, who have wronged millions of American citizens out of millions of dollars as well as subjugated society to great inconvenience and many persons to great suffering, that this ex-Cabinet officer felt called upon specifically to indict them on three criminal counts.

And the fact that the power of these railroad and coal corporations is so supreme in the State of Pennsylvania and the national government that, while imperiously demanding the strong arm of the militia to aid them in their conflict with the miners, they have for years dared with impunity to defy the State and national criminal laws, is an additional reason why public ownership of the coal fields is imperatively demanded. The reasonableness of this demand was strongly presented

from a source whence it would be least expected. In his address at the opening of the Democratic State campaign on October 11, ex-Senator David B. Hill said :

"It is not my desire to aggravat the present situation. The whole country is 'held up' over causes for which the people are not responsible, and in regard to which they seem to have no voice. The procurement of coal for our daily use is almost impossible, and what little can be secured can only be had at fabulous prices. The situation is intolerable. A temporary truce—a mere settlement of existing differences patched up between miners and owners—while greatly to be desired, does not solve the great problem. A compromise to-day entered into at the instigation of Republican politicians for political effect on the eve of this election will not insure an adequate supply of coal for many months to come, and the prices asked will be beyond the ability of the poor to pay.

"Whatever the immediate outcome may be, there is every prospect of much suffering among the people during the coming winter. These differences between the miners and the private owners of the mines are not new—they have occurred before and are likely, aye, very certain to occur again. Every few years they break out with increased bitterness and violence, occasioning widespread public distress, involving the intervention of the State or national troops, largely increasing the price of what has come to be regarded as a necessary of life and disturbing all business interests. The serious question arises, Must these disturbances be ever recurring—must there always exist this fierce and apparently irrepressible conflict over the production of a public necessity, and can there not be found some substantial and permanent solution of this problem alike satisfactory to the employers and the employed, and above all to the millions of innocent people whose vital interests are directly affected?

"The Democracy of New York in convention assembled have ventured to suggest such a solution, which is contained in its proposition for the acquirement by the General Government through the right of eminent domain after just compensation secured to private owners, of the ownership and operation of the anthracite coal mines in the interest of the whole people. The proposition is neither startling, revolutionary, socialistic, nor paternal, but is constitutional, necessary, expedient, and, above all, it is right. It is simply a reasonable and necessary extension of the general policy of public ownership already largely prevailing in the municipalities of the country. . . .

"When we reflect that over 90 per cent. of the anthracite coal of the world is in the single State of Pennsylvania—and only in ten counties thereof—and that such coal, like water, is a public necessity, and that it is owned by individuals and private corporations who virtually monopolize the supply for the nation and who can raise prices to any extent they please, and can operate their mines, or refuse to operate them, as may be to their selfish advantage, regardless of the public suf-



fering and inconvenience, we can appreciate the deplorable situation of the people in times like these who are dependent upon private ownership and operation for their fuel supply.

"It is the object of a free representative government to promote the welfare of the people—to confer the greatest good upon the greatest number; but that purpose is thwarted when private ownership of a conceded public necessity becomes a monopoly and that monopoly becomes a menace to the public well being. The innovation suggested is in harmony with the enlightened and progressive spirit of the age, and is in line with the trend of the times.

"Formerly private enterprise owned and controlled those things which are now generally conceded to be public utilities. Private water companies originally supplied municipalities with water, but in these later days municipalities almost universally own their own water-works and control their own supply of water. If such ownership and control constitute 'socialism,' then the people of nearly all the municipalities of the country are the devotees of that species of socialism.

"So far as the question of 'socialism' is concerned there can be no essential difference between municipal, State, or national ownership, and each and all must stand upon the same general principle. Surely there are safe precedents enough to authorize the Government, if it is so disposed, to acquire by the right of eminent domain the ownership and control of a conceded public necessity for the benefit of the whole people, after awarding just compensation to private owners for the properties taken. There is nothing peculiar or unusual about governmental ownership of valuable mines; on the contrary, it is in accordance with the traditional policy of the Government. The Revised Statutes of the United States regulating the sale of public lands expressly provides as follows: 'Section 2,318. In all cases lands valuable for minerals shall be reserved from sale, except as otherwise expressly directed by law;' while the same statutes further provide as follows: 'Section 2,346. No act passed at the first session of the Thirty-eighth Congress, granting lands to States or corporations to aid in the construction of roads or for other purposes, or to extend the time of grants made prior to the 30th day of January, 1865, shall be so construed as to embrace mineral lands, which in all cases are reserved exclusively to the United States, unless otherwise specially provided in the act or acts making the grant.'

"If any gold or silver mines should be discovered in this State tomorrow, who would raise any objection to the State operating as well as owning them? Private interests might seek to control them, as private interests now own and control the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania, but the public interests would be certainly promoted by keeping the operation and control of such mines in the State itself.

"It is a national question because the impending coal famine involves the welfare of the whole people of the United States, and such a famine should be prevented from ever occurring again, which cannot be assured under private ownership and control. It is the province of wise statesmanship to provide against the present emergency and also to provide

against just such emergencies in the future. There is no permanent remedy proposed by anybody except that suggested in the Democratic platform."

No question before the people, save that of Majority Rule, is more vitally important than that which relates to public ownership and operation of public utilities and the recognition of the right that society, or all the people, have to the common benefits of the common gifts of a common Father. It has been said that the great majority of people can only be educated through their feelings—a fact that has been more picturesquely but less elegantly expressed in the statement that an empty stomach and cold toes are the best educators of the masses. And therefore it is doubtless true that the severe schooling of the American people during the five months extending from the tenth of May, with all its discomforts and misery, may work great and salutary results for the nation at large through the enforced lesson that has been impressed.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.\*

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LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS. By John Oliver Hobbes.

Cloth, 343 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Some writers glibly talk of "no sex in brain," and glibly insist that there is no difference, in the mental qualities, between the brain of man and that of woman, save that due to age-long environment and position. We believe this view is incorrect. With Tennyson we hold that—

"Woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse.  
Not like to like, but like in difference."

In other words, woman possesses in her mental and emotional nature many inherent qualities possessed in a far inferior degree by man, while the latter mentally possesses other qualities that complement those exhibited in a less degree by woman, and that thus in the spiritual and mental realm the one is intended to complement and round out the other's life, even as in the physical world both are essential to the fullest and most complete expression of life's potentialities for growth, development, and happiness.

It is true, however, that occasionally we meet with a writer who, though a man, possesses in a marked degree the fine, almost indefinable sensitiveness and the delicacy of thought and discernment that are pre-eminently characteristic of the "divine feminine"; while at intervals there appear in the literary world women whose writings possess the strength, virility, logical elements, and incisive qualities that are usually characteristic of masculine authorship.

Perhaps no modern novelist among literary women—certainly none in the Anglo-Saxon world—possesses this masculine quality in so eminent a degree as Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). In her latest story, "Love and the Soul Hunters," this wonderfully gifted woman has produced one of the strongest novels of the year. It is not the kind of story that we enjoy, because it deals with phases of modern life unhappily as common as they are abnormal—phases the products of artificial existence due to the absence of a noble altruism, sound morality, and the domination of justice throughout the social organism. The novel, however, is a remarkable literary creation, presenting, as we have observed, a phase of life with us to-day; and it does not gloss over or make alluring for the normal mind the butterfly, flippant, and at times dishonest and repulsive life that to-day marks the existence of hundreds

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\*Books intended for review in THE ARENA should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

of thousands of those who, by virtue of title, class, or wealth, account themselves privileged characters, and consciously or unconsciously hold themselves superior to the multitude who through faithful and honest labor of hand or brain create the world's wealth and make nations truly great.

Many of the characters are drawn with the hand of a master and are typical. This is especially true of Cobden Duryea, Prince Paul, Valentine, and in a less degree of Clementine and Felshammer.

Duryea is a type of the modern American financier—a man who started in life as a poor boy and became immensely rich through the possession of business ability, industry, perseverance, daring, and shrewd judgment. He early acquired interests in various natural monopolies, reaping from the garnered treasures of the ages, which should be the common heritage of the people, a princely fortune. He is ever loyal to his friends and shrinks from the perpetration of any deed that in the unmoral code of modern commercialism would be considered dishonest. In a word, he is a faithful type of the present-day millionaire financier, who regards himself as honest and straightforward, but who, weighed in the scales of Christian ethics, would be found sorely wanting.

Prince Paul is the type of the titled class and the idle rich, who, though possessed of much inherent nobility, and though under just healthy and moral conditions, where all individuals would be compelled to add to the world's wealth by hand or brain and where the fundamental principles of the Higher Law should obtain, he would have become a strong, true man,—a real helper instead of a cumbrance to the world,—is made for a time, through idleness, abundance of wealth, and vicious environment, a moral and mental derelict: a pitifully unhappy unit, whose chief pastime is trifling with the most sacred and holy things of life. That he is inherently good, as indeed are a large proportion of the unfortunate idle rich who are frequently a burden to themselves and a blight to society, is shown in the closing chapters, when the matchless power of love wedded to virtue in the person of Clementine transforms, rejuvenates, and ennobles the erstwhile child of folly and idleness.

In Valentine we have the type of the beautiful girl who, missing a union with a truly congenial nature who companioned her early youth, was won by a wealthy and cultured English gentleman of high social connections, but who was utterly uncongenial and unsuited to his wife. The easy-going Mr. Gloucester and the vivacious, keen-witted, ambition-loving wife, who thirsts for flattery and the adulation of men as a bee hungers for honey, drift farther and farther apart, and after the birth of a little daughter, christened Clementine, the wife deserts her husband, going on the stage in Paris, where her physical beauty and wonderful voice soon attract a host of rich admirers. After long years spent in a varied career, during which time she has never wanted for money, and through the possession of means and leisure has been enabled to preserve her beauty long after most women, living a similar



life, would have been faded and unattractive, she meets her old childhood friend and associate, Cobden Duryea.

In Clementine we have another type. She represents the "divine feminine." She is beautiful and cultured, but neither beauty nor education has turned her head or weakened the innate sincerity and lofty morality that characterize her nature. She is the child of high ideals, and as such is superior to the seductions of wealth and station—stronger even than the temptations of a love that would compromise with love of the best. And through her strength and loyalty to the divine within she exalts and ennobles Prince Paul, awakening the sleeping God in his soul.

In Felshammer we have a strong creation, though hardly as typical as the preceding. He is in a way the incarnation of the intellectuality and will force that strive to win through a brutal use of mind power, much as the primitive man won through the employment of physical force. Not that he is intentionally bad, any more than other egoists are bad. Indeed, there is much to commend in this dark-visaged, keen-visioned, calculating, yet passion-swayed man, who by brain power seeks to overmaster all opposition and win his ends. Failing in the affair of the heart, he attempts in a fit of passion to assassinate his rival. Felshammer, like Duryea, Valentine, and Prince Paul, is a product of our present-day egoistic and materialistic civilization, in which material training has so largely outrun mental development.

This novel, as we have observed, deals largely with unpleasant phases of life. It familiarizes the reader with an existence that is often thoroughly unwholesome and abnormal; yet it is painfully true to present-day conditions. It is not, however, vicious in its tendency—rather the reverse. Indeed, in the struggle and victory of Clementine the author pays a conscious or unconscious tribute to the irresistible power of high ideals when faithfully and unswervingly adhered to.

Pure love, virtue, and goodness are the most potent influences in the world, and to them belong the ultimate victory, as to them also have been intrusted joy that increases and never cloy, pleasures that exalt and that contain no bitter aftermath, and that development which day by day rejuvenates the soul and fits the ego for a still nobler existence. This great truth is emphasized in the outcome of the story rather than in words, as Mrs. Craigie, though very bright and epigrammatic and marvelously graphic in her characterizations, seldom becomes a preacher or moralizer after the manner of didactic writers.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Illustrated. Cloth, 386 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is a pure, wholesome story, written in a simple style and devoid of any strong dramatic situations or powerful passages. It is permeated by a noble altruistic spirit and its teachings are of the highest.

It is divided into three parts: "The Foundling," "The Altruist," and "The Conqueror." The author is wanting in the power of expression—the brilliancy, keen penetration, and the ability to say much in epigram and to paint vivid pictures in a few incisive words—that characterizes Mrs. Craigie's novel; but she is actuated by the lofty motive of making the world better and happier by the telling of her story. And it is safe to say that no one can thoughtfully peruse this work without being made the better for its reading or without feeling the moral and altruistic impulses of his nature quickened and the finer emotions of his being—which modern commercial life tends to blunt and deaden—refreshed and revived by the story of an old man, who through suffering much and living near to Nature's heart has come to reflect the higher nature, and an orphan boy, long supposed to be penniless but who in reality is the heir to millions.

Perhaps the most powerful part of the story deals with the life of these two during the formative period of the boy's career—the years spent while the old man teaches by precept and example the old story, nowhere so beautifully unfolded as in the life of love lived by the Great Nazarene in far-away Palestine. After describing how the boy gained year by year in soul stature as well as physical growth, the author passes to the third division of the book—the struggles, temptations, and ultimate victory of the youth. Very faithfully does she describe the sorrow incident to the ingratitude and lack of appreciation on the part of the unfortunate ones whom the rich young man strives so manfully to aid to help themselves. But his bitterest experiences and most sore temptations are connected with the affairs of his heart, in which first a rich young lady and later the daughter of a farmer strive to seduce him from the altruistic path into a path of ease, idleness, luxury, and egoism.

This volume merits a wide circulation by reason of the noble lesson it inculcates. If parents would read it aloud to their children at the fireside during the long winter evenings, it would do much toward ennobling the lives of the young and placing higher and finer ideals before the receptive mind of youth.

THE THRONE OF EDEN. A Psychical Romance. By W. J. Colville. Cloth, 468 pp. Price, \$1.00. Boston: Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Several years ago a friend invited me to go with him to hear Mr. Colville lecture. This speaker, he said, was one of the most remarkable psychics he had ever known. "I have frequently heard him," said my friend, who, by the way, was a prominent educator and a ripe scholar, "deliver an address an hour in length on a subject given by the audience. These discourses would usually compare favorably with similar lectures by specialists after they had devoted days to their preparation." On the way to the hall my friend and I agreed on a theme in case the audience should be requested to name the subject of the



address. When the meeting was called to order and a subject was requested, my friend rose and proposed the matter we had previously agreed upon. Instantly Mr. Colville arose, and for about an hour and a half he delivered an exceptionally able and discriminating address on the subject named. Since then I have frequently heard this speaker discuss a wide variety of subjects, and though his lectures have been of uneven merit I have been constantly amazed at the variety of themes and the ability displayed in the grasp of his subjects, embracing history, philosophy, economics, education, ethics, psychology, and various other themes.

Mr. Colville is the author of a number of works, many of which are very able, and all are replete with highly suggestive thought. I have recently read his latest book, "The Throne of Eden," a volume bearing on its title-page the statement that it is "a psychical romance"; but according to the author's preface the book is a veritable narration of actual facts, save that fictitious names have been used and the scenes and facts have been threaded together in story form. It is written in a lucid manner, though I think Mr. Colville is far happier when he lectures or discusses serious subjects than when he attempts to teach a truth through the lips of imaginary characters. The book will hold the interest of the reader from cover to cover, especially if he is interested in psychical, metaphysical, and occult subjects; while the descriptions of Australia and New Zealand are as instructive as they are entertaining, and the picturesque account of the ocean voyage from Australia *via* Ceylon and the Suez Canal is told in a most delightful manner. These portions of the volume cannot fail to interest all readers unfamiliar with the far-away regions described. The pages also given to the literary outlook in Australia, with characterizations of leading men and women of letters in the antipodes, are as valuable as entertaining.

The author, however, never writes without a serious purpose. He is essentially a teacher, and is also one of the most gifted psychics before the public; and the greater portion of the work is devoted to two subjects—the thoughtful theory of health as elucidated by the eminent physician and author, Dr. George Dutton, B.A., M.D., and the descriptions of an oath-bound society of occultists who are largely given to ceremonials, but who make a pure and unselfish life conditional to membership and who perform wonderful cures as well as exhibit remarkable psychic phenomena on certain occasions.

Mr. Colville possesses the power of viewing a subject broadly and with a charming catholicity of spirit very rare and refreshing at the present time, and he puts both sides of a contention before the reader in an eminently impartial manner. This is well illustrated in the opinions advanced pro and con concerning the secret society by Madame de Pomponet and Mrs. Parrot.

The author possesses a host of friends in every English-speaking land who will, I think, regard this volume as one of his best works.

It will, as we have intimated, however, appeal chiefly to those interested in occultism, metaphysics, and psychical problems.

THE LOOM OF LIFE. By Charles Frederic Goss. Cloth, 315 pp. Price, \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

This volume, from the pen of the author of "The Redemption of David Corson," is a strange, weird, and somewhat uncanny novel. It is highly dramatic and abounds in improbable if not impossible situations. The author evidently aims to teach a strong moral, or rather to impress a series of great fundamental ethical truths, and incidentally to contrast the influence of Greek civilization with that of Christian ethics, to the advantage of the latter. The ethical value of the story is greatly impaired by its morbidity, feverishness, and the feeling of unreality and improbability that is ever present in the mind of the reader.

The volume does not deal with economic problems, but so surely are social and economic issues becoming uppermost in the minds of the more thoughtful and conscientious writers that even novelists whose work is quite foreign to considerations of such questions are unable to resist the temptation at least incidentally to touch upon them, just as in England during the forties of the last century, when the Chartist agitation and the Anti-Corn Law ferment were at their flood tide, novelists and poets—men and women like Bulwer Lytton and Elizabeth Barrett—came under the magic influence of the wave of humanism that was abroad. Mr. Goss has apparently felt the world-cry for a wider meed of justice for the poor and the oppressed ones, as will be seen from the following:

"I have seen the poor at first hand," she said, kindling. "I do not need to read about them in books. They are the victims of an intolerable system of oppression. Over the door of every factory and every mine are written the words that Belshazzar saw: '*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*' We produce so much that we haven't enough of anything! If I were a workingwoman I should resist the present system with every drop of my blood. The condition of the modern workingman is economic slavery. It is not necessary to own a slave bodily; you only need to own his tools. The modern wage-earner must remain a wage-earner. His only escape is through the back door of suicide. I am opposed to a system that permits a few to have more than they can possibly use, while millions have less than the very elements of existence. Philanthropy will soon be thought madness! Religion has already become Mammon-worship. 'Five per cent.' is God! Greed is the motive power of life. It is not the fault of the capitalists that they do not own the sun. If the arms of corporations were long enough, they would have a meter on every one of its beams!"

There are many passages of strength, beauty, and moral virility, but the exaggerated occult powers with which the author invests the dark and revengeful soul of Sybil the sorceress, and the many impossible situations, give an air of unreality to the volume that must tend to neutralize the influence of the lessons that the author desires to inculcate.



The story deals with a certain Philip Gurney, a young man of wealth and leisure, who resides in Cincinnati. At the opening of the volume we find him bidding farewell to his affianced and faring forth in quest of fishing sport. In a secluded mountain retreat in eastern Tennessee he becomes acquainted with a young girl of marvelous beauty, the daughter of a cultured American who had married an Athenian maiden and who had spent many years in Greece. While in Athens an Egyptian girl had entered this gentleman's employ as nurse for his little child. She possessed great beauty and was a sorceress and snake charmer. Later the American removed to his native land, bringing with his wife the Egyptian girl, Sybil. The wife subsequently became insane, and Helen grew up in the companionship of her father and the maid Sybil. When Gurney met Helen she was on the threshold of womanhood. He became a guest at her father's house, remaining several weeks, ruined the girl, and later returned to Cincinnati. After the birth of his son, Helen and Sybil go forth in search of the betrayer. From this moment Helen becomes the silent accuser and evil genius of Gurney, defeating his hopes and ambitions in every crucial period. The attempts of the young man to escape her lead to a series of startling episodes, in which a youth of high ideals becomes the protecting angel guarding the wronged girl. The latter finally wins her love, overcoming her hatred, bitterness, and thirst for revenge to such a degree that she crosses the continent to beg the forgiveness of her betrayer.

THE HERR DOCTOR. By Robert MacDonald. Illustrated. Cloth, 138 pp. Price, 40 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is a charming little love story, and although ardent believers in the power of Christian Science to overmaster rheumatic gout will not enjoy the predicament in which the author places the elder Miss Baldwin, sorely afflicted with a complaint—or "claim," as the Christian Scientists would term it—of a peculiarly painful nature, all will agree that the book is at once bright, clean, and delightfully entertaining.

The story, which if dramatized would make a pleasing little comedy, deals with two very wealthy American ladies who are traveling in Germany, the elder being the aunt, chaperoning her niece. They are spending some time among the romantic and historic ruins of picturesque Germany, when the elder lady, in spite of her firm belief in Christian Science, succumbs to a terrible attack of rheumatic gout. In the extremity, being far away from centers of population, they take refuge in a little inn, and later are prevailed upon to go to the residence of the Graf Von Hilders, then supposed to be occupied only by a celebrated but eccentric German physician, Dr. Goertz, and the servants. The Doctor, who treats the aunt in spite of her remonstrances, is reported to be the son of a peasant from a neighboring

village, and appears to know no language other than his mother tongue. The young heiress falls in love with the handsome and skilful physician, who reciprocates her affection, much to the dismay of the elder lady, who is desirous that her niece shall wed a titled foreigner, preferably the Graf Von Hilders. The climax is quite original and well worked out to the satisfactory ending of the story.

STANDARD FIRST READER. Illustrated in colors. Cloth, 112 pp.  
New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

We have never seen a school reader that approached in excellence this notable book. Indeed, it is the first reader intended for the very young we have ever seen that is thoroughly scientific, thoroughly practical, and that, while fascinating and interesting the child, also instructs the brain and cultivates the soul. Dr. Funk asserts that he has spent almost as much time on the preparation of this "First Reader" as on the monumental "Standard Dictionary," of which he was editor-in-chief. This treatment will be surprising to most readers until they note the evident thought bestowed upon the new "Standard Reader," the painstaking care to make the volume so beautiful that it will attract the child, and so unique and calculated to pique curiosity and stimulate the little brain to think that it will necessarily accomplish the double purpose of entertaining the child while cultivating the mind.

One of the chief excellences of the work is found in the sensible character of the reading matter and the fact that as a rule it appeals to the noblest sentiments of life, and thus tends to elevate the child's ideals and feed his moral nature. The only time when the volume seems to us to fall short of the high ideal to which twentieth-century educators should steadfastly hold is found in the introduction of soldiers and weapons of destruction. Dr. Funk's idea of patriotism and national glory seems to be associated with soldiers and guns. This is an ancient concept, and one that we are astonished to find prominent in a work that in all other respects is so abreast of the best thought of the incoming age. Especially is this surprising when we remember that the author is a clergyman.

In other respects the volume seems to us to be an ideal first reader and a book that every reader of THE ARENA who has small children in his home should possess, whether it is used in the schools or not; and it is doubtful whether it will be rapidly introduced into the schools, owing to the power that the school-book trust seems to exert over educational committees. There are several pages of beautiful colored pictures, bars of music, and numerous illustrations calculated to make the book attractive to all little people.



## BOOKS RECEIVED.

"An Eastern Exposition of St. John." By Sri Parananda. Edited by R. L. Harrison. Cloth, 311 pp. London: Wm. Hutchinson & Co.

"Science and Key of Life: Planetary Influences." By Alvidas. Cloth, 479 pp. Detroit: Astral Pub. Co.

"The Shakespearian Cyclopedia and New Glossary." By John Phin. Cloth, 428 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Industrial Publication Company.

"A New Theory of Evolution." By Alfred W. Smith. Cloth, 256 pp. Price, \$1.25. New York: The Abbey Press.

"Around the Pan with Uncle Hank." By Thomas Fleming. Illustrated, 252 pp. Price, \$2.00. New York: The Nut-Shell Pub. Co.

"Talks to Students on the Art of Study." By Frank Cramer. Cloth, 309 pp. San Francisco: The Hoffman-Edwards Co.

"Good Without God." By Robert C. Adams. Paper, 113 pp. New York: Peter Eckler, publisher.

"Threads from a White Necktie, or Poems of Life." By Ben Franklin Bonnell. Paper. Oakland: Twentieth Century Printing & Publishing Co.

"The Kingdom of the Invisible." By Mary Platt Parmele. Paper, 44 pp. Price, 50 cents. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co.

"The Trust Problem and a Solution." By Charles James Fox, Ph.D. Paper, 38 pp. Published by the author at Suffern, N. Y.

"Biologic Science." By W. R. Dunham, M. D. Paper, 50 pp. Price, 50 cents. Published by the author at Keene, N. H.

"Congressional Control of Monopolies and Commerce." By Joseph H. Call. Paper, 14 pp. Published by the author at Los Angeles, Cal.

"The Origin of the Family." By Frederick Engles. Cloth, 215 pp. Price, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr.

"Come With Me Into Babylon." By Josiah M. Ward. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"The Lost Wedding Ring." By Cortland Meyers, D.D. Cloth, 181 pp. Price, 75 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"These are My Jewels." By Stanley Waterloo. Cloth, 232 pp. Price, \$1 net. Chicago: Coolidge & Waterloo.

"The Spiritual Outlook." By W. C. Selleck. Cloth, 349 pp. Price, \$1 net. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"Suggestion and Osteopathy." By W. I. Gordon, M.D., D.O. Illustrated, cloth, 314 pp. Cleveland, Ohio: The Progressive Osteopathic and Suggestive Therapeutic Pub. Co.

"Aaron Burr." By Isaac Jenkinson. Cloth, 390 pp. Richmond, Ind.: M. Cullaton & Co.

"Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen." By Ku Hung-Ming, M.A. Cloth, 198 pp. Printed and published at Shanghai by the Shanghai Mercury, Ltd.

"Life of Chas. G. Finney." By A. M. Hills. Paper, 240 pp. Price, 20 cents. Cincinnati, Ohio: Office of God's Revivalists, Mount of Blessings.

"A Rejected Voice." Poem by Nelson Gardner. Paper, 14 pp., published by the author.

"Coals from the Altar." By the Rev. H. T. Davis. Paper, 180 pp. Price, 20 cents. Cincinnati, Ohio: Office of God's Revivalists, Mount of Blessings.

"The Morning of the New Age, or The Advent of Christ and His Kingdom." By P. Davidson, Ph.D. Paper, 118 pp. Price, 50 cents. Published by the author at Loudsville, White County, Georgia.



## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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THE educational effect of the recent industrial warfare in Pennsylvania can scarcely be overestimated, for it has been national in scope and fundamental in character. As the discussion finally became focused on the ethics of personal and exclusive ownership of one of the bounties of Nature, we present as our leader this month a thoughtful paper on the natural and inherent rights of the public in commodities that our laws assert are justly regarded as private property. The author, Edwin Maxey, LL.D., has a fine legal mind and is a writer of note on economic and political subjects. In the light of this article and of Mr. Flower's editorial on the same topic, it would seem that Garfield's epigram, "The Republic is opportunity," had been robbed of much of its force.

As this question of the monopoly of basic human rights and privileges has risen to a degree of prominence in public discussion that overshadows all other themes of vital significance to the future of this Republic, we have arranged for the publication in our next issue of a symposium on "The Lessons of the Coal Strike." Among the contributors will be George Fred Williams, Prof. Frank Parsons, Ernest Crosby, and Eltwed Pomeroy—a list of names that are a guaranty of authoritative and luminous treatment and of practical worth.

Mr. Robert Tyson, of Toronto, who contributes to this number the second paper of our series on "Direct Legislation," is one of the best informed writers in America on proportional representation as a means of effective voting. The difficulty of registering public opinion at the ballot-box is one of the crying evils of our system; and the trio of articles that will be concluded next month by Edward Insley, in a discussion of "Primary Election Reform," constitute the most suggestive and hopeful attempt to furnish a remedy that has appeared in recent literature.

Of similar purport, though taking somewhat different ground, is Col. Hemstreet's vigorous article in the current issue

on New York's new primary law. This writer is thoroughly versed in what is cynically called "practical politics," and for many years has taken active part in local efforts to purify the sources of government and legislation in this city and State. His disclosures and suggestions are worthy of careful study on the part of every conscientious voter.

The concluding paper in Editor Flower's valuable series on "The Divine Quest," which discusses the fundamental fraternal movements of the present and is of unusual length, has been unavoidably held over for publication next month.

This excellent number of THE ARENA completes the Twenty-eighth Volume—covering a period of fourteen years of the highest usefulness, not only as an opinion-forming agency but as a vital educational force and factor in the Reform movements of our era. The magazine's standing in the literary world was never higher than it is to-day; and as an instrument for the dissemination of ethical ideals, a loftier concept of justice and of the principles of human brotherhood, and that rational and *genuine* Christianity which alone can stem the surging tide of materialism due to avarice and greed, its position is still unique in the periodical literature of this country. Its friends are growing in faithfulness as well as in numbers; for THE ARENA is becoming recognized more and more as a trustworthy guide in all avenues of real reform, and the most competent writers are glad to use its pages for the promulgation of their views.

Preparations now under way indicate that 1903 will be one of the most successful years in the history of this review, for arrangements for special contributions have been made with many of the best authorities both in America and abroad. In addition to the features already announced, our new volume will open in January with an extremely able paper by Justice Walter Clark, LL.D. It will also contain the following: "The Preacher as a Leader of Men," by the Rev. Otto L. Dreys; "Disposition of the Philippine Islands," by Rebecca J. Taylor; "The Woman of the Period," by Marie Merrick; "A Unique Labor Experiment," by Leopold Katscher; and "What Shall Be the Solution?" by E. S. Wicklin, a consideration of the Trust problem from the standpoint of the wealth-producers.

J. E. M.

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